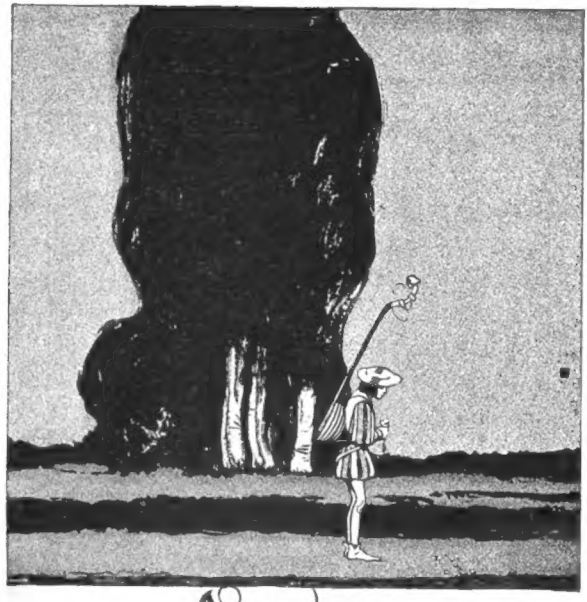

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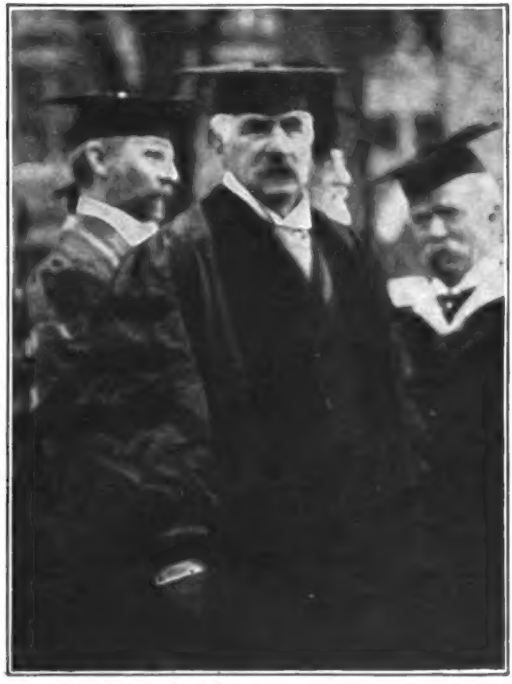
J. PIERPONT MORGAN



Photograph by Brown Brothers.

"IF MR. MORGAN IS SUPREME THERE:
IF HE IS THE BOSS OF THE BOSSES
IN WALL STREET
. . . .
THEN J. PIERPONT MORGAN
IS THE BOSS
OF THE UNITED STATES."

LINCOLN STEFFENS
PAGE 291.

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Everybody's Magazine
VOL. XXIII SEPTEMBER 1910 NO. 3

IT

An Exposition of the Sovereign Political Power of Organized Business

By

LINCOLN STEFFENS

AUTHOR OF "THE STRUGGLE FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT," "THE SHAME OF THE CITIES," "UPBUILDERS."

Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of articles in which Mr. Steffens is to do to business what he did to politics. He reported so that everybody saw it, the business in American government: city, state, national. He proposes now to describe, so that we can all comprehend it, the politics in business; all business, but especially big, corporate business.

As to Mr. Steffens' qualifications for this large task, all we need add here to what is known of him, is that his turn from machine politics to the mechanism of business is a return to his first love. Mr. Steffens began his career as a reporter in Wall Street.

The BOSS of All The Bosses

IT is said in Wall Street that one man is supreme down there now. If that is so, it is time to talk business. We have been neglecting business; we have been paying too much attention to politics; all of us have; the American people. And the cost of living is but a part of the price we shall have to pay for our absorption in our public affairs. It is true we have something to show for it; there's a balance to our credit: We are beginning to understand politics. Even our politicians are beginning to understand politics a little. And their lessons should not be interrupted. But our public business isn't our only business. We all have our private business also to attend to, and if one man dominates that, it means that the boss has developed in business as well as in politics. And if that is so, it is high time to understand business; it is time even for business men to understand business.

For if Mr. J. P. Morgan is the boss of

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Wall Street, it means that those forces which are suppressing competition and centralizing financial power in this country have come to a head. Not to their end. Competition isn't all over yet; not by a long way. There are some independents left even in oil. But if the leaders of the great financial groups that have formed the fighting oligarchy of national business have seen the community of their interests and are submitting to the leadership of one of them, then the centripetal forces of American industry have come to a focus; to a head; to a head that wears a face and has a soul. And, if that is so, the United States has, at last, a personal sovereign.

WALL STREET A LONG STREET

I speak imaginatively, of course, but carefully. Wall Street is not merely a street; neither is it a local financial district limited to the operation of any one city. Wall Street is a national institution. It is to American business what Washington, D. C., is to national politics: the seat of government. And so I use the phrase, as all the world uses it, and as we all use "Washington," figuratively.

By "Wall Street" I mean the national American financial system which, having its capital in New York, ramifies all over the United States and, controlling more and more perfectly money and credit, is governing more and more completely not only the machinery of organized business, but so much of our political government as big business governs.

Nor is that all. "Wall Street" cut a woman in New York society not long ago, for business reasons. It admitted into the "best set" of San Francisco, for the "moral effect," a family that had knocked in vain until the head of it was "handed down in a swell list of indictments." It has had clergymen silenced, editors discharged, professors dismissed, judges appointed, United States Senators defeated, and presidents elected. Organized capital opposes organized labor and trusts have broken up unions, but organized business backs nearly every political organization in power in cities, states, and the United States. People don't realize —it seems to me that Wall Street men fail themselves to visualize either the pettiness or the largeness of Wall Street. Yet we all know that capitalists and business men who belong to the business system own an influential part of the press, and advertise in the rest; they retain the leaders of the bar, and awe the whole profession; they are the greatest employers of labor, and they set the pace for others; they are the chief patrons of art, churches, charities, and colleges. They dominate the institutions of American society in a broad sense, and, in a narrow sense, they and their families are "society."

I am not finding fault. This thing may be good. I am inclined to think it is. Certainly there is great good in it, and undoubtedly some good will come out of it. But it is too big to pre-judge, and we have had enough both of hatred and adoration of it. My purpose is, if possible, to measure its power and imagine its outlines; to trace its ramifications, describe its methods, get hold of its point of view, and so comprehend it, not in technical detail but as one mighty whole. And I think I can do this. I find that, at bottom, the machinery of business is simple; as simple as the machinery of politics. But whether it is plain or mysterious, right or wrong, a menace or a promise, we all must try to know it well. For it is; it is enormous; and it is growing. I regard "Wall Street" as the most vital, the most perfect, and the most powerful part of the organized life of human society in America, not excepting the United States Government.

NEW YORK THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

The Government can't cope with business. Public opinion can; when that unorganized force is aroused (as it is now), "Washington" can check "Wall Street." But in all quiet conflicts between our national business organization and our national political organization, business wins. That is to say, under normal conditions the power of business is greater than our political power. And in San Francisco, where Business and the People, so to speak, had out in the open a fight to a finish, Business finally organized public opinion, carried the people, and elected an administration pledged not to enforce the law against big financial and political felons. This, when one stops to think about it, is momentous. No such plain campaign on any such clear "moral" issue has been waged in the nation in our generation, but facts are not wanting to indicate that if Business were to strain all its resources, it might carry a majority of

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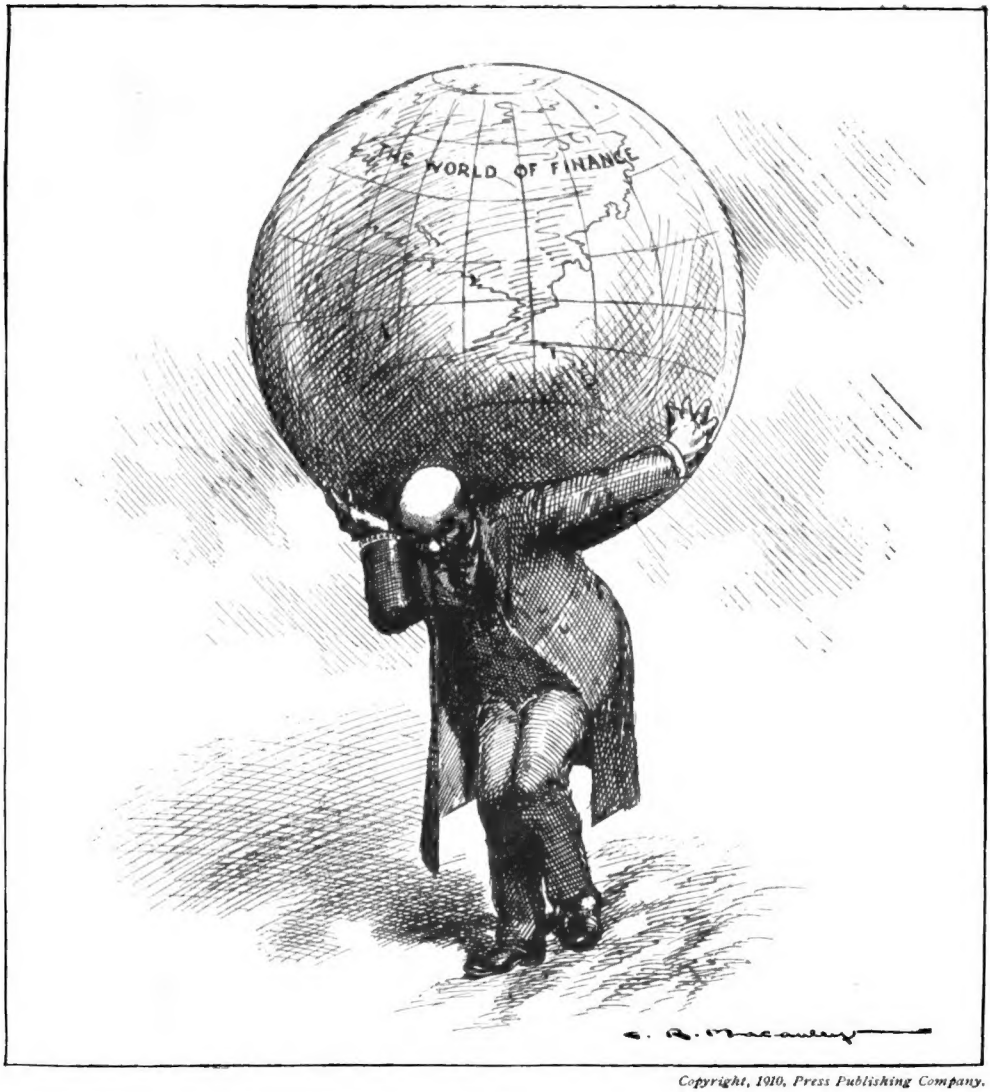

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ATLAS.

Courtesy of the New York World.

all of us, as it carried, in San Francisco, a majority of a typical part of us. Maybe it should. That's another question. All I care to drive home at present is that if it would, it would mean that New York, not Washington, is now the capital of the United States, and that Wall Street possesses potentially, already, something which most of us think our elected government holds secure for us, viz: American sovereignty.

I am addressing the imagination, remember, deliberately and rather boldly. I must. The eye cannot see this Thing; only the mind can picture it, and the mind perceives only when the imagination is stirred. So I would stir all men and women to look and to look hard; but without feeling. I make no appeal to passion. If my terms are startling, blame the truth. I use my stirring terms literally.

BOSS OF THE BOSSES OF BOSSES

When I say that, if one man is supreme in Wall Street, the United States has a personal sovereign, I mean no mere king, like

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GREETED EVERYWHERE AS——

Courtesy of Life.

George V of Great Britain, the figurehead of a limited monarchy. The personal power of the head figure in our national system of finance would be real. Neither do I mean any sudden Napoleon, whether of blood or finance. Every pit of speculation that boils over bubbles up its Bonaparte and, abnormal and incidental, his reign is short. He has money, not power. The supremacy I mean is the kind that comes slow and lasts long. If there's a ruler in Wall Street, there's need of a ruler. If there's need of a ruler, there's a throne there. And if there's a throne in that maelstrom of competitive egotism, its existence is not to be credited to the genius, nor charged against the malevolence, nor limited to the life, of any one man. No one man could make one man supreme there, and no one group or generation of men. The person that reigns in such a place as that would be the natural selection of human and economic forces greater than he is, older and longer-lived. His personal power would be mighty; mightier than himself; it might be mightier than he imagines it to be. But it would not be almighty.

I am not looking for omnipotence. No human ruler ever was absolute. Autocracy is a figure of speech. All sovereign power is derivative, representative, and limited. The Czar of Russia gets his power from the people; but, since it comes to him indirectly through the church, the nobility, and the other privileged classes, which organize and control the people, Nicholas does, and he must, represent these special interests. So with an American political boss. He derives his crown through his party machine, which is an organization of a decisive part of the people; but, as reformers learn when they attack him effectively, he is secretly supported and often openly defended by what we call "special" (meaning privileged) business interests, which he does, and must, represent. And so with Mr. Morgan. When it is said that he is the autocrat of Wall Street, I understand the rumor to mean only that he personifies, represents, and is limited by the power of those great, free and independent big business interests which, having merged their mergers below, are merging themselves at the top.

But think what this means: If Mr. Morgan merges in his person the mergers of mergers, he personifies the national organization of American business: Business, to which there is reason to believe a business people pay more loyal allegiance than they do to their political establishment. And, if that is true, if this man represents the financial power which controls the railroads and other public service corporations; the trusts, banks, insurance companies, trust companies, and other special interests, he represents those powers which—even before they were united—supported, defended, and controlled political parties and bosses, and, therefore, rivaled the power of mayors and councils, governors and legislatures, the President and the Congress of the United States. In other words, if this Wall Street rumor is true; if Mr. Morgan is supreme there; if he is the boss of the bosses in Wall Street who boss the business bosses back of the political bosses all over the United States, then J. Pierpont Morgan is the boss of the United States.

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——THE GREATEST MONARCH KNOWN.

Courtesy of Life.

And it is true. Not only the newspapers and the comic weeklies, not only the rumor-mongers uptown and the curb-gossips downtown—big men say so: fighting financiers and conservative bankers, captains of industry, speculative operators, and corporation attorneys; men who know; men who helped to make it so; men who would like to help make it not so. Everybody I talked with confirmed the rumor. Some approved, others deplored, a few resented; they all minimized and, nevertheless, many were genuinely alarmed at the belittled fact. But nobody denied it. Not a man in Wall Street contradicted the report that Mr. Morgan was "*it* down there now."

That was all, however. They didn't see "IT." I have had them actually describe, without seeing, IT. They see Morgan. I have found so far but four minds that see the Thing; not the person, but the Power Mr. Morgan personifies. And even to these four it doesn't look as big as it does to me. So I may be wrong.

"You may be right," said one of the four who had followed my outline. "But I don't envy you your job. You might as well try to make a lover see Love when he's in love with a girl; or a lawyer Justice, while he's trying a case; or a Democrat, Democracy; or a Republican, the Republic; or a teacher, with a lot of boys and girls before her, the Youth of the Next Generation. Morgan is 'J. P.' down here. Business is business. And to get a business man to see that business is more than business is like asking an astrologer to contemplate the revolving stars as evolving worlds of teeming life. He can't. It disturbs his calculations."

That's what I'm going to try to do, just the same. There's my thesis: That Morgan is more than Morgan; that business is more than business. And it is the hard, practical minds of business men that I shall endeavor to convince; it is to Wall Street that I would show Wall Street. And my reasons for addressing my exposition especially to those especially concerned are especially good.

In the first place, I found in writing about politics that whenever I was able to make that game so plain that the politicians understood it, everybody did. It is to be expected, then, that if business can be made simple enough for business men to understand it, everybody will. Everybody. And it's everybody that I am after. Everybody.

In the second place, business men are showing a disposition to acknowledge and meet their obligations. Touched by the spirit which is moving so deeply the rest of mankind, they are going in for political and some other reforms. But they are going in wrong. They come before us talking and acting as if, O cursed spite, they thought that they were born to set us right. Their theory of reform for our commercialized politics is business: business administration by business men of public business. They say, and they seem to think, that business is better than politics; that business methods would be an improvement upon political methods; that the management of "private" business corporations, like life insurance, railroads, the Sugar Trust, the Metropolitan Street Railway, etc., etc., is upon a higher plane than, for example, the Tammany administration of New York or the Labor government of San Francisco. In spite of

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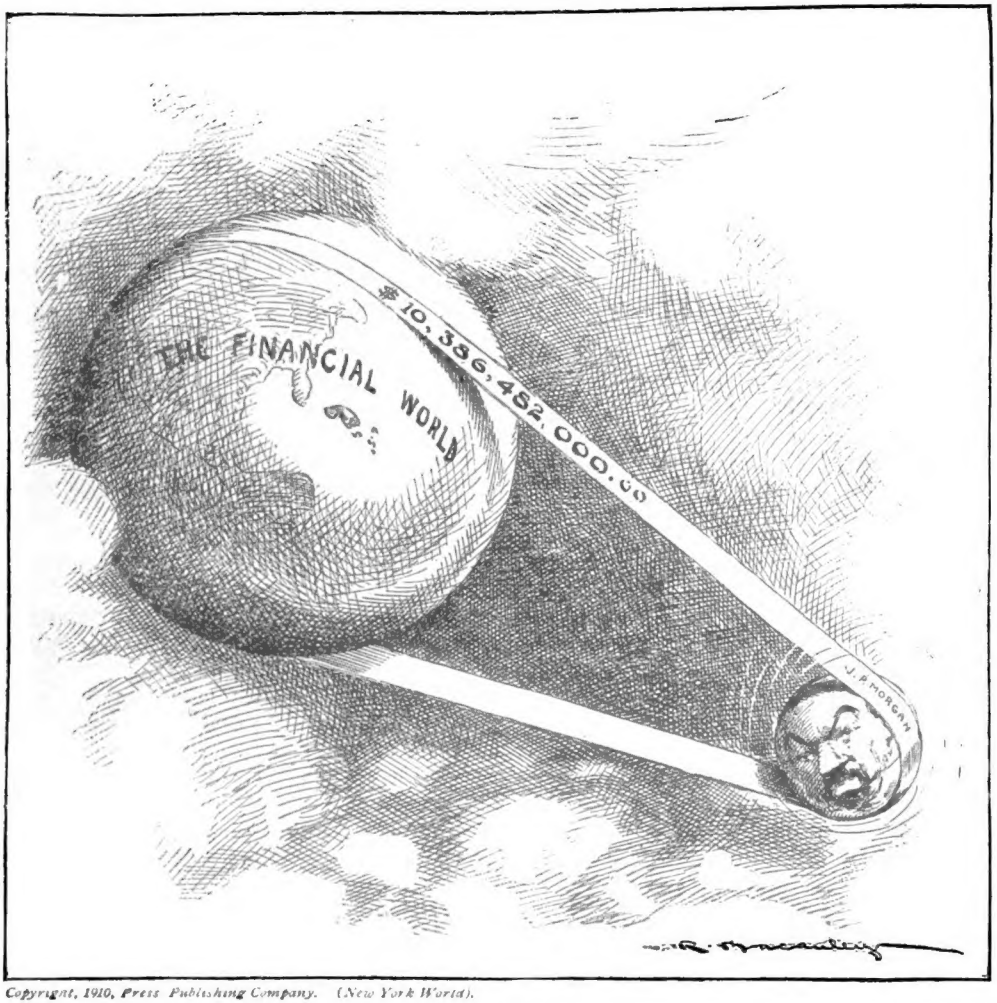
all the revelations (in politics and in business, and in the copartnership of these two pals) of graft, corruption, faithlessness, and incompetence, business men continue serenely to regard the business man, as such, as less selfish, more trustworthy, and much more efficient than the politician, as such, or, indeed, than any other sort of man. This is a mistake. It is bad politics. It is undemocratic. Even if the business man's theory were founded upon fact, the business man's sense of superiority would be aristocratic, un-Christian, and bad policy. But as a matter of hard, cold criminal record, the business man's view of himself and of business is a bottomless conceit.

Business is nearer the cause than it is to the cure of politics. Business men are more often the "carriers" of the infection than they are of the remedies for corruption.

No?

Wherever and whenever I have shadowed a corrupt politician to the end of his crooked trail, I have been brought to the back door of some corrupting business man. Whenever any of us have watched anybody anywhere strike and follow faithfully and fearlessly the course of our so-called political corruption, we have seen the amazed investigator led by the evidence (and by the cries of hurt business) beyond the "bad" politician to the "good" business man, out of politics into business. And wherever a reform movement has gone "too far"



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ONE MAN POWER.

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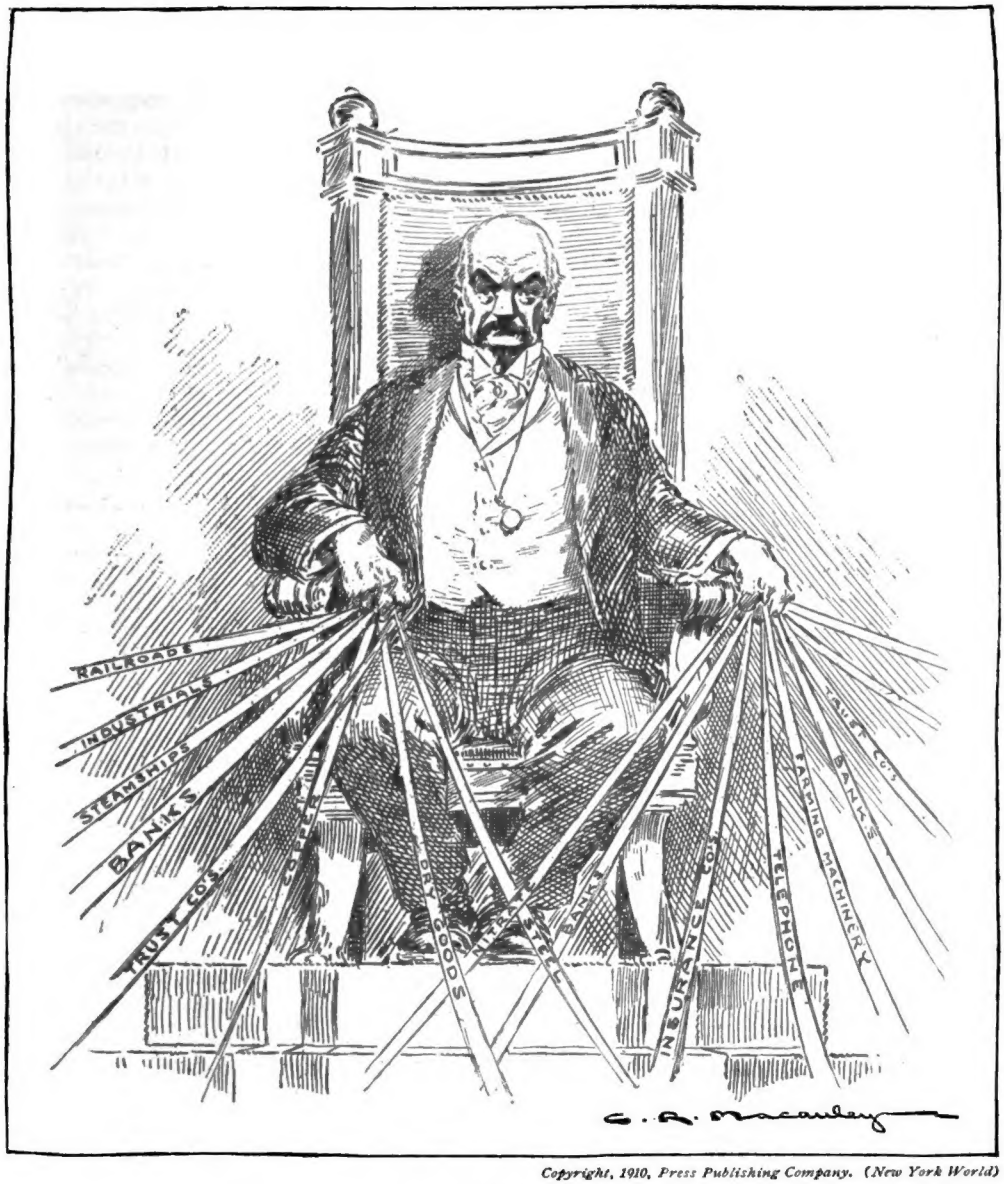

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ONE MAN POWER.

Courtesy of the New York World.

"higher up" toward the springs of the stream of pollution, business and business men have massed their sordid forces in the center of the opposition.

"We must," they say when you meet them there. And if we are to discover what it is that makes the good business man make the bad politician bad; if we are to learn what it is that makes it necessary for business to introduce business methods into politics; if we are to find the cause and, thus, the cure for our social troubles, we must understand business, the business man, his temptations and his troubles. For, if we don't, we shall all be thinking what some of us think now, that business is the cause of political corruption. It is not only scientific, therefore—it is but fair to follow the facts to the end.

And how shall we know the end?

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I think I can answer this fearful question. I think I have had glimpses of the end of my inquiries whenever, having pursued the other fellows a bit too far, I have caught myself; seen my graft; and felt what it was that kept—and that keeps me at this very moment—from seeing and telling the whole truth. And I think that everybody will see the whole truth, and permit it to be told, and handled—man-handled—when everybody has caught himself.

In other words, we are all in on this thing, all of us; all together; and, if we are to get out of it without fighting among ourselves, we, each of us, must see where, and how, and why each of us is in on it, as plainly as we all see now where, and how, and why the politician is in on it; as plainly as the politician sees where, and how, and why we are all in on it.

But how is each one of some eighty millions of people to be convinced of his own particular guilt?

That isn't so hard as it looks. It can be done wholesale. We haven't convicted many politicians individually, but we have convinced a lot of them. I think that the "regular" politician knows that he is a crook, and that puts him in the way of salvation. He isn't saved, of course; he sees by what we do to those who reform that only a martyr can be good alone. He must wait for the rest of us. But the rest of us can be handled in sections, too. Suppose a study were to be made of agriculture to show the farmer that when he falls upon the land, as he does so typically, like a locust, and, having exhausted New England, passes thence to Ohio and Iowa, and from Iowa to the Dakotas and Canada, he, the final victim, is also the original, fundamental grafter. Suppose he were convinced of this, his part in the cause. Wouldn't that make him gentler in his judgments upon Wall Street?

And suppose labor were to be exposed and the workingman shown that as the business man cheats, so he, the worker, skimps; that, as the gentlemen neglects to go to the polls, so the worker stays at home from the meetings of his union; and that, therefore, he is bossed not only by the business bosses, the employers, but by the labor bosses, too. Workingmen get the worst of all this evil, and they are filling up with hate; but suppose Labor were shown that when it is in power Labor is as arrogant, corrupt, and inefficient as Capital. Wouldn't that give Labor a fellow-feeling for the capitalist?

And then the women. Women have never been shown the part good women play in the system. Lawyers know the lawyers' part; half of them are half convinced of their prostitution; and many editors and some clergymen are well aware that they are heelers in the politics of business; but the doctors, artists, authors, and teachers—most of the professions will go on staring at the mote in their brother, the politician's, black eye till some one has pointed out to them the beam in their own spectacles.

Thus it may be necessary to have separate studies made of all the callings of men and women before the universal truth is universally shown, known, acknowledged, and corrected.

But I think there's a shorter way. Since everybody in this business nation of ours is, consciously or unconsciously, either a business man or more or less commercialized, a demonstration to the satisfaction of the business man that he is no better than the politician; that business is not better than politics, but worse; and that a business administration of government is not what we need, but what we have—I don't say it *would;* I say only that such a conviction, spread far and wide, *might* plant in all of us Americans at one fell swoop that sweet, personal sense of humility without which we shall not approach aright our common, social, so-called political problem.

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THE EMPEROR IN THE UNIFORM OF THE PHILADELPHIA INVINCIBLES.
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The Second Instalment of **"IT"—"Wall Street on Wall Street"**—will appear in the October Number.

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Law and Order

By

O. HENRY

AUTHOR OF "THE FOUR MILLION," "THE HEART OF THE WEST," "STRICTLY BUSINESS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERBERT DUNTON.

I FOUND myself in Texas recently, revisiting old places and vistas. At a sheep-ranch where I had sojourned many years ago, I stopped for a week. And, as all visitors do, I heartily plunged into the business at hand, which happened to be that of dipping the sheep.

Now, this process is so different from ordinary human baptism that it deserves a word of itself. A vast iron cauldron with half the fires of Avernus beneath it is partly filled with water that soon boils furiously. Into that is cast concentrated lye, lime, and sulphur, which is allowed to stew and fume until the witches' broth is strong enough to scorch the third arm of Palladino herself.

Then this concentrated brew is mixed in a long, deep vat with cubic gallons of hot water, and the sheep are caught by their hind legs and flung into the compound. After being thoroughly ducked by means of a forked pole in the hands of a gentleman detailed for that purpose, they are allowed to clamber up an incline into a corral and dry or die, as the state of their constitutions may decree. If you ever caught an able-bodied, two-year-old mutton by the hind legs and felt the 750 volts of kicking that he can send through your arm seventeen times before you can hurl him into the vat, you will, of course, hope that he may die instead of dry.

But this is merely to explain why Bud Oakley and I gladly stretched ourselves on the bank of the near-by *charco* after the dipping, glad for the welcome inanition and

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pure contact with the earth after our muscle-racking labors. The flock was a small one, and we finished at three in the afternoon; so Bud brought from the *morral* on his saddle horn, coffee and a coffeepot and a big hunk of bread and some side bacon. Mr. Mills, the ranch owner and my old friend, rode away to the ranch with his force of Mexican *trabajadores*.

While the bacon was frizzling nicely, there was the sound of horses' hoofs behind us. Bud's six-shooter lay in its scabbard ten feet away from his hand. He paid not the slightest heed to the approaching horseman. This attitude of a Texas ranchman was so different from the old-time custom that I marveled. Instinctively I turned to inspect the possible foe that menaced us in the rear. I saw a horseman dressed in black, who might have been a lawyer or a parson or an undertaker, trotting peaceably along the road by the *arroyo*.

Bud noticed my precautionary movement and smiled sarcastically and sorrowfully.

"You've been away too long," said he. "You don't need to look around any more when anybody gallops up behind you in this state, unless something hits you in the back; and even then it's liable to be only a bunch of tracts or a petition to sign against the trusts. I never looked at that *hombre* that rode by; but I'll bet a quart of sheep dip that he's some double-dyed son of a popgun out rounding up prohibition votes."

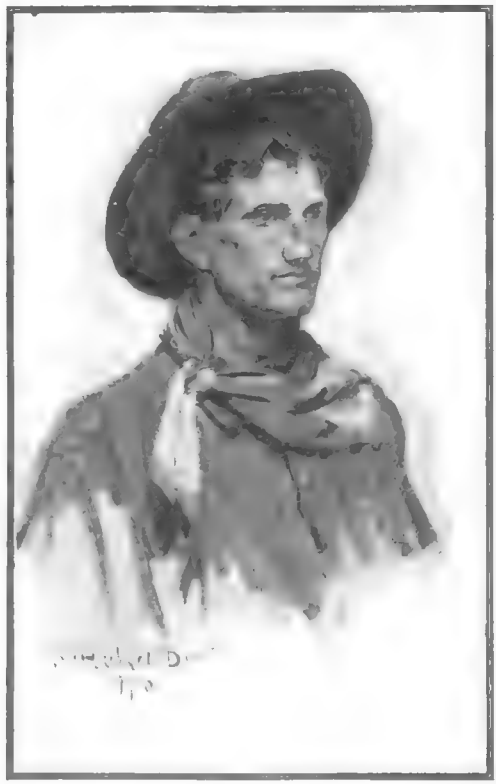
"Times have changed, Bud," said I, oracularly. "Law and order is the rule now in the South and the Southwest."

I caught a cold gleam from Bud's pale blue eyes.

"Not that I——" I began, hastily. "Of course you don't," said Bud warmly. "You know better. You've lived here before. Law and order, you say? Twenty years ago we had 'em here. We only had two or three laws, such as against murder before witnesses, and being caught stealing horses, and voting the Republican ticket. But how is it now? All we get is orders; and the laws go out of the state. Them legislators set up there at Austin and don't do nothing but make laws against kerosene oil and schoolbooks being brought into the state. I reckon they was afraid some man would go home some evening after work and light up and get an education and go to work and make laws to repeal aforesaid laws. Me, I'm for the old days when law and order meant what they said. A law was a law, and a order was a order."

"But——" I began.

"I was going on," continued Bud, "while this coffee is boiling, to describe to you a case of genuine law and order that I knew of once in the times when cases was decided in the chambers of a six-shooter instead of a supreme court.



"LUKE SUMMERS WAS ONE OF HIS RANGE BOSSES."

"You've heard of old Ben Kirkman, the cattle king? His ranch run from the Nueces to the Rio Grande. In them days, as you know, there was cattle barons and cattle kings. The difference was this: when a cattleman went to San Antone and bought beer for the newspaper reporters and only give them the number of cattle he actually owned, they wrote him up for a baron. When he bought 'em champagne wine and added in the amount of cattle he had stole, they called him a king.

"Luke Summers was one of his range bosses. And down to the king's ranch comes one day a bunch of these Ori-

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ental people from New York or Kansas City or thereabouts. Luke was detailed with a squad to ride about with 'em, and see that the rattlesnakes got fair warning when they was coming, and drive the deer out of their way. Among the bunch was a black-eyed girl that wore a number two shoe. That's all I noticed about her. But Luke must have seen more, for he married her one day before the *caballard* started back, and went over on Canada Verde and set up a ranch of his own. I'm skipping over the sentimental stuff on purpose, because I never saw or wanted to see any of it. And Luke takes me along with him because we was old friends and I handled cattle to suit him.

"I'm skipping over much what followed, because I never saw or wanted to see any of it—but three years afterward there was a boy kid stumbling and blubbering around the galleries and floors of Luke's ranch. I never had no use for kids; but it seems they did. And I'm skipping over much what followed until one day out to the ranch drives in hacks and buckboards a lot of Mrs. Summers's friends from the East—a sister or so and two or three men. One looked like an uncle to somebody; and one looked like nothing; and the other one had on corkscrew pants and spoke in a tone of voice. I never liked a man who spoke in a tone of voice.

"I'm skipping over much what followed; but one afternoon when I rides up to the ranch house to get some orders about a drove of beeves that was to be shipped, I hears something like a popgun go off. I waits at the hitching rack, not wishing to intrude on private affairs. In a little while Luke comes out and gives some orders to some of his Mexican hands, and they go and hitch up buckboard and divers vehicles; and mighty soon out comes one of the sisters or so and some of the two or three men. But two of the two or three men carries between 'em the corkscrew man who spoke in a tone of voice, and lays him flat down in one of the wagons. And they all might have been seen wending their way away.

"'Bud,' says Luke to me, 'I want you to ride up a little and go up to San Antone with them.'

"'Let me get on my Mexican spurs,' says I, 'and I'm your company.'

One of the sisters or so seems to have stayed at the ranch with Mrs. Summers and the kid. We rides to Encinal and catches the International, and hits San Antone in the morning. After breakfast Luke steers me straight to the office of a lawyer. They go in a room and talk and then come out.

"'Oh, there won't be any trouble, Mr. Summers,' says the lawyer. 'I'll acquaint Judge Simmons with the facts to-day; and the matter will be put through as promptly as possible. Law and order reigns in this state as swift and sure as any in the country.'

"'I'll wait for the decree if it won't take over half an hour,' says Luke.

"'Tut, tut,' says the lawyer man. 'Law must take its course. Come back day after to-morrow at half-past nine.'

"At that time me and Luke shows up, and the lawyer hands him a folded document. And Luke writes him out a check.

"On the sidewalk Luke holds up the paper to me and puts a finger the size of a kitchen door latch on it and says:

"'Decree of ab-so-lute divorce with cus-to-dy of the child.'

"'Skipping over much what has happened of which I know nothing,' says I, 'it looks to me like a split. Couldn't the lawyer man have made it a strike for you?'

"'Bud,' says he, in a pained style, 'that child is the one thing I have to live for. *She* may go; but the boy is mine!—think of it—I have cus-to-dy of the child.'

"'All right,' says I. 'If it's the law, let's abide by it. But I think,' says I, 'that Judge Simmons might have used exemplary clemency, or whatever is the legal term, in our case.'

"You see, I wasn't inveigled much into the desirableness of having infants around a ranch, except the kind that feed themselves and sell for so much on the hoof when they grow up. But Luke was struck with that sort of parental foolishness that I never could understand. All the way riding from the station back to the ranch, he kept pulling that decree out of his pocket and laying his finger on the back of it and reading off to me the sum and substance of it. 'Cus-to-dy of the child, Bud,' says he. 'Don't forget it—cus-to-dy of the child.'

"But when we hits the ranch we finds our decree of court obviated, *nolle prossed*, and remanded for trial. Mrs. Summers and the kid was gone. They tell us that an hour after me and Luke had started for San Antone she had a team hitched and lit out for the nearest station with her trunks and the youngster.

"Luke takes out his decree once more and reads off its emoluments.

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"'It ain't possible, Bud,' says he, 'for this to be. It's contrary to law and order. It's wrote as plain as day here—"Cus-to-dy of the child."'

"'There is what you might call a human leaning,' says I, 'towards smashing 'em both—not to mention the child.'

"'Judge Simmons,' goes on Luke, 'is a incorporated officer of the law. She can't take the boy away. He belongs to me by statutes passed and approved by the state of Texas.'

"'And he's removed from the jurisdiction of mundane mandamuses,' says I, 'by the unearthly statutes of female partiality. Let us praise the Lord and be thankful for whatever small mercies——' I begins; but I see Luke don't listen to me. Tired as he was, he calls for a fresh horse and starts back again for the station.

"He come back two weeks afterwards, not saying much.

"'We can't get the trail,' says he; 'but we've done all the telegraphing that the wires'll stand, and we've got these city rangers they call detectives on the lookout. In the meantime, Bud,' says he, 'we'll round up them cows on Brushy Creek, and wait for the law to take its course.'

And after that we never alluded to allusions, as you might say.

"Skipping over much what happened in the next twelve years, Luke was made sheriff of Mojada County. He made me his office deputy. Now, don't get in your mind no wrong apparitions of a office deputy doing sums in a book or mashing letters in a cider press. In them days his job was to watch the back windows so nobody didn't plug the sheriff in the rear while he was adding up mileage at his desk in front. And in them days I had qualifications for the job. And there was law and order in Mojada County, and schoolbooks, and all the whisky you wanted, and the government built its own battleships instead of collecting nickels from the schoolchildren to do it with. And, as I say, there was law and order instead of enactments and restrictions such as disfigure our umpire state to-day. We had our office at Bildad, the county seat, from which we emerged forth on necessary occasions to soothe whatever fracases and unrest that might occur in our jurisdiction.

"Skipping over much what happened while me and Luke was sheriff, I want to give you an idea of how the law was respected in them days. Luke was what you would call one of the most conscious men in the world. He never knew much book law, but he had the inner emoluments of justice and mercy inculcated into his system. If a respectable citizen shot a Mexican or held up a train and cleaned out the safe in the express car, and Luke ever got hold of him, he'd give the guilty party such a reprimand and a cussin' out that he'd probable never do it again. But once let somebody steal a horse (unless it was a Spanish pony), or cut a wire fence, or otherwise impair the peace and indignity of Mojada County, Luke and me would be on 'em with habeas corpuses and smokeless powder and all the modern inventions of equity and etiquette.

"We certainly had our county on a basis of lawfulness. I've known persons of Eastern classification with little spotted caps and buttoned-up shoes to get off the train at Bildad and eat sandwiches at the railroad station without being shot at or even roped and drug about by the citizens of the town.

"Luke had his own ideas of legality and justice. He was kind of training me to succeed him when he went out of office. He was always looking ahead to the time when he'd quit sheriffing. What he wanted to do was to build a yellow house with lattice-work under the porch and have hens scratching in the yard. The one main thing in his mind seemed to be the yard.

"'Bud,' he says to me, 'by instinct and sentiment I'm a contractor. I want to be a contractor. That's what I'll be when I get out of office.'

"'What kind of a contractor?' says I. 'It sounds like a kind of a business to me. You ain't going to haul cement or establish branches or work on a railroad, are you?'

"'You don't understand,' says Luke. 'I'm tired of space and horizons and territory and distances and things like that. What I want is reasonable contraction. I want a yard with a fence around it that you can go out and set on after supper and listen to whip-poor-wills. I'm a fool about whip-poor-wills,' says Luke.

"That's the kind of a man he was. He was home-like, although he'd had bad luck in such investments. But he never talked about them times on the ranch. It seemed like he'd forgotten about it. I wondered how, with his ideas of yards and chickens and notions of lattice-work, he'd seemed to have got out of his mind that kid of his that had been taken away from him, unlawful, in spite of his de-

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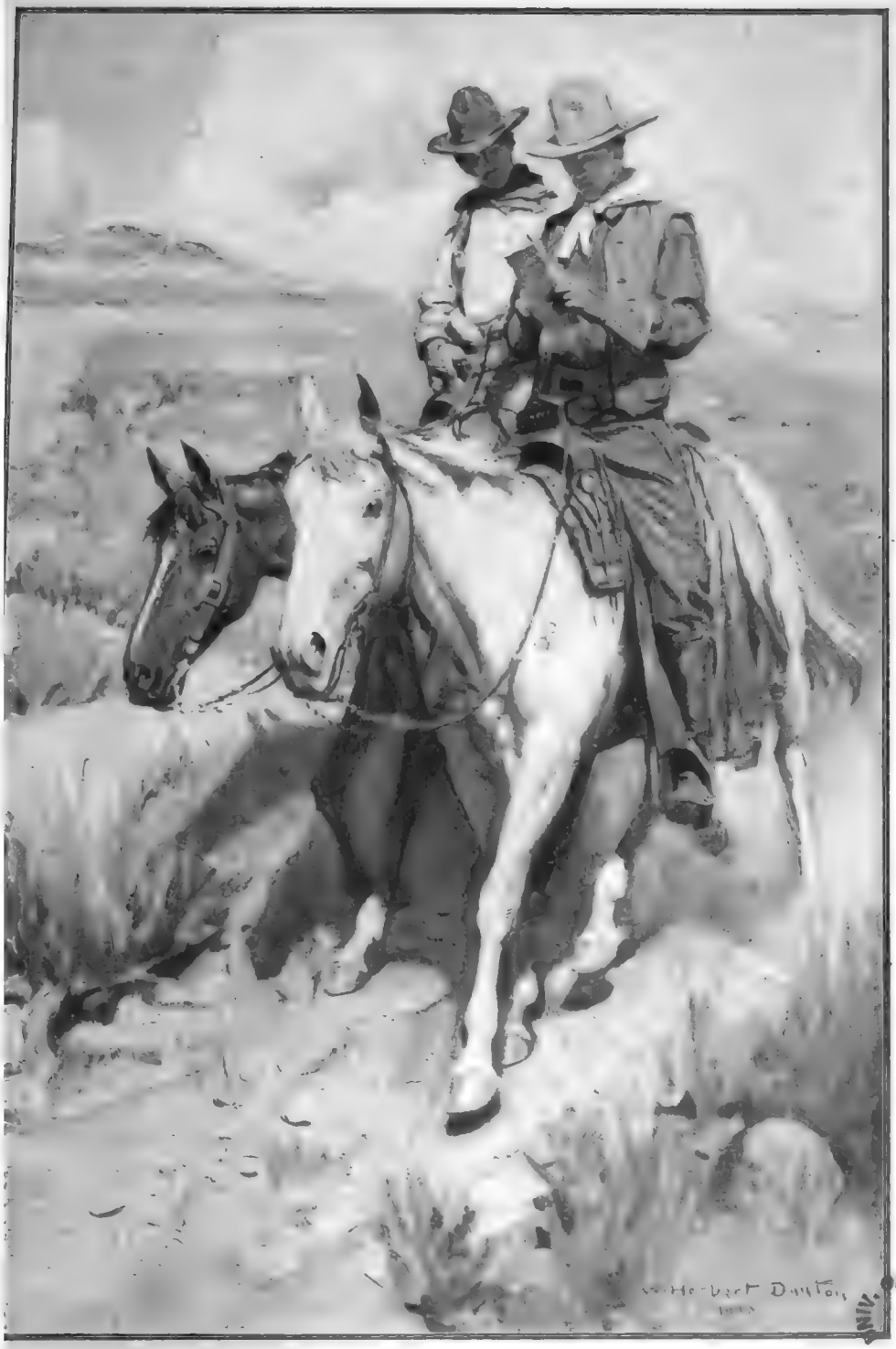

"CUS-TO-DY OF THE CHILD, BUD," SAYS HE. "DON'T FORGET IT—CUS-TO-DY OF THE CHILD."

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cree of court. But he wasn't a man you could ask about such things as he didn't refer to in his own conversation.

"I reckon he'd put all his emotions and ideas into being sheriff. I've read in books about men that was disappointed in these poetic and fine-haired and high-collared affairs with ladies renouncing truck of that kind and wrapping themselves up into some occupation like painting pictures or herding sheep or science or teaching school—something to make 'em forget. Well, I guess that was the way with Luke. But, as he couldn't paint pictures, he took it out in rounding up horse thieves and in making Mojada County a safe place to sleep in if you was well armed and not afraid of requisitions or tarantulas.

"One day there passes through Bildad a bunch of these money investors from the East, and they stopped off there, Bildad being the dinner station on the I. & G. N. They was just coming back from Mexico looking after mines and such. There was five of 'em—four solid parties, with gold watch chains, that would grade up over two hundred pounds on the hoof, and one kid about seventeen or eighteen.

"This youngster had on one of them cowboy suits such as tenderfoots bring West with 'em; and you could see he was aching to wing a couple of Indians or bag a grizzly or two with the little pearl-handled gun he had buckled around his waist.

"I walked down to the depot to keep an eye on the outfit and see that they didn't locate any land or scare the cow ponies hitched in front of Murchison's store or act otherwise unseemly. Luke was away after a gang of cattle thieves down on the Frio, and I always looked after the law and order when he wasn't there.

"After dinner this boy comes out of the dining-room while the train was waiting, and prances up and down the platform ready to shoot all antelope, lions, or private citizens that might endeavor to molest or come too near him. He was a good-looking kid; only he was like all them tenderfoots—he didn't know a law-and-order town when he saw it.

"By and by along comes Pedro Johnson, the proprietor of the Crystal Palace *chili-con-carne* stand in Bildad. Pedro was a man who liked to amuse himself; so he kind of herd-rides this youngster, laughing at him, tickled to death. I was too far away to hear, but the kid seems to mention some remarks to Pedro, and Pedro goes up and slaps him about nine feet away, and laughs harder than ever. And then the boy gets up quicker than he fell and jerks out his little pearl-handle, and—bing! bing! bing! Pedro gets it three times in special and treasured portions of his carcass. I saw the dust fly off his clothes every time the bullets hit. Sometimes them little thirty-twos cause worry at close range.

"The engine bell was ringing, and the train starting off slow. I goes up to the kid and places him under arrest, and takes away his gun. But the first thing I knew that *caballard* of capitalists makes a break for the train. One of 'em hesitates in front of me for a second, and kind of smiles and shoves his hand up against my chin, and I sort of laid down on the platform and took a nap. I never was afraid of guns; but I don't want any person except a barber to take liberties like that with my face again. When I woke up, the whole outfit—train, boy, and all—was gone. I asked about Pedro, and they told me the doctor said he would recover provided his wounds didn't turn out to be fatal.

"When Luke got back three days later, and I told him about it, he was mad all over.

"'Why'n't you telegraph to San Antone,' he asks, 'and have the bunch arrested there?'

"'Oh, well,' says I, 'I always did admire telegraphy; but astronomy was what I had took up just then.' That capitalist sure knew how to gesticulate with his hands.

"Luke got madder and madder. He investigates and finds in the depot a card one of the men had dropped that gives the address of some *hombre* called Scudder in New York City.

"'Bud,' says Luke, 'I'm going after that bunch. I'm going there and get the man or boy, as you say he was, and bring him back. I'm sheriff of Mojada County, and I shall keep law and order in its precincts while I'm able to draw a gun. And I want you to go with me. No Eastern Yankee can shoot up a respectable and well-known citizen of Bildad, 'specially with a thirty-two calibre, and escape the law. Pedro Johnson,' says Luke, 'is one of our most prominent citizens and business men. I'll appoint Sam Bell acting sheriff with penitentiary powers while I'm away, and you and me will take the 6.45 northbound to-morrow evening and follow up this trail.'

"'I'm your company,' says I. 'I never see this New York, but I'd like to. But, Luke,' says I, 'don't you have to have a dispensation or a habeas corpus or something from the state, when you reach out that far for rich men and malefactors?'

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"'Did I have a requisition,' says Luke, 'when I went over into the Brazos bottoms and brought back Bill Grimes and two more for holding up the International? Did me and you have a search warrant or a posse comitatus when we rounded up them six Mexican cow thieves down in Hidalgo? It's my business to keep order in Mojada County.'

"'And it's my business as office deputy,' says I, 'to see that business is carried on according to law. Between us both we ought to keep things pretty well cleaned up.'

"So, the next day, Luke packs a blanket and some collars and his mileage book in a haversack, and him and me hits the breeze for New York. It was a powerful long ride. The seats in the cars was too short for six-footers like us to sleep comfortable on; and the conductor had to keep us from getting off at every town that had five-story houses in it. But we got there finally; and we seemed to see right away that he was right about it.

"'Luke,' says I, 'as office deputy and from a law standpoint, it don't look to me like this place is properly and legally in the jurisdiction of Mojada County, Texas.'

"'From the standpoint of order,' says he, it's amenable to answer for its sins to the properly appointed authorities from Bildad to Jerusalem.'

"'Amen,' says I. 'But let's turn our trick sudden, and ride. I don't like the looks of his place.'

"'Think of Pedro Johnson,' says Luke, 'a friend of mine and yours shot down by one of these gilded abolitionists at his very door!'

"'It was at the door of the freight depot,' says I. 'But the law will not be balked at a quibble like that.'

"We put up at one of them big hotels on Broadway. The next morning I goes down about two miles of stairsteps to the bottom and hunts for Luke. It ain't no use. It looks like San Jacinto day in San Antone. There's a thousand folks milling around in a kind of a roofed-over plaza with marble pavements and trees growing right out of 'em, and see no more chance of finding Luke than if he was hunting each other in the big pear flat down below Old Fort Ewell. But soon Luke and me runs together in one of the turns of them marble alleys.

"'It ain't no use, Bud,' says he. 'I can't find no place to eat at. I've been looking for restaurant signs and smelling for ham all over camp. But I'm used to going hungry when I have to. Now,' says he, 'I'm going out and get a hack and ride down to the address on this Scudder card. You stay here and try to hustle some grub. But I doubt if you'll find it. I wish we'd brought along some cornmeal and bacon and beans. I'll be back when I see this Scudder, if the trail ain't wiped out.'

"So I starts foraging for breakfast. For the honor of old Mojada County I didn't want to seem green to them abolitionists, so every time I turned a corner in them marble halls I went up to the first desk or counter I see and looks around for grub. If I didn't see what I wanted I asked for something else. In about half an hour I had a dozen cigars, five story magazines, and seven or eight railroad time-tables in my pockets, and never a smell of coffee or bacon to point out the trail.

"Once a lady sitting at a table and playing a game kind of like pushpin told me to go into a closet that she called Number 3. I went in and shut the door, and the blamed thing lit itself up. I set down on a stool before a shelf and waited. Thinks I, 'This is a private dining-room.' But no waiter never came. When I got to sweating good and hard, I goes out again.

"'Did you get what you wanted?' says she.

"'No, ma'am,' says I. 'Not a bite.'

"'Then there's no charge,' says she.

"'Thanky, ma'am,' says I, and I takes up the trail again.

"By and by I thinks I'll shed etiquette; and I picks up one of them boys with blue clothes and yellow buttons in front, and he leads me to what he calls the caffay breakfast room. And the first thing I lays my eyes on when I go in is that boy that had shot Pedro Johnson. He was setting all alone at a little table, hitting a egg with a spoon like he was afraid he'd break it.

"I takes the chair across the table from him; and he looks insulted and makes a move like he was going to get up.

"'Keep still, son,' says I. 'You're apprehended, arrested, and in charge of the Texas authorities. Go on and hammer that egg some more if it's the inside of it you want. Now, what did you shoot Mr. Johnson, of Bildad, for?'

"'And may I ask who you are?' says he.

"'You may,' says I. 'Go ahead'.

"'I suppose you're on,' says this kid, without batting his eyes. 'But what are you eating? Here, waiter!' he calls out, raising his finger. 'Take this gentleman's order.'

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"'A beefsteak,' says I, 'and some fried eggs and a can of peaches and a quart of coffee will about suffice.'

"We talk a while about the sundries of life and then he says:

"'What are you going to do about that shooting? I had a right to shoot that man,' says he. 'He called me names that I couldn't overlook, and then he struck me. He carried a gun, too. What else could I do?'

"'We'll have to take you back to Texas,' says I.

"'I'd like to go back,' says the boy, with a kind of a grin—'if it wasn't on an occasion of this kind. It's the life I like. I've always wanted to ride and shoot and live in the open air ever since I can remember.'

"'Who was this gang of stout parties you took this trip with?' I asks.

"'My stepfather,' says he, 'and some business partners of his in some Mexican mining and land schemes.'

"'I saw you shoot Pedro Johnson,' says I, 'and I took that little popgun away from you that you did it with. And when I did so I noticed three or four little scars in a row over your right eyebrow. You've been in rookus before, haven't you?'

"'I've had these scars ever since I can remember,' says he. 'I don't know how they came there.'

"'Was you ever in Texas before?' says I.

"'Not that I remember of,' says he. 'But I thought I had when we struck the prairie country. But I guess I hadn't.'

"'Have you got a mother?' I asks.

"'She died five years ago,' says he.

"Skipping over the most of what followed—when Luke came back I turned the kid over to him. He had seen Scudder and told him what he wanted; and it seems that Scudder got active with one of these telephones as soon as he left. For in about an hour afterwards there comes to our hotel some of these city rangers in everyday clothes that they call detectives, and marches the whole outfit of us to what they call a magistrate's court. They accuse Luke of attempted kidnapping, and ask him what he has to say.

"'This snipe,' says Luke to the judge, 'shot and willfully punctured with malice and forethought one of the most respected and prominent citizens of the town of Bildad, Texas, Your Honor. And in so doing laid himself liable to the penitence of law and order. And I hereby make claim and demand restitution of the State of New York City for the said alleged criminal; and I know he done it.'

"'Have you the usual and necessary requisition papers from the governor of your state?' asks the judge.

"'My usual papers,' says Luke, 'was taken away from me at the hotel by these gentlemen who represent law and order in your city. They was two Colt's .45's that I've packed for nine years; and if I don't get 'em back, there'll be more trouble. You can ask anybody in Mojada County about Luke Summers. I don't usually need any other kind of papers for what I do.'

"I see the judge looks mad, so I steps up and says:

"'Your Honor, the aforesaid defendant, Mr. Luke Summers, sheriff of Mojada County, Texas, is as fine a man as ever threw a rope or upheld the statutes and codicils of the greatest state in the Union. But he——'

"The judge hits his table with a wooden hammer and asks who I am.

"'Bud Oakley,' says I. 'Office deputy of the sheriff's office of Mojada County, Texas. Representing,' says I, 'the Law. Luke Summers,' I goes on, 'represents Order. And if Your Honor will give me about ten minutes in private talk, I'll explain the whole thing to you, and show you the equitable and legal requisition papers which I carry in my pocket.'

"The judge kind of half smiles and says he will talk with me in his private room. In there I put the whole thing up to him in such language as I had, and when we goes outside, he announces the verdict that the young man is delivered into the hands of the Texas authorities; and calls the next case.

"Skipping over much of what happened on the way back, I'll tell you how the thing wound up in Bildad.

"When we got the prisoner in the sheriff's office, I says to Luke:

"'You remember that kid of yours—that two-year-old that they stole away from you when the bust-up come?'

"Luke looks black and angry. He'd never let anybody talk to him about that business, and he never mentioned it himself.

"'Toe the mark,' says I. 'Do you remember when he was toddling around on the porch and fell down on a pair of Mexican spurs and cut four little holes over his right eye? Look at the prisoner,' says I, 'look at his nose and the shape of his head and—why, you old fool, don't you know your own son?—

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"PEDRO GETS IT THREE TIMES IN SPECIAL AND TREASURED PORTIONS OF HIS CARCASS."

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I knew him,' says I, 'when he perforated Mr. Johnson at the depot.'

"Luke comes over to me shaking all over. I never saw him lose his nerve before.

"'Bud,' says he, 'I've never had that boy out of my mind one day or one night since he was took away. But I never let on. But can we hold him?—Can we make him stay?—I'll make the best man of him that ever put his foot in a stirrup. Wait a minute,' says he, all excited and out of his mind—'I've got something here in my desk—I reckon it'll hold legal yet—I've looked at it a thousand times—"Cus-to-dy of the child," says Luke—"Cus-to-dy of the child." We can hold him on that, can't we? Le'me see if I can find that decree.'

"Luke begins to tear his desk to pieces.

"'Hold on,' says I. 'You are Order and I'm Law. You needn't look for that paper, Luke. It ain't a decree any more. It's requisition papers. It's on file in that Magistrate's office in New York. I took it along when we went, because I was office deputy and knew the law.'

"'I've got him back,' says Luke. 'He's mine again. I never thought——'

"'Wait a minute,' says I. 'We've got to have law and order. You and me have got to preserve 'em both in Mojada County according to our oath and conscience. The kid shot Pedro Johnson, one of Bildad's most prominent and——"

"'Oh, hell!' says Luke. 'That don't amount to anything. That fellow was half Mexican, anyhow.'"

IN A FAR TOWNSHIP

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

HIS roundabout of bottle-green,
And pantaloons of fine nankeen
Were Sunday best; the month was May,
And this from school a holiday;
But he had none with whom to play,
And wandered wistful, up and down,
All in a strange old Garden,
And in a strange old Town.

An ancient chaise, a Dobbin gray
Had brought him here to spend the day.
Now his old aunt and uncle drowse;
No chick nor child is in the house—
No cat, no dog, no bird, or mouse;
No fairy picture-book to spell,
No music-box of wonder,
Nor magic whispering-shell.

Unending is this afternoon,
And strange this landscape as the moon,
With home a thousand miles away—
The pasture where his brothers play
With whoop and shout, in Indian fray;
The porch where, even at this hour,
His mother prunes the vine and flower,
And hums the nursery melody,
"I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea."

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Lassoing Wild Animals In Africa

By

GUY H. SCULL

Field Manager of the Buffalo Jones African Expedition

Editor's Note: The wild animals of Africa have been hunted with firearms for many a year, and photographed by more than one marksman of the ns. But here is the truly unique expedition into the jungle. The idea that any one should riously contemplate a journey to Africa for the purpose of lassoing such creatures as sportsmen ther shoot or photograph at the longest range possible, seems quite absurd. But an American ontiersman has done it, with American cowboys, cow-ponies, and hunting-dogs, and with onderful moving pictures to prove it. It is a fine evidence of the sporting qualities of both rties to the undertaking that Colonel C. J. Jones, a Western plainsman, could so completely terest Mr. Charles S. Bird, an Eastern manufacturer, in the fantastic plan as to command s backing. And if there is such a thing as the glow of adventure by proxy, it must have en felt in the Nassau Street law office, where the Buffalo Jones African Expedition had its adquarters, when the cablegram from Nairobi announced that lion and rhino had been lassoed, d that the moving pictures were a complete success.

I

IT was a special train—loaded to capacity with horses and dogs, camp baggage, moving-picture cameras, cowboys, photographers, and porters; and when it pulled out of the Nairobi sta- on the way to the "up country" of tish East Africa, the period of prepar- n passed away and the time of action an. As the faces of the people on the form glided by the window of the ly moving carriage, there was good will ten on all of them; but also unbelief. There was no doubt as to what they thought of Buffalo Jones's expedition that was setting out to rope and tie and photograph the wild animals of the East African Veldt.

"How are you going to hold a rhino that weighs two tons and a half?"

"What are you going to do when the lion charges?"

Such were the questions asked us by the hunters of the country. They further took pains to explain that a rhino charges like a flash, and that a lion can catch a horse within a hundred yards.

These items of information, however,

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were well known to Buffalo Jones before the expedition was organized in New York, and his preparations to meet the difficulties had been made accordingly.

Colonel C. J. Jones is tall and spare, with a strong, rugged face and keen blue eyes. During his sixty-five years of life, he has roped and tied, often single-handed, every kind of wild animal of consequence to be found in our western country, and his experience with these has led him to believe implicitly that man is the master of all wild beasts.

He has climbed trees after mountain lions, and with a lasso over a branch has hauled grizzlies up into the air by one hind leg. And once he set out alone to journey over a country that no white man had ever traveled before, to reach the land of the musk-ox on the border of the Arctic Circle. The story is told of how he met a trapper on the way, and how these two, in the face of the hostility of all the Indian tribes, the wolves, and the cold of the northern winter, eventually came to the musk-ox and captured five calves. Then, deserted by their Indian guide, they started to return with their prizes, got lost in the wilderness, and fought the wolves till their cartridges ran out. And when at last they reached safety and fell asleep, exhausted, the Indians, obeying the laws of their religion, stole upon them in the night and killed the calves.

But the success he had achieved with the mountain lions of the Southwest, the musk-ox of the North, and the grizzly bears of the Rockies was not enough. For twenty years it had been the one ambition of his life to take an outfit to British East Africa to try his hand with the more ferocious big game of that country. But in his Western experience Colonel Jones had learned something else besides the mastery of man over beast. Precisely how an American cowboy was going to hold a rhinoceros that weighed two tons and a half was purely a matter of speculation. Yet of one thing the Colonel was certain—the experiment would result in a moving picture that would be well worth the taking. For this reason, what afterward came to be known as the "picture department" was added to the make-up of the expedition.

The preparations extended over a considerable length of time, and were carried on in various places. Unquestionably, the most important part of the outfit was the horses. It was absolutely essential that they should be Western cow-ponies, fast, well trained, and reliable in every way. The Colonel, who best of all could foresee the nature of the work they would have to do, selected them himself, ten in all, from the ranches of New Mexico, and shipped them to New York. The American dogs to be used for trailing were likewise chosen by the Colonel. Some of them belonged to him personally, and had been thoroughly tried out. The rest had reputations of their own. Of the two cowboys who were to act as his assistants, Marshall Loveless had worked with the Colonel before and knew his methods, and Ambrose Means came highly recommended for skill and daring from one of the largest ranch owners in the West.

When, at the last moment, the writer of these articles was introduced to the expedition in the capacity of acting field manager, the preparations were well under way. The horses and dogs had been already shipped, en route to Africa, in charge of the cowboys, and the date of our sailing for London had been fixed for the following day.

The meeting was held at a luncheon in the Railroad Club, in New York. There were present Colonel Jones, Mr. F. W. Bird, son of Charles S. Bird* who financed the expedition, Mr. W. G. Sewall, of the Boma Trading Company, of Nairobi, and myself. After certain matters of business had been disposed of, the talk at the luncheon table drifted to the probabilities and possibilities of success; to lions, rhinos, elands, and cheetahs; to cowboys, horses, and dogs. But the Colonel would hear of no possibilities, or even probabilities, of failure. He was

*EAST WALPOLE, MASS., July 8, 1910.

Mr. GUY H. SCULL.

MY DEAR SCULL: It has been asked by some what the object of the Buffalo Jones African Expedition was. I will tell you.

You know my friend, Colonel C. J. Jones, broke his rifle a generation or so ago and vowed he would never again kill game save for food or in self-defense. Since taking that oath he has subdued and captured all kinds of wild animals in North America, including the musk-ox, buffalo, grizzly bear, and cougar.

I discovered that it was his dream to go to East Africa to prove that with American cowboys, horses, and dogs he could lasso and capture the savage animals of that country as readily as he has the wild animals of our country. As a sporting proposition, it seemed to me unique and fascinating, and so, as a small tribute to Colonel Jones, I volunteered to finance the expedition.

I somewhat doubt whether there is another man in the world who has the courage, skill, and determination to do what he has done in the animal kingdom, and he well deserves to be called "The Preserver of the American Bison."

I want to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Arthur A. Fowler of New York for his assistance in helping us outfit the expedition in London and Nairobi, and to you and the others who have helped to make the expedition a success.

Very truly,

CHARLES S. BIRD.

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peculiarly insistent upon this point. And when the hour of the business man's lunch time came to an end, and the room began to empty, Mr. Sewall said to me across the corner of the table:

"Of course, every one in Nairobi will think all of you either fakers or crazy. I know you're no fakers. I don't know whether you're crazy or not. But there is one thing in your favor: The Colonel's unshaken belief that the thing can be done will probably pull it through."

On our arrival in London about the middle of January of this year, the work of preparation was continued at once. Outside of the minor details of the outfit, such as personal equipment, saddlery, medicines, bandages, and so forth, the first matter to receive attention was the organization of the picture department. Mr. Cherry Kearton was sought to take charge of this branch of the expedition. Kearton—a powerfully built Yorkshireman—is an experienced cinematograph photographer and a naturalist of no small reputation. He had taken moving pictures in Africa before, and so he knew the climatic conditions there—the heat radiation and the different intensities of light. He also knew the animals the Colonel was going to rope. But besides being a cinematograph expert and a naturalist, he was also a sportsman.

When Kearton learned of the nature of the undertaking, he was skeptical. He had met more than a slight acquaintance with the Colonel then, and only a vague, hearsay knowledge of what the American Cowboy could do. Evidently his mind was divided between the dictates of common sense and the sporting instinct. On many occasions during this time, he questioned the feasibility of the experiment in the light of what he knew of the African beasts. The agreement, in documentary form, was spread out on the table in the Boma Trading Company's London office when he finally wanted to know how in Heaven's name we thought the thing could be done.

"We'll do it," the Colonel said quietly. That was all.

"Well, there's a picture in it, anyway," said Kearton, and signed the papers.

With his assistant, David Gobbet, two cinematograph machines and tripods, hand cameras and developing apparatus, he set sail immediately for Africa, leaving an order for thirty thousand feet of film to be divided between two manufacturers and to be forwarded as soon as possible.

In the meantime, Colonel Jones was hard at work collecting a rather unusual assortment of articles. The experience of a lifetime enabled him to foresee what kind of materials were absolutely necessary, and what kind might prove useful on the present expedition. Naturally, the articles required were not usually in stock, but the London shopkeeper is proverbially obliging and imperturbable.

One rainy morning the Colonel walked into a hardware store and asked to see some handcuffs. A pair was shown him.

"Not large enough," said the Colonel.

"How large would you want them, sir?"

"Twice that size."

"May I ask for what purpose you require them, sir?"

"For lions," said the Colonel.

"Precisely, handcuffs for lions; yes, you need large ones. I am afraid I have none in stock just now, but I can have them made for you within a few days."

It was the same with almost everything the Colonel wanted to purchase; everything had to be made especially for him after his own description—handcuffs, collars and belts, chains, branding irons, a block and fall, muzzles of different sizes, corkscrew picket-pins for holding the turn of a rope, and a nondescript article shaped like a huge pair of tongs, for which I feel sure there is no name in any trade, but which looked to be a handy implement for clamping the jaws of a beast. To have these things made according to specifications took time and an endless amount of running about. Besides, there was the more ordinary part of the equipment to procure: English dogs, both foxhounds and terriers, horse-blankets, extra ropes, horseshoes, and so on. When the last of the expedition sailed from Southampton, there were forty-eight pieces of baggage on the list.

This last contingent reached Nairobi at noon on March 3, and for the first time then all the members of the expedition met together. Loveless proved to be a man a little below the medium height; he held himself very erect, walked with quick, energetic steps, and wore a blond mustache. He made polite inquiries as to our voyage out, commented on the hot weather, and fully explained the condition of the horses and dogs. Means was taller. He carried his head

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slightly forward and wore his black hair brushed low down over his forehead. He stood slumped on one hip, so that one shoulder also was lower than the other.

"Please' to meet you," he said.

On our arrival at Nairobi the first matter to be decided was the district to be worked. The choice lay between the Sotik and the Kapeti Plains. According to the usual batch of contradictory stories in such cases, the game was said to be equally plentiful, or equally scarce, in both districts. Both had been shot over considerably of late, and, anyhow, no one could really tell us where the most game was to be found; because, as one informant explained, the game everywhere shifted so frequently and so fast. But the Sotik and the country approaching it—the Kedong and Rift Valleys, and the Mau—were reported to be more or less free from ticks, and, as the health of the horses was of the gravest importance to us, we determined to work this district first.

The Colonel and his two cowboys, Loveless and Means, were ready to start at once. Eight out of the ten horses were in fine condition. With but one exception, the dogs had come through safely, though all were suffering somewhat from distemper. It was concluded, however, that they would recover just as rapidly in the open country as they would in Nairobi.

Kearton and Gobbet were ready. Kearton had built a dark room in Nairobi, because his earlier experience had taught him that the pictures could not be developed with any degree of satisfaction in the field. His four special porters to carry the cameras and tripods—porters he had trained on previous *safaris*—were only waiting for the word to move. Mr. Ray Ulyate, the white hunter to the expedition, had already gone to Kijabe to prepare his ox-wagons against our coming, and the Boma Trading Company had engaged a special train to leave Nairobi on the fifth.

On the morning of that day we held the customary procession of an outgoing *safari* down the main street of Nairobi to the waiting train. The Colonel rode first, with the assorted pack of dogs at his horse's heels. Then came the cowboys with the led horses; then the picture department; then the long single line of black porters, bringing up the rear. Above the loads on the porters' heads two flags flashed their colors in the sunlight—the stars and stripes, and the house flag of the company, with the white buffalo skull against the red background, and underneath the motto, *Sapiens qui Vigilat.*

The night had already fallen black and cold when the special train crested the top of the divide and coasted down grade into Kijabe. The most imposing structure in the place is the railroad station, with its red wooden building propped up on piles, its tin guest-house alongside, and the neat gravel platform growing a clump of trees. The rest of Kijabe is composed of four other houses, the goods-shed, an open-faced Indian booth, the post-office, and the water-tank. Ulyate met us with a lantern, for the station lights are dim, and we detrained in the face of the high wind that always blows there from sunset to dawn, and picketed the horses among the trees of the station platform. Because a large part of the revenue of the country is derived from the visiting hunters, a *safari* is accorded privileges out of the ordinary. So, as a matter of course, we took possession of the station and camped in the tin guest-house for the night.

The morning came clear and hot and still. The railroad at Kijabe runs along the face of the hills, so that the land drops down abruptly to the plains below, and you can look away for miles over the Kedong and Rift valleys, with the two sentinel extinct volcanoes rising black against the heat-blurred sky.

The floors of the valleys are laid with volcanic ash. But on first appearances the land looks much the same as the regulation veldt or certain parts of our own Western plains. It is only by the fineness of the dust that hangs about the horses' feet, and the peculiar quality of the thirst that dries in the throat, that you know this is no ordinary soil.

The sun was high in the heavens before we finally started from Kijabe and descended the rough road to the level ground, with the brakes on the ox-wagons squealing harshly and the horses treading silently in the dust.

We had planned to camp at Sewell's farm that night. It was only about four hours away, but a short trek the first day is always a good rule to follow. It gives every one a chance, so to speak, to shake down well into the saddle. We had gone but a short distance, however, when one thing became strikingly apparent: Gobbet did not know how to ride! He was mounted on a white

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Enlarged from a cinematograph film taken by Cherry Kearton and David Gobbet.

HE COLONEL RODE INTO THE *DONGA*, AND WHEN THE CHEETAH FAILED TO SPRING AT HIM, HE DROPPED THE NOOSE OVER THE ANIMAL'S HEAD AND DRAGGED HIM OUT ON TO THE OPEN VELDT.

Enlarged from a cinematograph film taken by Cherry Kearton and David Gobbet.

ATER, WITH THE NOOSE STILL ABOUT HIM, THE CHEETAH WAS BROUGHT INTO THE SHADE OF A BUNCH OF SCRUB AND THE CAMERA SNAPPED.

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African pony that we had found it necessary to add to our string. The pony was stolid, lazy, and easy-gaited, but Gobbet's unfamiliar attitude toward his mount was unmistakable.

Now it is a delicate matter in any country to broach the question of a man's horsemanship, but presently Gobbet introduced the subject of his own accord.

"Of course I can't ride a horse," he said. "Have never been on one before. When Mr. Kearton spoke to me about coming out here with him, he just asked me if I could ride, and I told him surely I could ride—but I didn't tell him I meant a bicycle."

After all, the matter was of no great importance. Gobbet was young and thin and active, with sharp black eyes, and the work that lay ahead of us would probably teach him to ride in short order—and it did.

We had little expectation of finding either a lion or a rhino on that first day's trip. We were traveling on a regular road, making a kind of initial march. The fringe of scrub at the beginning of the valley had been left behind some three or four miles when Ulyate suddenly reined in his horse and pointed to three black dots on the veldt about half a mile away.

The black dots proved to be only warthogs, but we wanted them, and, so long as there was little chance of our finding any of the more important species of game, we took the opportunity that offered. The Colonel and the two cowboys tightened their cinches and then rode out to the westward to round up the beasts.

"Drive 'em back to us," Kearton called after them, and Means waved his hand by way of answer.

Behind us, the line of porters was coming up along the road. They were straggling badly, broken up into little sections of threes and fours, so that the last of them were not yet in sight. Gobbet was sent back to hurry forward the four special porters with the cameras, and when these finally arrived upon the scene, their faces covered with dust and sweat, the horsemen had dwindled to dots only a little larger than the hogs themselves.

Kearton placed the cameras a few yards apart, and there we waited, watching the distant specks.

Two of the riders disappeared into a far patch of scrub. The third began swinging to the southward. His horse was galloping after something we could not see.

Enlarged from a cinematograph film taken by Cherry Kearton and David Gobbet.

THE HORSEMAN, PRESSING CLOSE TO THE HARTEBEEST, ROPED HIM, HELD HIM TO HAVE HIS PICTURE TAKEN, AND THEN LET HIM GO.

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In the meantime the *safari* was coming up, and as each section arrived it was halted, and the porters put down their loads and sat on them. Some of them turned their backs upon the scene in total indifference as to what was coming next; others regarded the cameras with expressions of mild curiosity.

Little by little the third horseman had swung round so that he was headed due east, riding straight at us. Rapidly the speck grew larger, and the two other riders came out of the scrub and joined the chase.

Nearer and nearer they came, with the Colonel close behind and the wart-hog some forty yards ahead. The beast was running strong. His huge snout was thrust forward, and his upturned tusks gleamed in the sunlight. But gradually the black horse gained on him, and Loveless loosened the rope from his saddle and began swinging the long noose round and round his head.

On came the wart-hog, straight for Kearton's camera.

Kearton straightened up above the machine and waved his helmet frantically.

"Give over, give over!" he shouted.

Enlarged from a cinematograph film taken by Cherry Kearton and David Gobbet.

SOMETIMES A WART-HOG WILL ACT NASTY. THIS ONE TRIED TO RIP UP THE HORSE'S LEGS WITH HIS RAZOR-SHARP TUSKS AND MISSED BY ONLY A NARROW MARGIN.

ust cloud swirling behind them. Gobbet egan turning the handle of his camera, and ıe whir of the machine sounded loud in .e stillness. One or two of the porters mped to their feet and pointed. Kearton ıited.

"I hope they won't come straight into the ıs," he said. "If they do, it won't make good picture. They ought to come at an gle. So," he explained, placing his hand liquely to the line of focus. Then he nt over, laid his eye to the gun-sight of e machine, and likewise began turning.

The thunder of the chase could be heard w, and we could see that it was Loveless ding, on his black, with Means and the

"You're driving him right into the picture. It's no good. Give over!"

The chase never swerved an inch, and Kearton bent to his work again, cursing in well-selected periods.

The next moment the hog drove past him. At the same instant Loveless threw his rope and caught the beast by one hind leg. The black horse stopped, fore feet planted firmly, and the dust cloud swept across and hid the scene.

When the dust cleared away, the hog was lying across the road, blowing comfortably, with the rope leading from his hind leg to the horn of Loveless' saddle. Loveless laughed.

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Enlarged from a cinematograph film taken by Cherry Kearton and David Gobbet.

I. EVERYTHING WAS WORKING TO PERFECTION. THE THREE HORSEMEN DROVE THE ELAND TOWARD THE CAMERAS—

Enlarged from a cinemat graph film taken by Cherry Kearton and David Gobbet.

II. AT THE PROPER MOMENT LOVELESS ROPED THE ANIMAL, THREW IT, JUMPED FROM HIS HORSE, AND WAS RUNNING FORWARD TO TIE THE PRIZE WHEN SOMETHING STARTED THE BLACK HORSE BUCKING.

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Enlarged from a cinematograph film taken by Cherry Kearton and David Gobbet.

III. WITH THE ROPE MADE FAST TO THE SADDLE AND THE ELAND ACTING AS A PIVOT, THE BLACK WENT CAREERING ROUND AND ROUND.

Enlarged from a cinematograph film taken by Cherry Kearton and David Gobbet.

THE FIRST THROW OF THE ROPE CAUGHT THE WART-HOG FAIRLY AROUND THE NECK AND FORELEGS.

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"There's the first one for you," he said. "And my, can't he run!"

Gobbet, however, was indignant. "It's no use," he complained. "To bring an object that way straight into the lens is against the first principles of cinematography. It's no use, I tell you."

Means sat half slumped in his saddle, with his reeking horse panting heavily.

"Well, well, well," he finally drawled. "And didn't Mr. Pig come a-bending across that prairie? He most certainly come a-bending."

The porters gathered around and looked

Enlarged from a cinematograph film taken by Cherry Kearton and David Gobbet.

IT WAS NECESSARY TO ROPE HIM AGAIN BY THE HEELS BEFORE THE NOOSE AROUND HIS NECK——

long at the beast; some of them spoke a few words in low tones, and the others nodded their heads and smiled.

Sometimes a wart-hog will act nasty, and his lower tusks are sharp as razors; but when this one was released he walked out of the circle of grinning natives, slowly, quietly, and apparently thoroughly disgusted.

At Sewell's farm there is a pan of water made by a dam across an almost waterless brook, and alongside of this pan we pitched our camp. When the sun set, the high wind rose again, whirling up the dust in heavy clouds and sending the sparks from the fire scurrying over the ground. But the Kedong Valley wind is more or less a phenomenon of the country. You can count upon it absolutely for every one of its disagreeable qualities. I think the citizens of Africa are a little proud of it.

There was now a fair chance that on our way into the Rift Valley we should flush one or another of the larger animals. Preparations for such a contingency were accordingly made before starting from Sewell's farm. Canteens and iron drums were filled with water, because the next camp would be a dry one. The cinematograph, cameras, and all the extra boxes were loaded with films the evening before, and the four special camera porters were given strict orders to keep well up with the advance of the *safari*. The lion-taming outfit—the tongs, muzzles, chains, and collars—was stowed on the first wagon, on top of the load, where it could be got at readily in case of need. The Colonel rode ahead, with the two cowboys close behind, all three ropers mounted on their best horses—the Colonel on "the paint," Loveless on his black, and Means on the big-boned bay. Every member of the party was especially cautioned to keep a sharp lookout on both sides of the road.

Just as the day before, the morning came

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ɔt and still, and for hour after hour the raggling *safari* crawled slowly over the ng waves of the undulating veldt. The ad was a wagon track always vanish- g in front toward the head of the valley. he land lay silent beneath the glaring nlight.

We outspanned at noon for an hour. ver the country here grew small, scattered orn trees, thick with thorns but with arcely any leaves, so that the shade be- ath them was thin and could shelter no ore than one horse. The water in the nteens, cold at the start, had become rm now.

When we mounted again, the sweat had ed on the horses, and the boots felt stiff our feet. The line of the road still etched away its interminable length until disappeared in the distance.

And then, as we crawled sleepily ahead er the rises, the Colonel was the first to tice the lion spoor in the dust.

With sudden animation the *safari* awoke m the lethargy of the hot, monotonous rch. The spoor was judged to be at st four hours old, so there was no use tting the dogs on it. Then presently it appeared. On the dead grass of the dering veldt there was nothing to show which way the lion had gone. But there was a chance—a small one, yet still a chance —that the beast was lying up near by in the shade of a thorn tree. So all the horsemen spread out over the veldt to obtain a wider scope of vision, and for mile after mile the company moved forward, sweeping the immediate country.

Proceeding in this manner through the afternoon, we eventually crested a slightly higher rise and looked down into a shallow valley that was greener than the rest of the veldt. A few full-sized trees were growing in the bottom, and there were a number of outcroppings of rock. Large herds of antelope were grazing there.

The Colonel called a halt.

"There is no lion anywhere hereabouts," he said, "because the game are grazing peacefully. But there is a bunch of eland yonder. We might as well round them up while the light lasts."

The plan of operation was quickly made. The cameras were stationed about a mile to the southeast, partly concealed by the bole of a tree, and the bunch of eland were skillfully rounded up and a good specimen was singled out.

Everything was working to perfection. The three horsemen drove the eland toward

Enlarged from a cinematograph film taken by Cherry Kearton and David Gobbet.

——COULD BE LOOSENED. BEFORE RELEASING HIM, WE MADE HIM POSE BEFORE THE CAMERAS.

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the cameras—not directly at them, but a little to one side, at an angle, as Kearton wanted it done. At the proper moment Loveless roped the animal by the forelegs and neck, and threw it down. Loveless jumped from his horse and was running forward to tie the prize when something—the smell of the strange beast, perhaps—started the black horse bucking. With the rope made fast to the saddle and the eland acting as a pivot, the black went careering round and round. Both the Colonel and Means tried to rope him, and missed, and finally Loveless, on foot, caught him by the dangling reins.

Of course such a thing might have been readily foreseen, but somehow it came as a surprise and opened up grave possibilities. That night in camp at "Rugged Rocks" we were gathered about the cook's fire for the warmth it gave, when the Colonel spoke of the affair.

"Everything was going great till that horse started bucking," the Colonel remarked. "We've got to teach our horses not to mind the smell of these strange animals out here. We've got to be able to depend absolutely on our horses. Of course that eland wasn't dangerous. But when we tackle something else and a horse acts that way, it might be bad."

But Gobbet said it was good action, anyway, and would look fine when thrown on the screen.

March 8 was a day of disappointments. Between sunrise and sunset we traveled fifteen miles to the Wangai River and hunted in turn a pair of lions, a cheetah, and a rhinoceros—and lost them all. Two circumstances were held accountable: one was the necessity of getting the horses to water, and the other was the fact that it was just a bad luck day all through.

Enlarged from a cinematograph film taken by Cherry Kearton and David Gobbet.

WAITING TO SEE WHICH WAY THE CHEETAH WILL BREAK.

We came upon the lions early in the morning, close to the base of the southern volcano. This particular pair of lions must have been shot over at one time or another, for they did not wait to satisfy any curiosity as to our intentions, but fled at once for the safety of the mountain. Although we gave chase immediately, their lead was so great and the distance to the mountains so short, that they were soon lost to us in the gullies and crevices of the foothills.

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It was while we were trying to pick up the ;t trail of the lions that we flushed a chee- h out of one of the *dongas*.* It broke away ›ng the foothills, and finally stopped at y in a district where the "going" was so d for the horses that we had to give up ɜ attempt.

With the rhinoceros we had scarcely any ance whatsoever. The Colonel, who was ›uting the country to the northward of ɜ line of march, caught a glimpse of the ast in the adjacent valley. By the time had come back to get us and we had den in pursuit, the rhino had disappeared. We found his trail leading still farther to ɜ northward, and dismounted and looked wn at it in silence. No comments were .de. No comments were necessary. Every ɜ knew that for lack of water the horses re too done up to follow.

Means had dismounted a little to one side the group, and for a while he stood there h his arms resting on his saddle, gazing :k over the way we had come. Presently remarked to the world at large: "Ex- ɜment has certainly been runnin' high all ɾ." We mounted then; and, instead of ıting the rhino farther, we rode the jaded ses slowly into camp and put a proper sh to a bad luck day by holding a con- ɜation.

The Wangai River is no river at all; rely a small spring in the shadow of the ge that crosses the head of the valley. ɜ the spring could supply sufficient ɜr for all our needs. Also, the problem transportation demanded that Ulyate uld return to Kijabe and bring up an- er wagon with supplies before the jour- over the Mau into the Sotik could be ertaken. Then, too, here in the Rift ley we had seen both lion and rhino, and ɜe was always the chance of finding them in. The consultation resulted in the de- ›n to make a permanent camp here and t the neighboring country until Ulyate ıld return.

or the succeeding three days the Colo- laid out a plan of campaign; simple, but ɜtive, and limited only by the necessity eeping within reasonable distance of the ɜr. The plan consisted of a series of es; one in a northeasterly, one in an erly, and one in a southeasterly direc- . By this means we would cover in turn he territory at the head of the valley.

›onga.—a gully.

The Colonel was anxious to try again for the rhino he had seen on the march the day before, and for this reason the drive to the northeast was inaugurated first. Every member of the expedition took part in these drives. The Colonel and the writer at one end, and the two cowboys at the other, occupied the extreme positions. Between the right and left wings stretched a long line of porters, under the command of two *escaris*, and with Kearton and Gobbet in the center with the cameras. The dogs on leash and the *saises* carrying water for the horses brought up the rear. When finally formed, the line of the drive extended approximately five miles, and the cameras and the dogs were so placed that they could be brought to either end of the line with the utmost despatch. Two shots fired in quick succession would be the signal to gather.

That first day's drive brought little success. To begin with, we were late in starting, so that the sun had already risen before we moved out of camp; and besides, the porters were new at that kind of work and had to be halted and reformed many times before they understood what was wanted.

The land across which we were driving lay at the very edge of the valley, and was consequently somewhat broken into small hills and hollows. By the time we came to the old rhino trail, the day was well advanced. But no fresh tracks were to be found up and down the entire length of the hollow, nor was anything to be seen of the beast from the next hill to the northward, which we climbed to search the country ahead. There was only a large herd of hartebeests grazing on the plains below.

The Colonel retreated halfway down the hill and fired two shots from his revolver. Somewhere beyond our range of vision we heard the two shots repeated, and at the end of a little more than half an hour all the members of the drive were gathered on the hillside below the crest.

Then the Colonel explained the reason for his signal. The rhino was not there. We might still find him, and we might not. The chances were now that we should not. He had probably left the country for good and was already miles away. In the meanwhile a good opportunity offered for rounding up the herd of hartebeests in the plain below and driving them up the hillside to the cameras.

On top of the hill was a small clearing, the

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edges of which were fringed with scrub. While the Colonel and the cowboys maneuvered to circle the herd, Kearton placed the cameras in the clearing, with the northern line of scrub as a background for the intended picture.

For a long time there was silence. Then suddenly the scrub sprang into life, and the next instant the herd dashed into the clearing in a cloud of dust that was pierced by a hundred startled eyes and tossing horns. At the sight of the cameras the herd broke and scattered in every direction; but the horsemen, pressing them close, roped one in the open, and held him to have his picture taken, and then let him go.

On the second drive, over the lowlands to the east, the porters worked better; but, although we covered a far greater territory, the total result was the roping and photographing of a serval-cat that we flushed on the way back to camp.

The third drive carried us well out toward the southern volcano where we had seen the lions on the march from Rugged Rocks, but this time there was no trace of them anywhere in the land. Means, however, found a cheetah, and the two faint reports of his signal brought us together on the run.

We came upon Means seated on his horse in a bit of the veldt that was covered all over with tufts of rank grass, so that it looked like a swamp that had been dry for ages. Near by ran a small, shallow *donga*.

When the rest of us rode up to him, he merely pointed at one of the tufts of grass behind which the cheetah lay crouched.

There followed a brief delay, while a plan of maneuver was made and expounded, while the tripods were set up, the cameras screwed on, and the ropers moved out to their appointed places.

Then all at once the cheetah started, and, instead of breaking away, as we had calculated he would, he doubled on his tracks and made for the shelter of the *donga*. It was a quick, sharp race—and the cheetah won. He hid in the scrub at the bottom of the ditch. The native porters collected there and complacently regarded the scene, and the members of the drive ranged themselves on either bank and offered innumerable suggestions as to what had better be done next.

But in the midst of it all the Colonel put an emphatic end to the discussion. He rode into the *donga* with his rope swinging free, and when the cheetah failed to spring at him, he dropped the noose over the animal's head and dragged him out on to the open veldt, where his picture could be properly taken.

The black porters looking on commenced speaking in low tones in their native tongue, and nodded and grinned at each other as they had done before. But this time Mac was among them. Mac was Kearton's tent-boy. He originally came from Somaliland and spoke English. He was called upon to explain what the porters said.

"Please," he began. "They are very bad men, these people, but don't be sorry. They say—they say that, of course, the white gentlemen are able to do what they want to do, but just the same they are all crazy."

That night we held our second consultation. Ulyate had returned from Kijabe with the extra wagonload of supplies, which placed us in a position to move again immediately. The question now arose as to whether it would be best to remain where we were a few days longer to gain more experience, or to trek at once over the Mau, with a chance at giraffe on the way, and so on into the Sotik country, with its alluring promises of both rhino and lion.

By this time we had hunted the Rift Valley thoroughly. During the seven days since we had left Kijabe, the expedition had roped and photographed a cheetah, a serval-cat, a hartebeest, an eland, and a wart-hog. Although we had been given no opportunity yet to find out how we were going to hold a rhino or what we would do when the lion charged, still, in addition to our success with the lesser animals, we had acquired something else of value. All the members of the expedition had learned to work well together—in all the usual emergencies each man knew what was expected of him and could likewise make a ready guess as to what the others intended doing. Thus, in spite of the fact that on an expedition of this kind it is the unexpected that always happens, our experience only added to our confidence that when we eventually encountered one of the larger beasts we should get him.

The consultation ended with the unanimous decision to start for the Sotik at dawn.

In the October number Mr. Scull will relate the adventures of the Buffalo Jones African Expedition in **Lassoing Giraffe and Rhinoceros.**

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The Man Who Ran Away *from* New York

By

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN STAGE OF TO-DAY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. WILLIAMS

WHEN Nathaniel Emerson made up his mind to desert New York forever, it was without regrets. But he did not affect to despise New York, as so many do who nevertheless keep on ꝛ there. "I love it all," he cried, standing e club window and waving his pipe toward nercy Park and the white shaft of the opolitan tower, rising over the roofs of ɔld red-brick dwelling houses. "I love ocks' and views, its hustle and its Jews, ıeatres that amuse (sometimes)—I love all. It's simply that I can't keep from ıg colds here."

"Rubbish!" said Billy Raymond. "Take cod-liver oil and cut out those low shoes in winter, and you'll be all right."

"Billy," said Nathaniel Emerson, "you are an excellent editor and a good man, paradoxical as that may sound. But you have no imagination."

"I don't see what imagination's got to do with colds," said Raymond.

"No?" said Nat. "Well, you never have colds!"

"Never mind him, Billy," remarked the reporter from the *Sun;* "he's got a tin roof."

So, generally, Nat's desertion was explained by his possession of a "tin roof." Perhaps he himself did not quite know why he went. Some underground tugging there was down at the roots of him, pulling him back to the soil. He had seen the world, as the saying goes; he

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had "tilted at the metropolis with a stub pen" (the phrase is his), and made a secure place for himself in the lists; he was past thirty and getting bald, with a rugged, athletic body going to rust in town. He lived in a flat, "like a sardine in a box," and rode in taxicabs. "I want to foot it in a furrow and grow my own victuals," he said one day. And so he left. But before he departed he wrote an idyl of New York, which proved conclusively that the modern home of True Romance is on Manhattan Island.

"There, Billy," he remarked, as he laid the manuscript on that editor's desk, "is my valedictory. It will please you and pay for my plough, my cow, and my cream separator. And here is a present for you." He drew forth a bottle of cod-liver oil and stood it beside Billy's ink pot. "Drink," he cried, "and cough no more!" So he departed.

Nat reached New England by a somewhat circuitous route, which included a tramping trip from Harper's Ferry over the mountains to Atlanta, "amid scenery, shy folk, and hookworms," he wrote back to Billy. "It is grand country, some of it nearly as beautiful as Central Park. But I should miss you and the smell of gasoline horribly if I weren't too busy eating and sleeping. Give my regards to Broadway, if there is such a place. Poor old Billy Boy—you've got printer's ink on your nose!" All this, by the way, on a post card.

He caught a fruit steamer at Savannah, for Boston, and spent a day sitting on the Common. A mournful post card went back to Billy. "Mansions on Beacon Hill turned into publishing houses," it read. "Purple panes passing. Hearst going to buy Somerset Club. Curses on your inky tribe." Then he vanished into the uplands of Massachusetts, and Billy's next card bore the stamp of Myrafield, which meant nothing to him, nor to anybody else in the club. This is what it said:

"Ask Walter Damrosch if he wants to engage my hermit thrush. Terms reasonable. The cow is in the hammock. You still have ink on your nose."

"Balmy, clean gone," said the *Sun* man, grinning. "Billy, your friend Nat ought to be written up."

"He'll see to that," growled a man who didn't approve of authors. "He'll see to that himself."

But Nathaniel Emerson was too busy just about then to see to anything so trivial. It was June, and he had bought a farm—a semi-abandoned farm, he called it, since old Si Cole had lived on it for the past two score years. Between paying proper attention to the leafy pageant of the season spread over his fields and his woods, and up the brook-bed to the knees of the mountain, and then on up its flanks to the summit, and getting the hip-roofed, oak-beamed house repapered and fumigated, and the crops looked after properly (such scanty crops as Si had sown), and making friends with the townsfolk, and getting in nine hours of sleep a night, Nat for the first time in his life realized what work is. He was "boardin' down to Mrs. Bowerses," he wrote to Billy, for once veiling his communication in an envelope from the prying eyes of Miss Pratt, the postmistress.

He recounted to Billy the tale of Si Cole, who, on town meeting day the previous March, had boasted that he hadn't washed his face for two years. "Old Si Cole was a dirty old soul, and a dirty old soul was he," sang Nat. "He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl, and he used the bowl for his tea. And of course, old Billy Boy, you are disgusted, and don't believe me; but you would believe if you'd seen Si's house, *and cleaned it*. Come and visit me; you can have Si's own chamber! We hitched a hose to the force pump and turned a stream in there. Besides, it's had a new floor, a fumigation, and calcimining. Anyhow, you haven't washed the ink off your own nose these two thousand year! Lor', but that thrush does sing! My onion sprouts look like little green exclamation points in the sandy patch down by the brook. Broadway!! You had oughter see our Main Street! Mat Holt weeded it yesterday, getting ready for the Fourth. It looks grand."

Billy, unimaginative under ordinary circumstances, was evidently too imaginative now. At any rate, he did not accept the invitation. Perhaps it was just as well. Nat was already busy with a new interest. She lived up on the hill toward Vermont. Nat had seen her at church, of course. Like everybody else in Myrafield, he went to the white meeting-house on Sunday and listened to good Unitarianism of the vintage of James Freeman Clarke from the pulpit, and the call of birds through the open window. But Nat had been quite too busy to pay much attention to her. Besides, she was plainly half city-bred, and just then "city folks" didn't interest him.

She lived in the old "Judge Foster place,"

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ler the great elms where the road forked. ty years ago the village had been up there, now it had slipped down a half mile nearer river valley, which still remained a thou- d feet below—a four-mile strain, either , for the horses. She was, in fact, the Judge Foster's daughter—old Myrafield k, the Fosters, lords of the village by ue of great-great-grandfather Foster's rvard education. The academic tradition been preserved. Every male Foster went Harvard and then into the law. Daniel bster had slept as a guest in the house, and portrait hung over the fireplace. For e generations now, the Fosters had boast- town house in Boston; but when the last ge Foster died suddenly, this had to be n up, so the boys could go to Harvard. trice Foster and her mother settled down ıe big old home under the elms, fourteen dred feet above sea level, with the tiny nd hamlet of Myrafield and its farmer at their feet, and counted the pennies for boys.

And they're that plucky!" said Mrs. ers to Nat. "B, she's just full of life, and rter'n either of the boys, but she never plains. She's the one had oughter go to ge, I think, though she ain't what you'd *book* smart. My, I dunno what it is about college education makes some folks slave git it!"

It's one of those illusions it is good for us als to chase, Mrs. Bowers," said Nat. s a sort of intellectual rainbow. We all to have rainbow ideals. Now, Si Cole's was never to take a bath——"

Don't mention that old pig to me," said Bowers.

ıe next Sunday Nat bowed with more est to the grave, pale woman in black, her strong, ruddy daughter. But he was then absorbed in a plot which had come m at a most inopportune time, since he going to move into his house the next and was scheduled for a trip into Ver- to buy a Morgan horse, and had a ıming-pool to stone up in his brook. He ed, in his self-absorption, the almost im- ptible overtures which these two lonely, y-bred women made to him, by their ıer, chiefly, of using words and phrases did not employ with the rest of the con- ıtion. It was the Fourth of July before began to guess why he had come to ıfield.

was celebrating the birth of our nation and setting out a new orchard at the same time. The news of what he was up to had gone abroad, and all Myrafield was present. It wasn't, Nat admitted to Matthew Holt when cross-examined, the best season to plant young trees; but it certainly was the best season to celebrate, so he was going to take a chance with the trees. No trees had ever been planted by Nat's method in the town before. The men were skeptical, the women in terror, the boys delighted. His method was simple. He had learned it down on a Georgia plantation. But now he assumed a mysterious air and refused to tell where he got the idea. If folks would think that he invented it, that was unavoidable, of course. The method was this: He drove a crowbar into the ground, worked it around till it sank to the desired depth, making a hole a couple of inches in diameter, put four ounces of dynamite at the bottom, drew a weighted brush-mat over the top, and fired the fuse. Then he walked on twenty feet and drove his crowbar down again.

Nat fired the first blast with due ceremony. Not being sure of the rocky New England soil—in Georgia in the red sand you could stand over a dynamite stick when it exploded, though the chances were you wouldn't—he conceded the brush-mat to safety, and stationed Sam Henry and Sylvanus Browning, aged thirteen and fourteen, with American flags in their hands, at either end of a clothesline stretched to keep the crowd back. There was, however, little need of this. Most of the crowd broke for the shelter of the stable as Nat stooped over the fuse, Mrs. Browning grasping the reluctant Sylvanus by the collar as she fled. Nat shouted; Sam Henry, whose mother was happily detained at home, blew a horn; there was a rumbling detonation, the brush-mat heaved on a boil of earth, and the crowd came peering back from behind the gray barn.

"Well," said Deacon Damon, "it shook the ground up some, but yer hain't got to dig none, I'll say that."

Matthew Holt was wiser. He looked at Nat shrewdly. "Who taught yer that trick?" he asked.

"Hm," said Nat, "maybe I doped it out."

"Maybe yer didn't, too," Mat replied dryly. "It's loosened up the soil down ten foot fer yer roots an' yer fertilizer, busted out that stone, an' saved yer diggin'. Hain't so crazy ez it sounds."

"An' made a noise!" cried Sam Henry.

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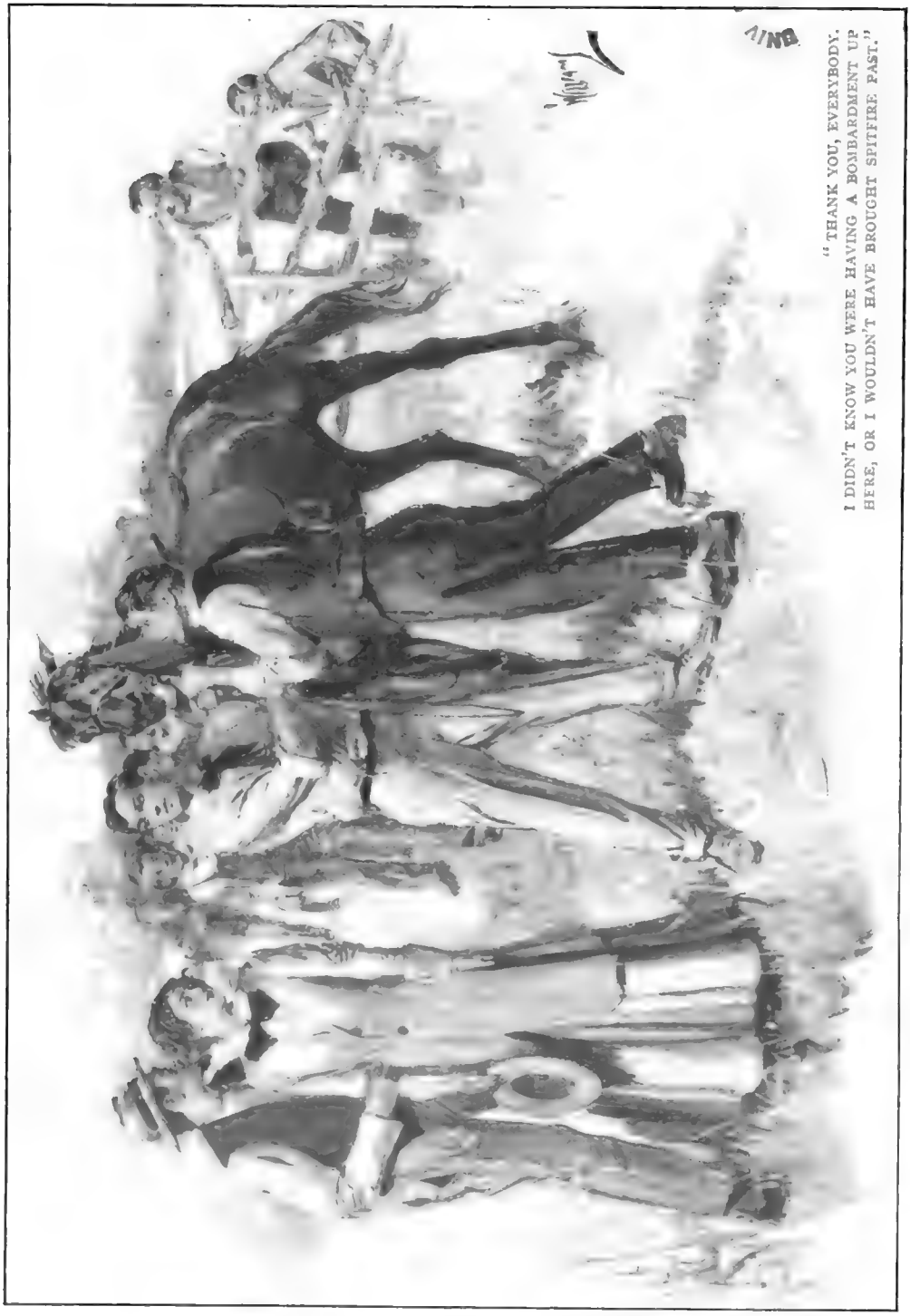

"THANK YOU, EVERYBODY. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE HAVING A BOMBARDMENT UP HERE, OR I WOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT SPITFIRE PAST."

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Come on, Mister Emerson, let's do the next ne!"

But the next one brought disastrous con-sequences. The crowd, less timid, withdrew ıly a hundred feet, and nobody noticed a gure coming up the road on horseback. at's house was on the back road toward oosac Mountain, a half mile out of the vil-ge, and it had not occurred to anybody to ıard the approach. At the shiver of the ex-osion the horse, a black mustang, bolted. he sharp click of his hoofs and the smothered out of his rider caused everybody to turn.

"It's B Foster!" cried Sam Henry.

"The gell will be killed yet on that hoss!" outed Mat Holt, rushing toward the road. ıose nearest reached the road in time to ad off the plunging animal from bolting up e highway. A wire fence guarded the oppo-e pasture. The horse plunged between the ıble and the house into the orchard. He ıs bucking viciously and kicking out at ɔse who tried to grab his bridle. The girl, ıo was riding astride, was no lay figure in e saddle, and Nat, as he sprang for the rse's head, saw how powerfully her hands re pulling. But the horse was mad, and it s only a question of seconds before she uld be off. Nat and a lean, quick young mer got his head at the same instant, and lled him down between them. Matthew lt caught the girl out of the saddle.

'Put that hoss in the stable!" he shouted. 'ie him up hard! Ef he was mine I'd shoot n. He ain't skeert, he's jest plumb ugly. ld cat!"

The girl turned on the speaker with a flash anger. But it passed before she spoke. 'hank you, everybody," she said. "I n't know you were having a bombard-nt up here on the back road, Mr. Emerson, I shouldn't have brought Spitfire past."

'We're not," said Nat. "We are having a t of arbor day celebration—simply plant-trees with dynamite."

What an Alice-in-Wonderland farmer!" l Miss Foster, twisting up her hair, which l been half shaken down. "Do you write ion with a six-shooter?"

The six-shooter is quite essential in fiction t sells," he replied.

'hen he noticed how white she was and ky, in spite of her cool banter. Mat had Spitfire viciously to the stable. "I'll take home in my cart," Nat said. "You must down at the house first, and have a bracer. fearfully sorry about this."

"Nonsense!" said she. "Spitfire acts this way every week." But she did not speak with the conviction of a denial.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Nat, "this concludes our part of the entertainment. Owing to the unfortunate lack of equine appreciation, the exercises in celebration of our glorious holiday will be adjourned to the post-office, where Sam Henry will tie a bunch of fire crackers to Miss Pratt's chair."

And, as the crowd moved off, lingering past the stable door, Nat took Miss Foster by the arm and led her to the little grass terrace under the elm before his house, where he set her down peremptorily in a rickety Morris chair. "Wait!" he said, and disappeared.

Now, Miss Beatrice Foster was a very independent young woman, and it not only annoyed her to find that a mere bolting horse could so take the life out of her that she wabbled when she walked, but it annoyed her still more to have an eccentric young man, almost a total stranger, see it happen, and take her by the arm—B hated to have people touch her—and give her peremptory orders. It annoyed her still further to find, as she sat waiting in the chair, that she wasn't really so annoyed as she ought to be. In this complex and feminine mood Nat found her when he returned with two glasses and a flask. He himself was not annoyed at all. He was manifestly happy.

"Here, drink this," he said. "That's for your nerves—halfway. The bottom half's for a toast with me." He filled his own glass. "You are my first guest," he went on. "I just thought of that as I saw your head over the back of Old Morpheus—my chair. So this is my housewarming! Blessings on the dynamite that blew me up so fair a guest! Poor fool that I was, to live here 'most a week and not know what was the matter! Not a single tug at my latchstring, not a crumb of hospitality, not a drop for the thirsty little Lares. There——" He tipped part of his liquor upon the ground. "And now, will you honor me by drinking my toast? To the luck of the house! May the hearts and hearths in it be warm, the food and thoughts in it be pure, the cats and dogs in it be happy, and sometimes across the threshold may there be heard the rustle of a woman's gown!"

The girl rose and reached out her glass to touch his. Their eyes touched, too. There was a smile in his, but no mockery. Rather, she read there an appeal. Something thrilled in her. With the little clink of their glasses,

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it was as if they heard their spirits clash softly. Then she drank, and laughed. "What do you call your—your estate?" she said.

"The Other End of Broadway," he replied.

"Broadway must be a long street," she said. "You know, the old name for this region was Beacon Hills. We old settlers here came from the Massachusetts Bay Colony. I'd say this was the other end of Beacon Street."

"Your house is," said Nat. "It faces east. Mine, you see, faces south. It's all in the point of view. I ran away up Broadway to get here."

"Why did you run away?"

Nat paused for reflection. "I don't know," he said finally. "I guess I was just sick of that Gargantuan unreality, New York. Up here everything's real. At bottom, I suspect, it was a desire to go to bed at ten o'clock and get up at seven."

"Couldn't you do that in New York?"

"Good Lord!" cried Nat. "I can't do it *here*, yet."

The girl did not smile. The color had come back into her healthy cheeks, and her nerves were steady again. She was powerfully built, though not large, and suggested resolute energy and indomitable youth. "You've not come here for good?" she questioned.

He nodded.

"You've given up all the fight and work and excitement down there, to settle here in this little village and rust?"

"Pardon me," said Nat, "I have no intention of rusting. *You* will prevent that," he added a little maliciously.

But the girl was too absorbed to scent his patronage. "No," she said, "it's the other way round. You'll keep *me* from rusting—that is, if you are going to come to see us sometimes. Oh, I know, you've had your fling, as they say, and you've got a name—though I don't think some of your stories are as deep as a well—and you felt like a vacation, so you came up here. But you don't know us yet. You haven't lived here through a winter, half buried in snow, with all the books in the house read twice and nobody to talk to; you haven't felt your very soul dry up in the solitude; you haven't read in the papers, which come a day late, about the operas and the plays and the dances and the dinners you weren't at. You haven't got letters from your friends telling you all the interesting things they were doing and studying. You haven't felt that you yourself were *doing nothing* while big things were being done. Wait till you've tried *that*. Then, if you don't go back, I'm ashamed of you!"

"You are certainly frank, Miss Foster," said Nat. "I'll be, too. Why do you stay here?"

"You know," she answered. "You couldn't have boarded with Mrs. Bowers without knowing. Bob and Harry, my brothers—Bob's nineteen, and Harry's twenty-three, a senior, almost as old as I am—have to go to college. We can't afford to live in Boston, mother and I. Oh, don't think I'm kicking! Don't think I'd not do *anything* for them! I'm a Foster, and I know what's up to me. They're worth it, too. They're both tutoring this summer, and Harry rowed number four in the boat this spring. I know I'm accomplishing something by just drying up here. That's what keeps mother and me going, of course. But do you suppose I'd do it if I didn't have to? Don't you suppose I'd get down into the thick, where things are happening, and be a part of it? I don't kick, but I can't stop longing, can I? I'm sure I don't know why I talk to you this way! Who are you?"

She broke off abruptly, and pulled herself up, rather haughty, in the chair.

Nat regarded her fine, boyish head, with its ruddy cheeks and clear eyes, the eyes of a woodsman, in silence for a moment. Then he spoke.

"I'm not unfamiliar with a country winter," he said. "I was brought up on a farm. And I've lived six months on the Labrador coast, and a year on the southwestern desert with Indians, a few Greasers, and a solitary artist—half Indian himself. But I've lived in New York, too. I've had a good time in all four places. We find in a place pretty much what we bring to it. Another chap named Emerson said that before me, but it's just as true as if I'd invented it. I bring to the country a love of air and sunsets and long tramps and the fun of seeing things grow, which is bigger than my love of operas and dramas and dinners and a whole heap bigger than my love of dances. I get closer to folks in the country, too—their real thoughts and natures—and I like that. You want me to 'do a man's work in the world.' Well, the only work I'm fitted for I can do better right here. I can make my fiction people behave better when there aren't so many flesh and blood people about

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bother and butt in. That's why I've me, and why I'm going to stay. But I see ur point of view. I even know who you are! you only had the fiction folk to help you t!"

"I should call them rather a shadowy sub- tute," said the girl. "I like *real* things." Nat shook his head. "I suppose so," he swered. "But they're so much realer, ally!"

The girl rose and put out her hand. Mother and I would rather see the author of em. Come and dine with us to-morrow. ill you get Spitfire for me?"

"That brute?" said Nat. "No, I won't. l lead him round later. You'll go home th my horse."

The girl's eyes lit. "I asked you to get itfire," she said.

"Why do you ride that beast?" answered at. "He isn't safe."

"I ride him because he was a gift to my other, and he's the only horse we can afford. ow, if your curiosity is satisfied, will you ease be so good as to get him for me!"

"No," said Nat, gently, "I won't."

The girl gave him a level look. "I'm not aky now," she said, "and I don't need sistance. I shall ride Spitfire home if I eak my neck!"

Miss Beatrice's level look meant what she id. It was called "the Foster look" in yrafield. It amused Nat a little, but he did t dare dispute it, any more than the Myra- ld folk. He got the horse. The beast was ll ugly, and twitched as he held its head ile the girl vaulted into the saddle like a y. The moment its head was loosed, the rse was off down the road at a run, and the ler was quite too busy to look back, had e been so disposed. Nat watched her anx- usly out of sight, then sank down between e arms of Old Morpheus and filled up his ass again.

"The Other End of Broadway!" he said oud, surveying his rolling acres to the brook, id on up the mountain where the shadowed mlocks marched. "And she hungering for vements and cabs and folks that 'do ings'! Dead Sea fruit, but we all have to ste it. *La jeunesse!* . . . Confound it, ain't so old myself!"

He drained his glass and went back to the chard, where he dumped the fertilizer into e two holes and set in the spindly shoots of vo Ben apple trees. Then he came back his terrace and scrawled a note to Billy.

"Curses on your inky nose," he wrote, "and curses on your smoky town and all smoky towns and engineers and stockbrokers and shopkeepers and statesmen and theatrical managers and pink-tea partakers and poets and everybody who does anything but grow potatoes! I've been planting my orchard with dynamite, and blew a tragedy to the surface, and maybe a romance—God knows—and anyhow all sorts of worry, old Billy Boy, for your care-free, balmy servant. Rain is pelting on the tin roof. But one thing is sure, she —that is, I—must have a safe and sane, though *very* elegant saddle horse. Buy one for me, ship him, and I'll send you a story to pay the bill—with an extra happy ending, old inky nose."

But Billy, who was never quite sure when to take Nat seriously—his mistake being not to take him seriously all the time—did not send the horse; so he had to be written to a second and yet a third time, and it was more than a month before the horse arrived. Meantime, Nat had found a short cut up the brook and through the hemlocks to the house on the hill, and he neither went to bed at ten o'clock nor did nearly so much of the farming himself as had been his pious intention. "You are becoming a habit," he told the girl one day as they were scrambling up Mount Adams after berries and views.

"You are rather a vice yourself," she answered. "If I didn't have you I should probably take to whisky as a stimulant."

It was then that Nat obeyed an impulse and put out his hand to take hers; the place was really very steep. "Don't!" she said with a short laugh, and vaulted to his side. Then she saw something in his face, and laid her hand quickly on his arm. "Excuse me," she said, "but I hate to have men helping me around."

And Nat answered, "But the poor creatures expect it!"

So they laughed, and went on up the mountain, as unsentimentally as Miss Pratt, who had seen them depart from the post-office, was dreaming the opposite.

When the horse did finally come, it was no very difficult matter to persuade Mrs. Foster that there should be a temporary swap. Nat, by this time, was on a footing with the Fosters where they could accept favors from him. He was not insensible to the honor. "I don't want to see B break her neck," said Mrs. Foster. "Of course, I don't want to see you break your neck, either, Mr. Emerson; but

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you are stronger than B, though she wouldn't admit it."

"Oh, I'll admit it!" said B.

"Like the young lady from Siam?" asked Nat.

> "'If you kiss me, of course,
> You'll have to use force,
> But the Lord knows
> You're stronger than I am.'"

Miss B tossed her boyish head with something more than a pretense of disgust. "Fresh!" she retorted. This wasn't subtle. But there was nothing subtle about Miss B—at least, so far as that can ever be said of a woman. Nat made these remarks to her sometimes for the sheer joy of seeing her head go back and the strong body straighten like a young spruce.

Usually he made up by immediately lapsing into a serious vein. This was something of a concession for Nat. As a rule, he never talked seriously save with experts. He regarded serious thinking, like serious emotion, as a private matter, only to be displayed, privately, to those with a sympathetic understanding. By the ladies who talk literature and drama over teacups he had always been regarded as a bore, when he wasn't a boor. In fact, serious thoughts and serious emotions were inseparably linked in his make-up. So, when he began to talk gently to Miss B Foster of serious things, which were near to his heart, he should have known that his motives were not solely altruistic—to see her face light up with eagerness when he called to her mind. Men are very dense sometimes.

Just now they were sitting out under the elms in front of the Foster place, in the cool of the upland evening. The dog-days were on them, and the oil lamps made it hot within. Besides, neither Nat nor the girl ever wore a hat or a coat or went indoors save for meals and sleep—and not always then. The scorner of cities and she who yearned for them were alike close to the elements. As Nat sat in the dusk watching her idly sway in the hammock, where she had dropped without speech after her irritation, while Mrs. Foster went into the house to write a letter to "her boys," he began to wonder whether, after all, they were so far apart. He loved the outdoors sophisticatedly; she, without knowing that she loved it. The life she longed for he had lived—and come back. What would happen to her spirit when they cramped it in stone walls? Once, she confessed, she had put on corsets and burned them up when she got home from the dance. "They are like cities," Nat had said. But she had looked at him, incredulous, scornful. Now he broke the stillness.

"I'm writing something maybe you'll like," he said. "It's not one of those amorous masterpieces of mine you say remind you of chocolate caramels on a hot day. It's real."

The girl did not speak for a moment. "You've not read me anything of yours yet," she finally said. "You are quite right. I don't know enough to help you. Only I'm not that other kind of a girl that you can say silly things to—I'm not, and you ought to know it!"

Nat was shocked into leaning forward and laying his hand on the hammock. "That's why I say them," he answered. "I love to see your head go up. It isn't to tease—I loathe the word, and the thing—perhaps you can't understand; but it's a joy to me to find you always what you are."

The girl turned her eyes to read his, and seemed satisfied. "Tell me about the new masterpiece," she smiled.

"Then keep very still a moment, and listen for the little noises of the night, especially the crickets."

In the ensuing silence the shrill of the crickets rose out of the darkness about them, and, as the ear strained to catch it, it detached itself into a myriad of separate, tiny shrills, almost like the ringing of fairy sleigh bells, each going its independent way, yet each, at certain intervals, falling into a single chord—the slumberous, antiphonal chorus of the summer night. A sleepy bird stirred and twittered sweetly over head. Down from the orchard came the plaintive call of a whip-poor-will. Nat leaned closer to the hammock and spoke softly, the spell of the music he had evoked upon him.

"You hear," he said, "how the crickets come into tune and rhythm, led by the mystic bandmaster. Their voices are never still. Here you will catch presently the faint clatter of your mother's chair or desk things, domestic sounds that are musical. I love to hear my horse and cattle stamping in the dark stable. They are the drums of my orchestra. And always there is the woodwind choir of the birds. Coming over here every night to your house—it has been every night, I'm afraid!—I hear a myriad little sweet noises of the night—mysterious scamperings and rustlings, the drowsy tweet-tweet of birds, the complaint of branches locked together, the

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"ACROSS MY THRESHOLD THERE HAS BEEN HEARD THE RUSTLE OF A WOMAN'S GOWN."

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everlasting whisper of the violins. That's all my story. I'm writing a nocturne, trying to catch in poor, stumbling words the music of our summer night. It is work, I can tell you, real work."

The girl did not reply at once. She seemed to be listening. "No," she finally said, "he won't perform to-night. But you must put him in the orchestra. Everything seems to stop an instant—all the rest of the band—for his solo. He barks up on the edge of the pasture. He's after chickens, I guess."

"A fox?"

She nodded. "And the wing song of the woodcock—have you that? It is rare up here. It begins with a twitter and little, clear notes in between, and grows fainter as he goes up from the swamp. Then, as I lie here in the dark, I hear it again, coming down. I know when he lights, because he changes his song to a commanding call, as if he wanted to inform the other birds what he had done." She broke off dreamily and lay still.

"I knew it would be real to you," said Nat softly, leaning very close.

"Of course it's real," she answered, rousing suddenly from her reverie. "I've known the night noises since I was a baby. I'd no more think of not knowing them than of not knowing corn from barley. I've heard the nails snap in the walls in winter, and I know the snaffle of the snow crust. But if I were a writer I shouldn't dream of writing about them. I'd write about people, big people. My grandfather Foster was a friend of Thoreau, but he never approved of Thoreau's way of life."

Nat, in the darkness, smiled at this. "No, you don't understand after all—not yet," he said. "You will have to forget your grandfather Foster first."

"What do you mean by that?" said Miss B, sitting up in the hammock.

"Well, your Puritan civic consciousness is far too large at present. You've inherited not too much ego in your cosmos, but too much cosmos in your ego. You want to be down where they are 'doing things' partly to try your own wits, I know, and have your fling at 'life', as we call it. But it's half because you think the things they are doing are the only things worth while. You despise me, I know, because I'm not in New York muckraking for a magazine. You'd still rather have me running for Congress. You'd like me a heap better if I were a lawyer, like all the Fosters. Tell me, isn't it so?"

"Yes," said the girl. Her voice was strangely low. Nat paused an instant, puzzled. But he went on.

"Now, I'd be a pretty figure as a lawyer, wouldn't I? I wouldn't know a tort from a retort, and I'd care less. I don't want to muckrake anybody——"

"Except the Fosters," said Miss B. But her voice had no defiance. There was something perilously near a sob in it.

The astounded Nat laid his hand on her arm. "Don't misunderstand," he said. "But we all have a place in the scheme of things, and a right to our happiness. Mine's here. Thoreau's was in his Walden woods. If you hadn't listened to the woodcock, I shouldn't talk to you so. Some day, when the trolleys are keeping you awake, you'll remember the woodcock, and something will surge up in you, and you'll cry like a homesick kid."

The girl had turned her face away. He saw her dash her hand across her face. "I *don't* want you to be a lawyer," she said, with a catch in her voice. "I want you to be what you are. But I don't want you to be *little!* You joke about big things, and then you get—you get eloquent over—over *crickets*, and make me forget!"

"But," said the puzzled Nat, blundering on, "why should you weep?"

He saw the girl's startled eyes shine on him a moment in the dark, and then she flung her head down into the hammock and lay still.

Nat rose and laid his hand hard on her shoulder. He raised his bare head and saw the stars glimmer through the branches. Around them rose the drowsy, antiphonal chorus of the crickets. From the orchard the whip-poor-will called, and was silent. Then he bent low above the boyish head and touched the hair gently. "I am what I am, little woman," he whispered. "I dare say no more to you now. It isn't fair to you. You have seen only me. Out there in the world . . . But what a wonder night for me! I am going home through my hemlocks, though only the tempest can hymn the song that is in my heart."

He moved away in a daze, the hammock and its glimmering white burden melting into the dark behind him. His feet found by instinct the path through the woods. On the terrace before his house he mechanically filled a pipe, lit it, and puffed, hardly aware in the dark shadow of his elm whether he was smoking or not.

"It's a funny thing a man can't tell in the dark whether his pipe's lit or not," he thought,

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nd then shuddered at the triviality of his flection.

In truth, Nat was stunned, awed, and a tle uncomfortable. To go up through the mlocks night after night at the unconscious ll of that clear-eyed, untainted girl, to joy her youth, and her great, inarticulate hun- r for a fuller life, was one thing. To find at he had been supplying that life, that on m rested the burden of her soul, was quite nother. She was set before him as a tempta- on. In the darkness he wrestled with it. s temptations will when brooded on, it grew sidious. A thought he had never before rmitted to enter his head now walked there, immering and rosy. Once they had wan- red far over toward Vermont and come to stream, and she, without either a blush or a mile, had taken off her shoes and stockings to ide across. The swift current rose against r legs to mid-thigh, but she went girdled like ana. It was a twenty-mile tramp through mber. Girls who can tramp twenty miles rough timber do not think of their legs.

But the man, sitting in the dark before his ely house, now thought of that strong, nite body, as every man does who loves a man to the uttermost; and knew that he l love to the uttermost. Now that he knew could have her, he knew how much he nted her.

"It's so perverse!" he cried aloud, in his in. "It's so damnably perverse! I've no ht, no right! She can't see things my way perhaps she never can. Her grandfather ster didn't approve of Thoreau's way of ! There you have it!" He laughed with- t mirth.

And so he wrestled again, and saw the clear s looking out from the boyish head eager the fullness of experience, deep with the nger of an ardent, vivid nature—and the s were fixed on him. Again he saw the ud head tossed back with the gesture he ew so well, and the lithe, strong body ighten like a young spruce. Again, in the r-dusk and hush of midnight, his own head m with rosy thoughts. And decision at t moment was very far away—or very near! He had bathed in the brook, cooked his akfast, and was down weeding the onion ch the next morning, when he heard the ers rustle across the stream and, looking saw B Foster coming through from the nlock trail. As he started to his feet, she sed with her hand parting the green ghs over the water, a smile on her lips, the morning sun shining upon her youth and strength.

"I have come for you," she said.

How little Nat knew the Fosters! How little, perhaps, the proudest of us know of true pride. Wrestling all night with his temptation, Nat now found the burden of choice did not rest with him at all. Still beset with doubts, he had bowed over his onions, pitying the proud girl waiting for him on the hill, shamed with her revelation. And now she stood before him, smiling, radiant, and left him no choice in the matter! True pride, like a true gentleman, needs three generations in the making, after all. The truly proud must be utterly sure of themselves. It is theirs to command by divine right of deserving.

Something of this flashed through Nat's head as he surveyed the sunlit figure across his brook; and for an instant she became for him the representative of her race, a race he might smile at, but in his heart of hearts would always admire, and never, perhaps, quite comprehend. Then a rush of honest, primitive passion swept reflections and doubts and hesitations out of his mind. He strode through the current, caught the girl's two hands in his grimy ones, pushed the bushes aside, drew her quickly behind their shelter, and took her into his arms.

And presently B said, her clear eyes lit with a great, new wonder: "I have dreamed and talked of 'big things', and all the time I didn't dream there was anything in the world so big as this!"

She released him slowly. "You wonder why I came to you," she went on. "I couldn't wait for you to come to me, because you might not have known how to act. You're just a man, after all. You think I have a Puritan conscience, but it's you who've really got it—I don't know where you got it! You'd think you mustn't take me because I hadn't had a fair fling at the men down in Boston, and didn't know my own mind, or something silly like that. Sir, you'll learn that the Fosters *always* know their own minds! And if I wanted anybody real badly I'd take him anyway, if it would make him happy, too. You see, I came and took you. Say it makes you happy!"

"It remakes the world for me!" said Nat. "But, dear girl, will it make *you* happy? I'm not your kind of an ideal man, you know. I'm not even Harvard."

"Aren't you?" said she, archly. He watched her boyish face under the play of

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this new and unguessed coquetry, and suddenly kissed her again, while the strong, active body grew soft and yielding at his side, and the old wonder and revelations of love were renewed again behind the alders by his brook.

"Aren't you?" she repeated, more soberly, withdrawing from his embrace. "That is really why I came—to tell you. I've been a traitor to Grandpa Foster in order to be true to you. I can't put it into words the way you could, but somehow I don't long for the 'big things' the way I did before. I realized last night that it can be more important where the hermit thrush is going to build than who is to be the next overseer of Harvard. I guess—I guess what I really mean is that I love you, and want you more than anything in the world!"

She suddenly buried her face on his shoulder, and for the first time since he knew her he saw a blush redden softly through the tan. He held her close, in tender, silent wonder, and when she looked up again the eyes of both were wet. It was Nat's hour of consecration. He knew that she, too, had gone through the fire of temptation, and had given up much for him, given up what were for her, a New Englander, the hardest of all to resign—ideals. He rose and led her up the path into his house.

"Across my threshold there has been heard the rustle of a woman's gown," he finally said. "Here in this lonely little house I have fashioned amid the happy hills she will come to me and be my bride. But I shall not be selfish of her. She shall have what I have had of experience, and walk amid the wilderness of skyscrapers, and talk to those learned in the law, and dodge automobiles, and see men 'doing things,' to her heart's content."

"No, no, no!" cried B, "not for worlds! You sha'n't go back. I don't want you to go back. I *forbid* you to go back. I won't marry you if you go back!"

Nat smiled. "Miss Beatrice Hunnewell Foster," he said, "an overweening self-will is not the exclusive possession of the Bostonian. I have a touch of it myself. I shall do as I choose, and you will come with me."

"Oh, please don't go back!" she pleaded. "You know you don't want to. You are so happy here, and you said yourself you can work better here. I should never forgive myself if I made you go. Don't you understand, I can be just as happy *anywhere* with you?"

"That's just the point!" cried Nat, triumphantly. "So can I, with you!"

There seemed to be but one answer to this, and it required no speech.

So that was why Billy Raymond, returning in September from a vacation at Kennebunkport, or some such populous and stupid place, was amazed to find this communication, in Nat's familiar scrawl:

"If you've got the ink off your nose and are presentable, I have the Eighth Wonder of the World to show you soon. I'm bringing It to your burg—not a fit place for It, of course. The Wonder is far too wonderful for any such sordid setting. But Wonders have a way of wanting things, and God bless 'em, They shall have what They want! See if you can get my old sardine box for me again—six months only, from October. By violet time the Wonder will smell the young grass in Central Park, and heaven help the walls of the sardine box when It does! Oh, Billy Boy, you'll never know what God put the breath into your bosom for till you've planted an orchard with dynamite!

"P. S. You might return that bottle of cod-liver oil, if there's any left. I *will not* wear high shoes, not even if the Wonder wishes it!"

Wall Street is the capitol of American business. It dominates the business world more completely than Washington does the United States. And J. P. Morgan is the boss of Wall Street. In him we have, at last, something akin to a personal sovereign. See page 291.

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The Water Mark

By

HARRY ALLYN

ILLLUSTRATIONS BY
ALBERT LEVERING

WHEN the Old Man come down from Boston to the Bridgeport winter quarters, and found that the Abyssinian snake-charmer had eloped with the San Domingo tattooed man and gone to o Rico on her wedding tour, he was that n it's a wonder to me he wasn't arrested ıttempted arson every time he stepped ɔn the walk.

ɔr a week he did nothing but fume and e around the place like a skyrocket minus ;tick, until us fellers who were just killing while drawing our board and fifteen per ng the winter months, nearly contracted t failure from trying to keep good and :ient off his firing line.

nally, one morning, he bounced down on ınd I where we sot peacefully on a couple uckets splicing eyes in a heap of rope ɛrs, and begun to pass sarcastic remarks ss to us in a way that'd actually put your on edge.

ɔo you're the pair who let a couple of ed folks commit the foolish act and then ɔ a three years' contract out of the court's diction, are you?" he remarks in scath-ıccents.

Not us, Boss," I replies, in a sort of a mol-g tone. "We ain't no parties to the dis-. Them two coons flew the coop on a night so dark that their complexions melted into it like two drops of ink in a bar'l full."

"Ink!" muses the boss, thoughtful-like. "Ink!—Say," he says, looking hard at me, "did either of you fellers ever hear of an outfit called the Incas?"

"Nev-er!" responds Joe, real positive. "They don't resort to any of the caffys I frequent."

"Naw," says the boss, impatient-like, "you don't get me. I mean the first settlers of Peru and portions of Central America. And I'm going to send you two fellers down there to spread a trifle of civilization amongst 'em, and incidentally lug back something to fill up the vacant chairs in the side shows. I don't care how many come; I'll take a whole village of 'em; they'd make a strong drawing card. But *don't* come back empty-handed, and *don't* try to wiggle off some bunch of Savannah dock hands on me, for I know that Incas family from the ground up."

A man can't stand out long against an argument which promises to land him at the top of the blacklist if he don't get convinced. Therefore five weeks later found Joe and I crawling up a gang plank into a place bearing the name of Camporita—or some similar brand of cigar—feeling grimy and sea sick, and about as strange as a white man at a colored wedding.

For the next three days we did nothing but rest up, collect our coffee, beans, and bacon

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outfit, and get next to the merry villagers. And on Monday morning bright and early, well heeled up with three-language advice and other necessary ingredients, we set out toward the south to locate a colony of headline antiquities.

For about a week we plodded down through a country so devoid of everything but sand and sunburn that it reminded me of Mr. Dante's vacation place. Finally we landed up in a water-hole at the edge of a bunch of foothills one night, so dried out our staves rattled against each other when we walked.

All the next day we just lolled around that water-hole, sopping up moisture until every time I put my bare foot down I left a mark like a wet sponge, and I had an internal feeling like a water-logged canal boat. Come evening, we stowed away our regular allowance of fodder, and, after a couple of pipes, stretched out beneath our blankets to dream of our comfortable quarters in the elephant barn back in old Bridgeport.

Not having an alarm clock, I don't know how long we'd been asleep when I woke up with a feeling that something was settling ruther hard on my stomach. Under the impression that it might be the beans swelling up in the water inside, I made an attempt to roll over so's to shift the hardware. Then I found that it was something a blamed lot more serious than beans; for my hands and feet were tied together, while a big, cocoa-colored gentleman sot comfortably on top of me bossing the same operation on Joe.

Well, you can imagine that for a space of minutes we had the air ruther full of hunks of dark humanity. But they kept swarming in on us so fast that we just had to give up on account of numbers. Then, when they'd got us fixed, they sat us down against a big rock to wait until daylight.

When the sun come up over the edge of the world—and in those regions it does it a-kiting—we had our first good view of the outfit that had played it so low down on us. There were twelve or fifteen of the queerest-looking human beings I've ever set eyes on, and I'd been in the show business for years. If Joe and I could have got that squad of freaks up to the Bridgeport quarters, we could have settled back in rocking-chairs on a hotel porch for the rest of our lives. The captain of the fleet stood every inch of six feet five, and I don't believe there was one in the lot who couldn't have whitewashed a nine-foot ceiling without a ladder. And thin!—Why, any living skeleton in the States would have loomed up like the driver of a beer wagon alongside of them.

"Looks as if we'd suddenly been reduced from landlords to plain, ordinary boarders," whispered Joe to me, watching one of the curiosities hammer open a can of beans with a big stone.

"Uhuh," I responds, kind o' flattening myself out against the rock behind me as another moke started in to play Injun-club with my Smith & Wesson forty-four, "and I'm puzzling myself as to whether we're going to eat or be et."

"These fellers ain't cannibals," says Joe; "they're too dummed lean; vegetarians, I should say. I wonder what influence a line of good United States talk would have on 'em? Hey, you seven-foot length of rusty clock-spring!" he yells at the head waiter. "What's the meaning of this 'ere premeditated assault on subjects of His Majesty, the President of the United States?"

"Uggledy-boogh-nicks-cum-a-rahway"—or something worse—replies the clock-spring chap.

"Hold on," I says to Joe; "you can't deal with this bunch like you were addressing a Waldorf-Astoriar tea-party—your words are too classical. This feller is talking Middle Jersey. I'll take a chance at him." And the way I laced plain, canvas-man English into that handful of mahogany toothpicks was something to file away in the archives of modern liter'ture.

It wa'n't of any use, however, for, after airing my views until my tongue hung out almost a foot, all the encore I got was a jab in the stomach with the butt end of a twelve-pound club as an inducement to turn my face toward the mountains and start traveling.

All that day we kept at the Weston act, getting higher and higher, sometimes creeping along the edge of cañons a couple of thousand feet deep, and sometimes scrambling up the side of walls as many high, until Joe and I were completely frazzled out to ravelings. Along about an hour after sundown, we wabbled out of a crevice on to a plateau, and, looking down over the edge of the cliff, saw a

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le cluster of cone-shaped roofs nestling in middle of a circular valley that looked like lice of the Promised Land.

We were an hour getting down, and when stood at the bottom of that cliff I wouldn't e climbed back up the trail to the top if known that Saint Peter stood there to come me with twelve brass bands.

They took us down through the whole ulation of the village, to the tune of the t Act in Gaelic—I guess, and stowed us y in a hut made of stone, and before I'd clear through the doorway I was fast ep. Some time the next morning Joe and oke with a feeling that the world was rub- it into us pretty tough. And almost tly in come a couple of colorado-maduros a mixture of a last season's felt hat ed up with excelsior into a sort of a ash in a big, whitish stone bowl.

was pretty stringy fare, but an empty ach's got no conscience, and we polished bowl right down to the grit it was made of. , about a half an hour later, we heard nost unearthly screeching and wailing le, and in come a feller at least seven high and built out of all proportion, escorted by three or four more, not so high but just as thin.

He was the chief waiter; you could tell that by the additional strings of beads and the way he had of putting his feet down.

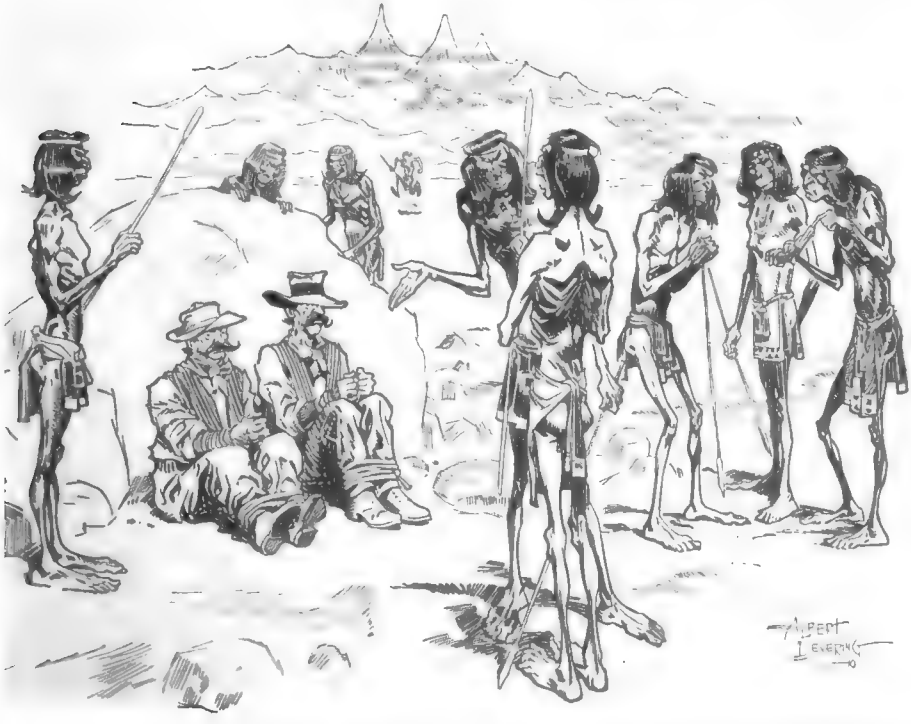
"Get up!" I whispers to Joe, who was on the floor rubbing down his feet. "Get up! You're in the presence of royalty!"

"Who?" he growls. "That old chocolate éclair? Not for mine. When I go to doing any hobnobbing, it'll be to some other shade of humanity." But nevertheless, when he caught sight of the spears carried by the escort, he clumb on to his feet and went to bowing just as fluent as I did.

"Rick-umpty-umph," says his beadlets—or near it.

"Sure," says I, with a smile like Quaker Oats. "Sure thing." And then he launched out into the worst Dutch salad of sounds I ever heard.

After he'd fanned out, I went to the bat myself, and, if I do say it, made some mighty pretty plays in language, even if they didn't understand it. Certainly I won the umpire, for after I'd wound up with the ghost scene from "Hamlet," that long-geared chap put



IN!—ANY LIVING SKELETON IN THE STATES WOULD HAVE LOOMED UP LIKE THE DRIVER OF A BEER WAGON ALONGSIDE OF THEM.

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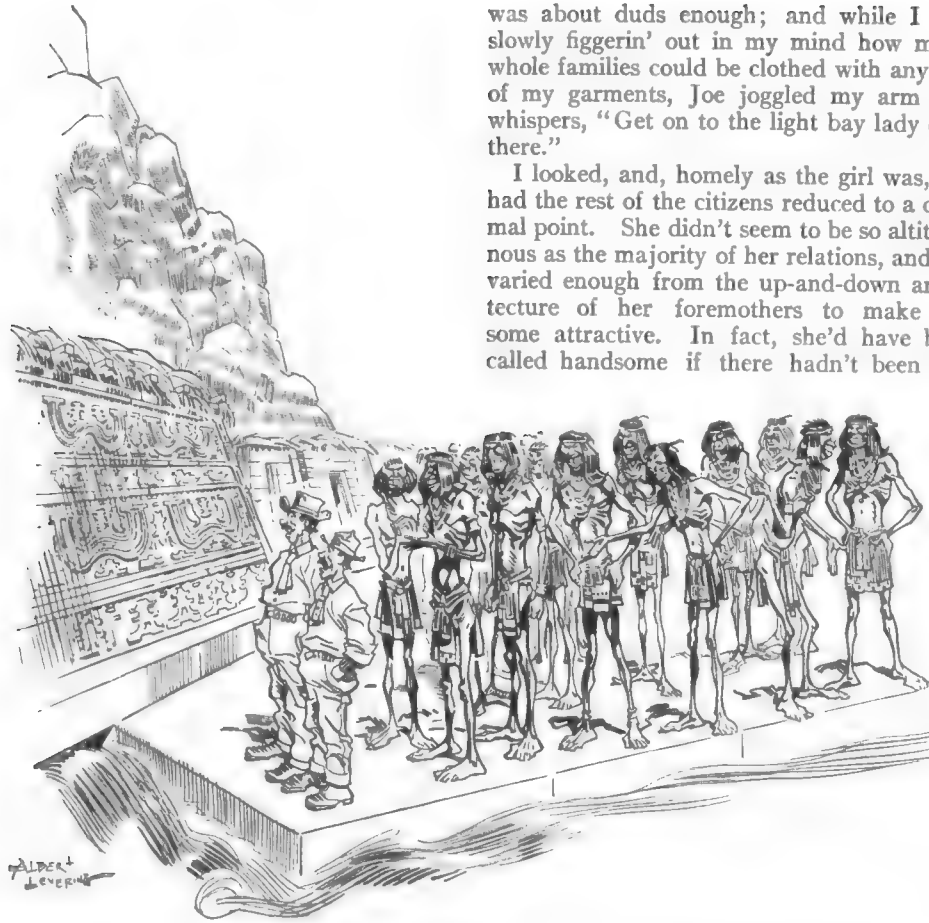

WE MARCHED SOLEMNLY DOWN TO THE CITY HALL. . . . OUT FROM UNDER THE FOUNDATION FLOWED A STREAM OF WATER. . . . THERE WASN'T ANY INDICATIONS OF A START OR FINISH AS THERE OUGHT TO BE.

was about duds enough; and while I was slowly figgerin' out in my mind how many whole families could be clothed with any one of my garments, Joe joggled my arm and whispers, "Get on to the light bay lady over there."

I looked, and, homely as the girl was, she had the rest of the citizens reduced to a decimal point. She didn't seem to be so altitudinous as the majority of her relations, and she varied enough from the up-and-down architecture of her foremothers to make her some attractive. In fact, she'd have been called handsome if there hadn't been any other woman in the world to compare her with.

When the big chief caught sight of her, he motioned with his hand and she come gliding over to be introduced. At least, that's what the ceremony looked like to me, for, as she went through a lot of Salomy movements, she cast her eyes in Joe's direction in a way that would have made any young feller wonder if his collar and tie was on straight.

"Say, you," I remarks, giving him a left hook in the ribs with my elbow, "don't get to thinking this is comic opry and you've got to fall in love with the leading lady, for if you do I'll have to mash your aspirations before they bud. We're getting pretty fair treatment up to now, thanks to my eloquence; and if you go to rooting up any family trees in this orchard, you want to remember we're a long

his arm across my shoulders as loving as any policeman you ever saw. And after a short line of talk to his party, at which they doubled up at every comma, and almost threw somersets at a full stop, we filed out into the open and took our first view of the bailiwick by daylight.

There seemed to be about fifty or sixty hives, all like the one we'd spent the night in, made of grayish blocks of stone like modern cement construction, thatched with some sort of straw, and without a window or any other opening except a doorway eight or nine feet high. And when I call them hives, that word don't come near covering the swarms of young ones and women who buzzed out to make our welcome a warm one.

The whole population, male and female, seemed to consider that beauty unadorned

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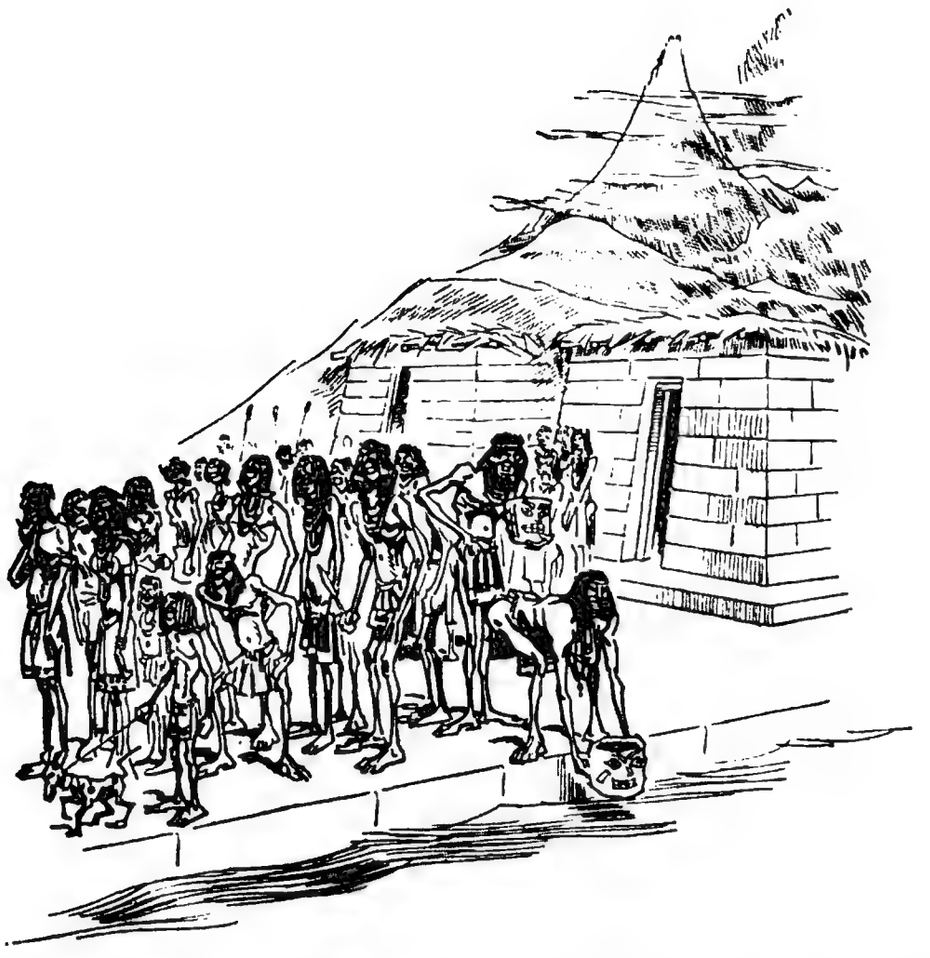

from Broadway—and that there's a
'"—pointing at a Pittsburg stogie who
l off on the outskirts of the crowd
ıg up the edge of his disposition—"who's
liable to increase the distance."
Huh," grunts Joe, but still not looking me
ght in the eyes, "you don't think I'd
such durn poor taste after mingling in
of the best circus society in the country,
u?"
Iebbe not," I answers, some doubtful,
she's the likeliest female in town at that,
he gent with the three-foot bolo acts as
'd been studying the unwritten law.
h out!"
the meantime, Salomy—as I'd christ-
her—had got through with her contor-
and fell into the rear with the rest of the
, which by now included all the avail-
human assets in town. Then we
ıed solemnly down to the city hall, a
low, oval building in the middle of a
built like all the rest of the place, of
ılocks of cement, but without any appar-
ıtrance or exit except by a row of small
ngs up near the eaves.
ound one end and down the other side
ıraded, pausing every now and then to
to more congratulations and "Welcomes
City," until we reached the other end,
which faced toward the east. There the whole procession stopped, with right resting on Main Street, while Joe and I took in the sights.

Out from under the foundation flowed a stream of the clearest water I've ever seen, about ten feet wide by three or four deep, down a short flume of solid rock into a fine plunge-basin thirty feet or more long, and then out through an opening in the other end into a hole in the ground.

For a minute or two we looked at it as being nothing unusual—just a spillway for the waterworks. And then we tumbled to the fact that there wasn't any indications of a start or finish, as there ought to be—nothing but out from beneath the building, flow a few feet, and out of sight into the hole.

"Freak of nature," I says, nudging Joe kinder thoughtful.

"Which one?" he responds absentminded-like, turning his eyes away from Salomy, who'd edged around to where she could flirt with him at long range.

"Which one!" I remarks, real severe-like. "Why this 'ere waterworks, you trifling Don Joon! Can't you keep your mind on the subject in hand without ogling that female vaniller bean?"

Finally I crowded in betwixt 'em, and an-

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other ceremony begun. Two oldish fellers and the chief led us down to the edge of the basin, went through a whole lot of explanations and hand-talk, then stooped down and, filling a stone bowl with water, solemnly sprinkled Joe and I on our heads.

"'Piscopals," I says in a low tone.

"Wrong," answers Joe. "Presp'terians. I used to attend one of their Sunday-schools —Christmas times."

"Wrong again," I retorts promptly, as the population begun to file up and dowse us out of the bowl. "Congr'gation'lists. Everybody's going to take a hand in the obsequies."

And so they did. I watched to see how sincere the gent with the bolo was, and was surprised to see that he was the most enthusiastic baptizer of the lot, while Salomy only went through the motions. After everybody in town had taken a hand at the wetting-down process, and my flannel shirt had shrunk up two inches around the neck, we were steered back to the kennel where we'd spent the night, and a little later who comes in but Salomy with our feed.

It certainly was some exasperating to see how she picked out the good pieces for Joe, and also considerable strange to see how well they were getting acquainted. For two persons who couldn't understand a word the other said, I'm free to confess they got down to the fine points of conversation mighty quick. I guess that love-making is a sort of a universal disease, anyway. If a couple of persons of opposite sexes get hit with each other, I've noticed that they don't need to be masters of seven or eight languages to tell it; eye-talk does the business just as well. And that was the way with Salomy and Joe.

She stayed some little time after we'd fed, just looking at Joe and making distress signals. And bimeby I sort of put myself into the matter and says: "Say, Bub, I've been brought up pretty free from chappyrones, but it looks kinder indelicate to me to have a female loafing round my boodwar in such a scant costoom. Give her the farewell sign and let her go."

I guess it was more the tone of my voice than anything else that decided her, for she got up from the floor where she'd been sitting cross-legged, and, with a sort of pitying glance at me, picked up the dish and walked out with a gait like a princess of the royal family.

"Gee," murmured Joe, as she disappeared around the corner of the doorway, "if she was only three or four shades lighter, she'd cut a wide swath on a Tenderloin sidewalk in these days of straight lines."

"She would," I retorts dryly; "she'd make a good ruler in a coal office."

All that day and night we rested up, and the next morning in comes a couple of the escort of the day before and takes us down to the city hall swimming baths. It was fine to throw off our duds and wallow in that clear water, and, although we were in a considerable time, the two waiters on the bank never showed any signs of impatience.

After we'd got back to the hut, I brought out my little pocket comb, and never in my life have I had such a time in getting my mane in order. The comb went rasping through the crop as though it had been lubricated with alum, bringing tears to my eyes and disaster to the teeth. And Joe's was fully as pliable as mine.

For three days we followed out the same bill: rising, swimming, eating, and resting—Salomy attending regular at meal-hours, and once offering to take us down to swim; but I put up such a grand kick instanter that she had to withdraw her offer; which she done —but not graceful. Then, on the afternoon of the fourth, a dreadful sultry day, we took it into our heads to take an extra swim unhampered by an escort.

Out we sneaked. The town seemed deserted. Taking a roundabout way, we reached the edge of the pool without being discovered. In a few jerks we'd shook our duds, and down into the cool depths we dove, coming up near the place where the water flowed out through the foundation stones.

"What in blazes do you think is on the other side of the wall?" I says to Joe.

"Search me," he replies. "Let's shoot the chute and find out."

"Correct!" says I, and, giving an extra kick and wiggle, away up the flume I went against the current, coming out in almost complete darkness.

No sooner was I through than Joe come puffing up alongside, and we swum off to the left out of the range of the swift water. Coming in as we had out of the bright sunlight, the place seemed to be pitch dark, but in a few minutes it got so that we could make out where we were. The inside of the building looked much like the swimming pool outside, except that the building covered it. Along both sides was a broad stone platform like a railroad freight station, about a foot above the water level; and when we'd reached it, we

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umb out on to the cool surface and sot and ingled our feet in the water fine and comrtable.

It took some time for our eyes to get accusmed to the dim light which trickled down rough the crevices 'way up in the walls, and ıen we did, what did we see ranged all along wn one side and up the other behind us but ; most unique collection of statuary ever wn out of rocks with a hammer and chisel. me were squatting, some lying, and some nding; some without any trimmings to ntion, and some minus only a head, an n, or a leg. And right across from where : and I sot, on the opposite platform, was a ıp of figgers piled up like several cords of -foot stove wood.

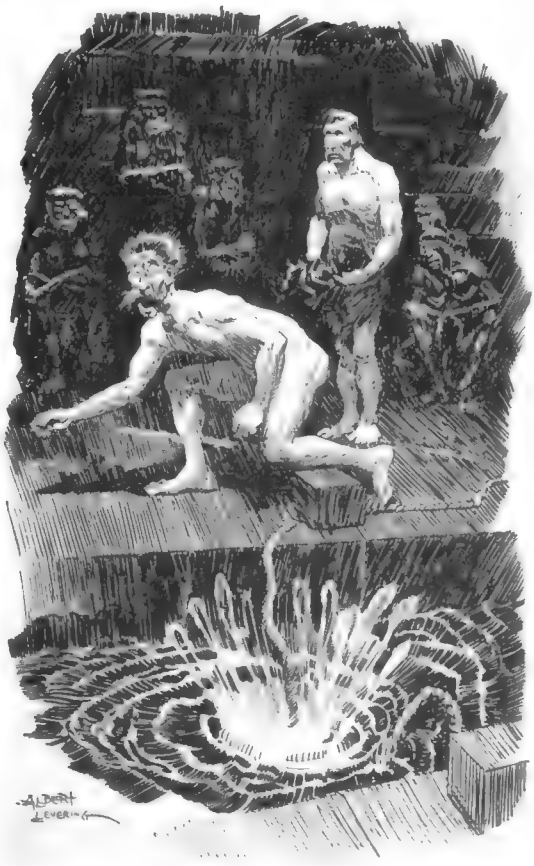
'Great Hemlock!" ejaculates Joe. "What ıce of sculptors these fellers must be!"

Well, I should sesso!" I responds, getting to my feet. "But what a oneness of style r dominates oughout the ıle exhibit. No- this old gent," ntinues, getting rested. "Seems ave been doing licity work for a 'house; you can ıt every stave in ıar'l."

So you can," es Joe; "but he got anything is cigar-sign—" ting down the a few feet. s ribs are as ıinent as the in a blind. cast your criti- ye on this lad ı here—broken o at the waist, an ear and a missing."

d so it was all the side we on; nothing ı gallery of ine sufferers in gray stone. meby, as we sauntering the platform, enting on that singular oneness of style, I bunted my bare toe against something about as resilient as a grindstone. I bent over and fumbled around in the dusk to see what had interrupted the art criticisms, and found one of those big bricks of which the buildings were made. I sort of shifted it a mite, and—swisho—away something slipped from beneath it into the water.

It startled me for an instant, but, shuffling my foot along a few inches, I found another brick holding down a rope made of some sort of fiber, also extending over the edge of the walk into the pool. I laid hold and pulled it up. On the end was a brick similar to the one on the walk, and hanging from that one was another and still another; something like a string of box cars in a freight train. I let them sozzle back into the water, considerably puzzled as to why one line needed so many sinkers, and started in to pull up another rope which laid a foot or so beyond.



"COMFORTABLE!" I ANSWERS IN TREMBLING ACCENTS. "WHY, MAN ALIVE, THIS AIN'T AN ART GALLERY."

It come a lot heavier than the first, but after half a minute's tugging I heard something splash out of the water and up over the edge of the platform. I felt around and located it, and, realizing that it was something out of the ordinary in the way of brick-making, raised it up to where a little streak of sunlight shimmered down through one of the high crevices.

I'm normally pretty hard-headed. Knocking around the face of the globe as I have, I've seen many strange sights, some of which would jar the ordinary stay-at-home citizen into an attack of heart failure. But when I found I was holding in my hands a forty or fifty pound statue of a baby boy three or four months old,

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and considerably lighter in color than the rest of the show, I'm free to confess I was seized with a trifling stroke of mental paralysis.

I looked it over very intent, and when I let it slide softly back into the water to the end of the rope, I'll bet a million dollars to a rimless cipher my complexion was a hundred shades lighter than the statue's.

For a minute I was numb to the marrow of my bones. Then, grabbing Joe by the bare shoulder, I whispers, "For Gawd's sake let's get out of here!"

"What's the hurry?" says Joe, cool as a pig in cold storage. "Ain't this a pretty comfortable place on a hot day?"

"Comfortable!" I answers in trembling accents. "Why, man alive, this ain't an art gallery; it's a combination morgue and brick-yard. Look around you! Can't you see they've all been petrified in the same water you and I have been swimming in for a week back?"

He looked—and immejitly fell to the process. For a fractional part of a second I could see that he wanted to debate the question—he was strong on argument; then that feeling was swept away by an overpowering desire to be somewhere else. And the next instant, if there *was* anybody in the world who wanted to get to sunlight any quicker than I—it was Joe.

We stood not upon the order of our going—as Bill Shakspire puts it—but started for there by the quickest route. Down the platform we cantered; and when we reached the wet spot where we'd dragged ourselves out a quarter of an hour before, there was only one swash in the water as we dove for the hole in the wall. And when we come to the surface outside and shook the water from our eyes, who did we see sitting calmly on the bank guarding our clothes but Salomy!

For the first time since I was a yearling did I throw on my duds before a woman without a feeling of shame. And sixty seconds later by the sun, Joe and I were steering the back paths for our dog house, closely followed by Salomy, bearing three shoes and a sock.

We outfooted her by considerable, and when she come sliding quietly in, there sot Joe and I on the floor getting back our breath and color, meanwhile slowly going over our arms and legs to see how far along toward the stone age we'd got.

Then, for the first time, I diagnosed the stiff joints and brittle hair—and why I hadn't felt any pain when I stubbed my toe against the brick in the receiving vault. We were getting harder, tougher, and heavier with every bath. At the thought, I pulled out a penknife which they'd overlooked when they searched me, and give myself a little jab in the arm. I wasn't extremely surprised to find that all I got was a scratch, while the point of the blade turned over like a fishhook. The tempering process was certainly getting in its fine licks; in a month more we'd be doing duty as hitching posts for the chief's front yard—or mebbe holding up a bunch of candles at the foot of somebody's stairs.

In the meantime Salomy'd been trying to get into the conversation. She was on her feet pointing at Joe—never at me—and making motions of weeping and tearing her hair. Then she picked up the big feed bowl from the floor and dropped it so that it broke into fifty pieces, turned and made threatening motions toward the swimming-hole, and finally flopped down in front of Joe and held out her hands in a heart-touching manner.

"Joe," I says, after watching her for some time, "from the viewpoint of a disint'rested spectator, I'm inclined to believe that Salomy's in love with you and wants to help us out of the hole."

At that, Joe got on to his feet, and, bending down, lifted Salomy up to hers. And you ought to have seen the beatific expression that crept over her face; for an instant she was positively good looking—even to me. Then she went through some more motions, Joe nodding his head and smiling at every new one, until finally she clapped her hands together like a pleased child—she wasn't much more than that, anyway—and started out the door at a quick gait. Joe followed her as far as the opening, and who in blazes should go sauntering by just at that time but Mr. Sour-faced Bolo-man, scowling and gritting his teeth until he sounded like a stone-crusher.

"Joe," I says, as he turned around, "that cuss means mischief. He's been entertaining the Green-eyed Monstrosity so blamed long that he's jealous enough to eat us both at a meal."

"He'd find us pretty tough fodder," he replies, dancing up and down in his bare feet on the broken chunks of the feed-bowl. "I'll bet a square meal on Broadway—if we ever get back there—that in our present condition we'd knock the teeth out of a buzz-saw."

I was right about Mr. Sour-face, though, for when dark come down and we'd settled ourselves on the rushes to sleep, a dark figure

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SITTING CALMLY ON THE BANK GUARDING OUR CLOTHES, WAS SALOMY.

edging around the corner of the door-
at on its belly, making about as much
as a lizard. Nudging Joe, I raised
› my feet and waited to see what this
ıe-party meant. He slid by the edge of
ening and up the inside of the wall until
›d erect. By straining my ears I could
im rustling round to where we were
ed to be calmly sleeping the sleep of
ified.

ctly I heard a grunt from his direction,
ımejitly surmised that he'd sot his raw
down on a fragment of the bowl. I
patiently, for I knew there were other
nts, and some of them with pretty
corners. Sure enough, down he tore
ther, and for a second had hard work
› from giving vent to a heathen cuss-

ing that it was time for us to do a little
ing on our part, I give Joe the signal,
: both jumped forward on top of that
ıte-hued murderer like a pair of foot-
ayers.

n he went, me embracing him around
st and Joe amidships. I felt the rascal
g away at my side with something, and
ed up my hold. All at once some-
eemed to give way inside of him, and I
d my grip. As I hope to die a truth-

teller, I'd gone the Greasy Roman limit—he'd got his quietus for good and all.

I hadn't realized before that as we got more stone-like we were acquiring all the qualities of stone, including crushing power. I felt sorry for the feller; but when I stepped on the blade of a knife a foot long, and found my duds all gashed up where he'd tried to pry into my innard thoughts—but couldn't on account of the tough material—I soon conquered my grief.

But there was one thing that did trouble us—what to do with his carcass before morning come and he was missed from the boosum of his family.

While we were debating the matter, a slim figure suddenly appeared in the doorway against the skyline. It was Salomy, dressed for the first time in something besides a sash or so and some strings of beads. She had on a skirt of some sort of woody fiber a couple of feet long, and held three spears in one hand and my Smith & Wesson with the belt of cartridges in the other. Evidently she was ready to emigrate.

Swiftly we sneaked away toward the foot of the cliff, jumping from one dark shadow to another until we'd left the village behind us. At the foot of the trail up the wall, which was so well hidden that neither Joe nor I could

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have found it in a hundred years with a telescope, we stopped and put on our shoes. Then away up the face of the rock we started, Salomy in the lead.

All night we kept at it, hardly speaking a word; Salomy never making a mistake in the route, but scooting on ahead as silent and swift as a debt-collector. And during that night I experienced a change of heart toward her, for she was giving up her people and country to follow the fortunes of a couple of shiftless circus roustabouts out into a land she'd never even dreamed of—and all on account of that clotheless little cuss named Cupid.

When daylight broke, about four o'clock, we stopped for five minutes while we made away with some dried rawhide Salomy'd sequestered for the commissary department, and continued on our way rejoicing that we'd got a start of thirty miles or so to the good. And when the sun had traveled about a quarter way up the sky, out we come on the final slope extending down into the sandy plains which stretched away toward the town with the cigar-box name.

At the scene of our old camp we found things much as we'd left them, and our pack-mule just wallowing in the growing things around the water-hole. We also discovered several cans of beans, a sack of coffee, and a slab of bacon that had been overlooked by Salomy's relations in their hurry to get Joe and I away, and in a mighty few minutes we three sot down to a potlatch such as Salomy'd never enjoyed in her life.

At first I was under the impression that mebbe the beans and bacon—they'd been laying round for a week in a temperature of a hundred and four—would make her change her mind about venturing farther into civilization; but she threw her portion into herself without a word of objection. And after helping to pack the mule with the remains, she shook down her wooden skirt and made motions that she was ready to hit the grit.

I ain't going to elaborate on our return trip, but at the start it promised to be ruther strenuous. We hadn't got out into the snake and cactus region over half a mile before we heard a tremendous yelling at the water-hole, and, looking back, we saw at least half the population of Stifftown cantering down to stir up some excitement.

At first we thought we'd make a trifle of haste, and Joe booted the mule into a sort of trot, but he'd grown waterlogged during the past week and made sail mighty slow. Then I concluded to make some demonstration against the foremost sprinters and brought the old Smith & Wesson into action. My first shot brought them to a standstill, and at the second I saw one gent with a spear go flopping to the sand, then gather himself up and limp to the rear, presumably with a puncture in his running gear. I passed a few more over their heads as a sort of a warning, and I guess they come to the conclusion that spears and warty clubs wasn't exactly the proper weapons for long-range warfare, for they gave us the farewell sign by shaking their skewers in the air and all yelling at once, and clumb sadly back up the rocks.

When we got into the village of Camporita seven days later, we were that lean and travel-worn that Solomy'd took to wearing one of Joe's suspenders to hold her skirt up; and my flannel shirt, which I'd donated to keep the sun off her superstructure, hung down from her shoulders like a hoss-blanket over a tent-stake. But she was game—the gamest woman I've ever seen. Never made a kick the whole distance; seemingly perfectly satisfied if Joe'd only give her a smile once in a while, which he did real often.

I sold the Smith & Wesson to the head man of the village for two hundred dollars Mex, and our first investment was in duds for Salomy, and I must confess that, after she'd covered up her lack of upholstery, she made a mighty fine appearance in Spanish millinery. Then I telegraphed the Old Man to send five hundred down to New Orleans to meet us, and three days later we took passage on a fruiter for God's country, accompanied by Salomy, the bell of Stifftown-on-the-Pool.

Did she marry Joe? Well, not so's you'd notice it. No sooner had we got back to Bridgeport than she went clean daffy over a dark-complected gentleman from the Philippines; and when the show went down to Madison Square Garden a few weeks later, they were drawing two salaries to fatten the same bank account.

Joe felt ruther hurt to be throwed down for a feller six shades darker than a rubber boot; but after we'd been out on the road a week and I'd showed him the follies of having a woman mixed up in his family tree, he got over the feeling and give her a two-pound silver bracelet for a wedding present.

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Bringing in the FLEECE

By

G. W. OGDEN

"THERE'S no beast so nearly human as sheep," said the white-haired flockmaster. "They're the greatest fellows for precedent and style and example I ever saw. I've been driving in the n plain, with forty miles of unfenced ntry on either hand, and come up with ock of sheep. Presently one of them ıld start as if taken with panic and run ɔss the road ahead of the team. Follow- that fellow's lead, I've seen hundreds of ep run a mile or more after the wagon to get ahead and cross the road."

is this deficiency in initiative spirit and riginality which makes it possible for one ı and a fleet-footed collie to command ı 1,800 to 3,500 sheep on the grazing ges of the West, where fences and folds pasture limits, so far as the sheep are erned, are unknown.

he United States is a mighty wool and ton producer. In this respect it has ed wonderfully to the front in the past en years. And two thirds of the sheep ıe country, of which there are about fifty on, are ranging upon the great stretches ıblic lands in the inter-mountain states ıe West. The sheep in these states, at ent prices, represent more than a billion rs.

cause of the cool nights of summer there, ıre clothes the sheep in heavy coats of , and the profit from this source is than double that in the more salubri-

Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

MACHINE SHEARING A SHEEP-WAGON

ous sheep sections in the Southwest and the East. Not only is the yield of wool larger, but there is a big difference between the cost of rearing and maintaining a sheep in, let us say, Ohio—the third sheep state in the Union—and that in Montana or Wyoming. In Ohio the sheep must be fed in winter, fenced at all seasons, and housed from storm. On the Western range the animals are neither sheltered, fenced, nor fed. And, at that, the average yield of wool per head is about three pounds less in Ohio than in the mountain states.

The range, stretching in unmeasured immensity, is at once granary and fold, thus relieving the flockmaster of all expense save the herders' hire. On the high plateaux of Colorado, Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho,

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IT IS NO UNUSUAL THING TO SEE A WAGON TRAIN FREIGHTED WITH $20,000 WORTH OF WOOL, DRAWN BY TEN OR TWELVE TEAMS.

the short, succulent grass cures as it stands during the rainless summer, retaining its sweetness and nutritive qualities. In winter the wind generally blows the dry snow into drifts on the lee side of the hills, leaving vast areas uncovered where the flocks can feed. But not always. What happens when snow covers the range is another story.

A flockmaster is considered unfortunate, indeed, if driven to the necessity of feeding his flocks in winter. It is generally considered cheaper to allow such of the animals as cannot weather the stress to make an end of it in their own way. If a man is a hundred miles or two from a railroad, in a country where there is not enough hay grown to feed all the sheep on the range for ten days, there doesn't appear to be any more humane solution. In the inter-mountain sheep country, a man does not go into the business of sheep raising with the intention of ever spending a cent on the maintenance of his animals. Nature has done everything considered necessary by the sheepmen in the way of providing food supply. Millions upon millions of sheep are born, sheared, and graduated into lamb-chops—at four to six years of age—that never tasted a bite of farm-grown produce in their lives until they were put aboard the train to be taken to the stockyards. If Nature would only completely eliminate the cattlemen and produce a self-shearing sheep, the sheepmen would be so happy they might take to gadding about over the hills in bare legs and short skirts, piping music upon reeds, as poets, and others just as trustworthy, tell us they did in the golden age, long ago.

Moreover, the United States Government joins with Nature in heaping benefits upon the Western sheepman. While Nature provides forage all the year round, the Government furnishes grazing ground free of rentals, taxes, or tribute of any sort. It really would seem that the mountain flockmaster might meet the competition of any country in the markets of the earth, without the big protective tariff he has enjoyed, and wants to enjoy indefinitely. But let any tariff-revision bunch of legislators make eyes at the wool schedule with the idea of scaling it down a bit, and the sheepmen of the West set up a roar that shakes the ground from Chugwater to the Capitol.

The sheepmen of the West are using your ground and mine; their mutton is fatted, their wool grown, upon our forage. And we get not one cent in return; but, on the other hand, many of us are bluffed out by the drovers from building homes for ourselves. Moreover, we must pay a false value to the sheepmen for every garment of wool we buy. We are enriching the sheepmen and kindly paying them for the pleasure.

Considering all these privileges, it would seem, to a man that thinks bluntly, smokes a pipe, and makes no pretense of being either an economist or a politician, that the Western sheepmen could well stand a reduction in the wool tariff which would equal a fair rental for our land.

Sheep growing in the ranges of the West is now at its happy meridian. The industry is about as large as it ever will be under present conditions; for several causes are at work which will, in the next ten years, bring about a change. One thing that will check the growth of the business is the greed of the sheepmen themselves. It is no longer possible for a man to set up as a flockmaster on a few hundred dollars. The range is so closely crowded now that water-rights are

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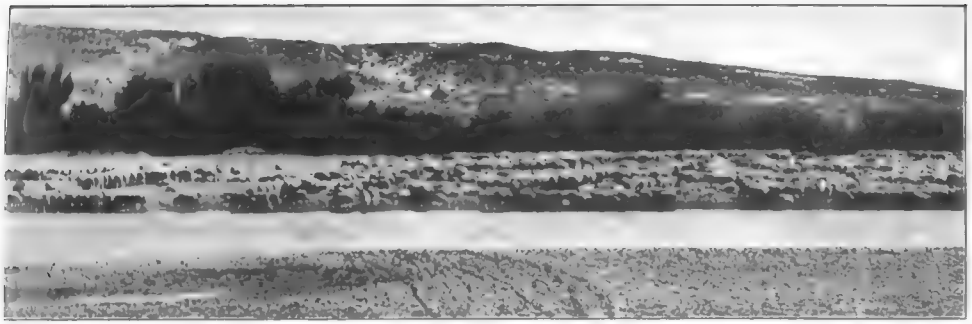

A FLOCKMASTER MUST MAKE SURE OF A LIVING STREAM AT WHICH HIS SHEEP CAN DRINK.

ssential. A flockmaster must make sure of living stream at which his creatures can rink, by acquiring title to a strip of land pon the bank. If he has no title, some-ody else may beat him to it just when he eeds it most. So title to a water-front is cured by hook or crook—frequently crook -and then a sheepman may set up in busi-ss. This expense and the cost of a breed-g flock and outfit will run the expense up $10,000 or $12,000.

Through this increased cost and the bbling up of water-rights by big concerns d individuals, the avenues to success for e small man are rapidly being closed. nning streams are scarce in the plateau ntry where sheep thrive best; and, be-es, in many parts of the West the cattle-n are still strong enough to keep small ders out. This is particularly true of tions of Montana. Parts of the border hat state are closely watched, and sheep vers seeking new fields with their small ks are frequently met on the Montana by masked men and turned back. The y chance for a man with small capital is to go in as a herder on shares. There plenty of bright fellows from the East Middle West making good that way.

n Wyoming and Montana, the leading p states, nearly everybody wants to get the sheep business at some time. The p fever is like the gold fever—once a or a woman gets it, there is no cure. tors have been known to close their es and go out herding sheep on shares—of Wyoming's most successful sheepmen ed that way. Lawyers have exchanged lreary watch for clients to take up the h over sheep. Preachers have left their ges to find heaven in their own way and out to lead not mere figurative sheep.

on the same plan upon which Jacob hit off a deal with foxy old Laban. And when a man gets in on the sharing-of-increase plan, he generally makes money.

Sheep are "run," or grazed, in flocks ranging from 1,800 to 3,500 head. One man and a dog handle this number. Herds range from 1,000 to 100,000 sheep, the small ones being owned by men that care for the animals themselves, the large ones by men or companies that employ herders. A man starting in this business on the open range first makes sure of his watering-place. These Western sheep must have water every three or four days during summer, although they can get along nicely seven or eight days when there is plenty of dew. In winter they eat snow, which is but one among the many advantages, in a bleak country, that these creatures have over cattle. The water-right, acquired by homestead or purchase, or by some means known only to the owner —a means which Wyoming federal grand juries recently have been looking into—is the sheepman's greatest asset. If he has immovable headquarters, they are on the stream.

If he is a poor man, he doesn't bother about a house; or, if he is in a section where the cattlemen make their periodic raids, he is better off without buildings. In either case he makes his home in a sheep-wagon, moving it from time to time as the sheep exhaust the grazing, taking his flocks to new pastures, always keeping within driving distance of water. Unlike cattle, sheep appear to have no faculty for finding water when any great distance from it. This probably is due to their long domesticity and their absolute dependence upon the superior intelligence of man for many centuries.

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Photograph by D. A. Willey.

THE SHEEP TO BE DIPPED ARE CORRALLED AND SEPARATED INTO BUNCHES OF 40 TO 60. THEY ARE THEN PLUNGED INTO A CEMENT-LINED RUN THROUGH WHICH THEY MUST SWIM.

They must be told when they are thirsty, and headed for the river. If given a start toward water, they will keep moving till they find it.

A sheep-wagon is a portable home, fitted with everything the sheepman considers necessary or convenient. It is merely an ordinary wagon with an especially wide, deep box, covered with heavy canvas tightly stretched over bows. In the front end is a door, in the back a window. Inside are bunks, a stove, and such other scant furnishings as the space will admit. Sheep-wagons are pretty much alike. The man that made the first one appears to have covered all necessary points, and nobody following has attempted any improvement. Sometimes, when a woman of finer fiber than the general run of sheepmen's wives is helping her husband roll up the wool ball which may grow into mansions and lands, the sheep-wagon becomes in a limited way attractive and comfortable. It always has this advantage—one may change his exterior environment as often as he likes.

If a man prospers and his flock increases, he is able, in a few years, to leave the wagon and make his home in a ranch house or a town dwelling; but if things do not go right, the wagon may be the only home for years. Season in and season out, men, often with their wives and families, have followed the flocks in wagons, the flock in the wagon increasing along with that on the range. As the boys grow up, they are put out as herders, sleeping in tents beside the parental wagon. Thus they go on, just managing to keep even. They never see a spear of green garden growing, never taste a fresh vegetable, living solely upon the canned products bought at the miles-distant supply point. It is just a prolonged Arctic existence on wheels.

Said a wealthy sheepman in Casper, Wyoming: "Any man that's grown rich at the sheep business has earned every cent he's got, five times over."

Quick fortunes have been the rule in the sheep business in the West, although it is estimated that twenty per cent. of those embarking in it fail. The big fortunes in sheep were made by those that got in twenty years ago. These men were either extremely sturdy or extremely desperate, as a general thing, to begin with. Misfortune couldn't spring anything new on them, no matter what it brought out of the box—just so it left them their lives. Not even the vindictive blows of the cattlemen could frighten them out of the country. Among the notable early comers to Wyoming was John Morton, of Douglas. John Morton's most valuable possession, when he went out to run a band of sheep on shares twenty years ago, was five pounds of dried apples in a bag. That five pounds of dried apples became the leaven of a fortune at present estimated at a quarter of a million dollars. Morton is using his money now in big irrigation projects for the reclamation of the desert lands, putting it back into the ground that nourished his sheep and made him rich.

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graph by D. A. Willey.

E MAN STANDS ON THE BANK AND FORCES THEIR HEADS INTO THE DIP AS THEY SWIM PAST HIM. HE BATH CONTAINS SULPHUR AND LIME, AND IS KEPT AT A NORMAL TEMPERATURE BY STEAM COILS.

Pat Sullivan, of Casper, is another one of e rugged early-day sheepmen who has ne well. Sullivan landed at Philadelphia ghteen years ago from Ireland. He had ty-four dollars left after eating his first al in America. Pat walked into a rail- d office with that money, put it down be- e the agent, and said; "Give me a ticket far west as that'll take me." The ticket s to Rawlins, Wyoming, and there Pat livan, greenhorn, got off the train and ack a job herding sheep for another shman. In time he married the flock- ster's daughter and got an interest in the k. Many a year the wife and Pat fol- ed the flock in a sheep-wagon, winter summer, meeting all manner of hardship country where nothing at all comes easy. ullivan lives at Casper now, in a green se with lank poplars flanking it like s of soldiers. He is said to be worth ,000. As proof of his prosperity he is ding a big brick castle on a hillside at per, a castle with a tower and bow win- s, overlooking the North Platte River, ch lies flat on the sands there like a silver on a mantle of somber gray.

. L. Gantz, of Casper, is another of the sheepmen. He went to Wyoming ty years ago, when few men were brave gh to enter the sheep business, which a perilous undertaking anywhere in the e country then. He stuck to it through , and losses by starvation and storm, is now worth even more money than Sullivan.

Marion P. Wheeler went to Casper nine- teen years ago as a school teacher. He got the sheep fever, and is now one of the big sheepmen of Wyoming. He owns five miles of water-front on the North Platte, and shears thousands of sheep each spring. Mr. Wheeler is grand master of the Masonic order in Wyoming.

Bryant B. Brooks, governor of Wyoming, runs both sheep and cattle on his big ranch near Casper. Brooks was one of the old- time cowboys who rose to fortune on the débris of the cattle conflict, which broke the power of the barons and gave a poor man a chance on the range.

Charles Baer, of Billings, Montana, is said to be the sheep-king of the West. He is credited with a hundred thousand animals.

On the other hand, there are men that have grown old in their efforts to start flocks, working as herders and saving year after year, putting the accumulated wealth into sheep, only to see their flocks butchered by cattlemen or wiped out by plague or storm. These old fellows, their faces blank as the curtained windows of a house, from self- communion and long silences unbroken by the sound of a human voice, plod on with their hopes and dreams of ultimate success until their minds break under the strain and brooding, or death in its crude mercy covers the misleading light.

It is an opinion shared by everybody in the West, save the sheepmen, that a man who follows sheep-herding steadily for sev- eral years grows light in the head. While

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Photograph by Urlin & Pfeifer, Columbus, Ohio.

Photograph by Weistle, Casper, Wyoming.

PIONEER SHEEP KINGS.

L. L. GANTZ, WHO WENT TO WYOMING WHEN FEW MEN WERE BRAVE ENOUGH TO ENTER THE SHEEP BUSINESS.

MARION P. WHEELER WENT TO CASPER NINETEEN YEARS AGO AS A SCHOOL-TEACHER.

this view is greatly distorted, there is no question that more sheep-herders lose their reason than any other class of laborers. Not that the ungearing of the machinery incapacitates them from following their trade. Far from it. The derangement generally takes the form of moroseness and scant speech, with a violent outbreak once in a great while.

One does not marvel at this result. The herder's life is solitary, full of hardships and dangers. His home is a sheep-wagon, and seldom do two herders occupy the same camp. A big drover may have as many as twenty herders, each with his 3,000 sheep. It takes a vast expanse of land to furnish grazing for these twenty flocks, so they are widely scattered, a wagon to a herder. In this wagon the herder cooks his meals and sleeps. His pay is forty dollars a month, provisions furnished.

Every two or three weeks, depending on the forage, the camp-mover, a man with a team, who does nothing else, comes along and takes the herder's wagon to the top of some other ridge, perhaps several miles along, fills his water barrel, leaves what supplies of food he may need, and drives away. The camp-mover is the only human being the herder sees from shearing time to shearing time, and the conversation between them when they meet is generally limited to directions for moving the wagon. The camp-mover is sometimes the flockmaster's son, the flockmaster's wife, or some old herder that knows the range.

Supplies are sent to this camp-mover at agreed intervals, unloaded by the freighter at some stated point, and left unguarded on the open plain until called for. Nobody ever touches anything not belonging to him in the way of camp supplies left in this manner. It is one of the small confidences in humankind which manages to survive in the West, and never is betrayed.

Camp must be moved frequently, winter and summer, because the sheep quickly strip the leagues of grazing ground of all life-sustaining herbage. In summer this does not grow out rapidly enough to make one camping place a continuous pasture, although the sheep range miles on all sides. In winter, when the dry grass is eaten in one spot, the flocks must be moved immediately to another. During the summer months the sheepmen take their flocks to the mountains, so grass on the flats may grow and cure for winter use. They also generally agree on some territory to be reserved for late winter feeding, where the grass is rank and thick. On this reserve pasture the sheep are run before shearing time, two or three weeks before grass begins to grow. The animals generally are in pitiable condition then, after the struggle through the winter with hunger and cold.

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Each herder has with him a dog, sometimes two, usually the property of the sheepman. These dogs are remarkably intelligent and well trained. One will do as much work as ten men could do around a band of sheep. The herder sends him out to spread the flock, turn the sheep, or bunch them, shouting his orders as long as the dog can hear, then signaling his commands by waving his hat or coat.

Summer and winter the herder must rise early, in summer to get the sheep out on the range before the dew is gone from the grass; in winter because the day is all too short, at the best, with the scant picking they get, for the sheep to fill themselves. Sheep place absolute dependence on the shepherd. They will not stir from the bedding ground until he starts them out, nor take any move for their own welfare unless driven by him. When they undertake upon themselves the responsibility of an act, it is generally to their own destruction. The herder's duty is to keep the flock in bad, so all may have an equal chance at the sparse grass, driving the sheep each day to fresh pastures. If in hilly country, the shepherd keeps before them while they feed, his dog at his heels.

Photograph by William G. Walker Cheyenne, Wyoming

DR. W. F. PFLAEGING, STATE VETERINARIAN OF WYOMING. MANY VETERINARIANS WORK IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE BOARDS OF SHEEP COMMISSIONERS, FORMING A SORT OF BOARD OF HEALTH FOR SHEEP.

At evening he turns them back to camp and beds them on a hillside, choosing location in winter with regard to the wind. The wind must blow over them from the sheltered side, and not against them, or they will stampede. When they are quiet, lying down, the shepherd goes to his camp, cooks his supper, and turns in. Thus, in unvarying round, the sheep-herder tends his flock, quartered in miles upon miles of empty plain, tramping after the animals as they snip the sere grass in winter, often in a temperature of thirty-five degrees below zero, in calm and storm alike. The harder the weather, the more essential that the sheep be driven out to graze. There is nothing else for them; the dry grass on the high table-lands, from which the screaming wind sweeps the snow as it falls, is the provender to which they were born, for the lack of which they must die. It is winter there from October to April, so it is plain that the herder earns his forty dollars a month "and found."

In winter the herders "feed" the sheep against the wind. If a man started them out with it, he'd never get them back at night to the bedding ground. At evening he drives them back to the lee hillside, where they nurse their half-satisfied appetites through the long, bleak night. He hasn't a mouthful of hay to offer them, not a handful of corn. If the great, dun prairie has not yielded sufficient, they must suffer and wait for another day, to begin again the fierce tussle with wind and snow and hunger, and so day in and day out, until starvation relieves them or spring comes.

Little better off is the herder than his sheep. Crouching in his wagon, with the incessant whoop of the wind in his ears, he knows that, miles away, another solitary figure is anchored, like him, upon the plain. Beyond him again another, and another, then leagues of emptiness. If he is taken sick, the camp-mover will find him in time;

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if accident makes him helpless while out with the sheep, he must lie there and die, with the stern sky his only covering.

Should the wind shift in the night, and sleet and snow come pelting in the faces of the sheep as they lie, he must hasten out, quiet them, and move them before they stampede. Sometimes, in fact too frequently, his efforts are vain—they have started on their drift to destruction before he reaches them. Once a flock of sheep sets out on a quiet, slow stampede before a storm, nothing can stop it. All the herder can do is to follow, and this he does—if he doesn't, he loses his job—often to his own melancholy end beneath a drift of snow.

The flock goes on, reaching at last the lip of a stream, sheer-cut, deep, where those in the lead pause. Back of them the blind, stolid crowding forward continues, the leaders are pushed over the brink, those that follow leap after—hundreds upon hundreds—to smother in the narrow channel, which soon fills to the brim. This is called a "pile-up," and in such stampedes thousands of sheep are lost every winter on the range. There's really no use mentioning the herders that perish in the storms. Don't they get forty dollars a month "and found" for taking the risk?

It's a cruel business, this range-sheep growing, cruel and hard and rough. The waste of animal life through starvation, freezing, and smothering in stampedes is enormous. A few, a very few, flockmasters make provision for hard winters; but the majority do not. Let there come a wet snow, falling with little wind, as happens on some parts of the range each winter, and the grass is buried. The sheep then huddle

RESULTS OF DRY FARMING, THE MENACE TO THE FREE AND OPEN RANGE.

DEEP PLOUGHING AT THE RIGHT TIME IS ONE OF THE SECRETS OF THE SUCCESSFUL WYOMING FARMER.

WHEAT, DRY GROWN AT THE UNITED STATES EXPERIMENT STATION AT NEW CASTLE, WYOMING.

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on their bedding ground and wait; the herder sits in the wagon by his stove, reading his magazines, or smoking his pipe, or chewing his tobacco, or indulging whatever similar foible he may foster. He knows he can't help the sheep. A regiment of empty-handed herders could do no more than one. It snows on, the wind blows afresh, the temperature drops. The wet snow covering the brown grass out on the pasture lands takes on a crust of ice; ice cakes the fleeces of the sheep; they huddle together, pleading in tremulous bleats for the succor which does not come. The storm rages across the wilds, bending its force upon them. They sink beneath the weight of hunger and cold and snow, and perish, wailing their anguish until death stifles their quavering lament. Many a man's start, many a man's all, goes this way each year on the sheep-range.

It's cheaper, figures the flockmaster, in proportion to the cost of feed when a man must buy it, to let a large percentage of the flocks starve than to bring all through the winter by feeding. It must be remembered that the sheep lost, unless a man is just starting out, represent very little, in actual cost of production, to the flockmaster. The range has done all of it, save the labor of the herder and his dog.

Most sheep-herders are great readers. There is a big bookstore in Casper which, instead of returning to the publishers unsold periodicals, sells them to sheep-herders at five cents each. One of the owners of the store is a sheepman. The magazines are sent out and distributed by the camp-movers. There is an attorney practicing law in Cheyenne at present that studied his books while herding sheep. College men have been known to take a profitable post-graduate course on the sheep-range, to their ultimate success in life. But the general run of sheep-herders doesn't average up very well.

It is the illiterate herders that go crazy. When a man can't read, and has nobody to talk with, his little old thought-reel gets to whirling so fast it muddles his brain. There's something in their morose, somber dissipations when they come to town for their periodic—generally annual—spree, that takes all the romance out of them, too. A sheep-herder takes his jamboree like a Chinaman, preferably all to himself.

There was a different sheep-herder at Casper once; and for his difference he is remembered there yet. His name was Arthur P. Chenoweth, and his father had been a big man in the diplomatic service. Chenoweth carried about him the air of a hereditary gentleman when he first struck the range. He wanted a job herding sheep, and got it, no questions asked on either side. Being something of an artist, he put in his spare daylight on the range in painting The products of his brush found ready sale among the rich sheepmen and cattlemen of that vicinity, some of them even going out into the world beyond.

Whatever Chenoweth may have lacked as a painter, he made up as a herder. It was his loyalty to his employer's interest which led him into an adventure ending in one of the most remarkable feats of endurance remembered in that land of strong men and hardy deeds. Chenoweth was running a flock of sheep north of the North Platte River. It had been an open fall, with a flurry of snow now and then, but nothing to speak of, and even in late November it was balmy and warm. It is a country as full of moods as a child, to-day warm and still, to-night shrieking in the convulsion of a blizzard, to-morrow serene and calm again, a suggestion of violets in the soft zephyr streaming across the melting snow.

Chenoweth had taken off his shoes one night and was sitting on the bunk, coat off, preparing to go to bed. The wind began drumming a new note on his wagon cover, the landscape darkened, a chill was in the air. With the intention of seeing whether the sheep were resting quietly, the herder slipped on his shoes and went out, hatless and coatless, to the hillside where he had bedded them for the night. The wind was coming cold, the sky was overcast, with snow driving down from the muffling clouds. Already the sheep, as if conscious of impending danger, were moving off slowly before the wind. Shouting and running among them, he tried to turn them back and get them under the lee shelter of a hill. But an avalanche has as much reason as a flock of sheep on stampede. Chenoweth drifted with them, belaboring them with fists and feet—drifted away from the bedding ground out upon the range.

There the storm got him. It came, as those terrific, pelting blizzards come, with a whistling of sagebrush and a roar, as suddenly as if the wind sprang from the flat earth. Sense of distance was confused,

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sense of direction lost in the shrouding curtain of driving snow. And the cold was such cold as went to the heart and made it shrink in its thin walls of fending flesh. The light of the wagon was long since lost, and the herder did not know in what direction to turn to seek it. It seemed that there was but one direction, indeed, and that ahead of the tumultuous storm.

The wind blew toward the river. Beyond the river, miles away, was Casper. When morning came, if the storm ceased so he could see, he might make the town. But how long could a coatless, hatless man live in the midst of that pelting, freezing fury? He worked free of the huddling, slow-moving sheep and ran, desperately, before the wind. Hours passed. He jogged on in a numb, heavy trot. The snow ceased, the clouds passed as quickly as they had come, leaving the sky clear above him, the earth white beneath his nerveless feet. Casper mountain stood sharp and dark on the horizon south of him, and in a direct line between the mountain and the river the town of Casper lay. Shaping his course by the mountain, he pushed on, reaching the river at last.

In the few hours which had passed since the storm broke, the shallow river, gorged with snow and ice, had blocked and frozen. He passed it safely and, at three o'clock in the morning, staggered into a saloon at Casper. Hands, face, arms, and feet were frozen, but they heaped snow upon him and thawed him out gradually, thus saving all but the tips of his ears. His flock perished in the storm, in spite of their thick coats, but he went through with no coat at all.

Chenoweth didn't give up the range, for all that. He went back to the sheep-camp as soon as he was able, only to be arrested in the spring, charged by a flockmaster who ran sheep near him with stealing his animals. Chenoweth's employer went on his bond. On the day set for his trial he was on hand, putting in the time, until his case was called, in strolling about the streets of the village. When the justice of the peace at last worked down to Chenoweth's case, Chenoweth was not there to answer. He had taken somebody's horse and ridden away.

A few weeks later Chenoweth was heard from in South Dakota, where he turned the biggest trick in horse stealing ever credited to a single man. He visited the pastures of a large farm owned by breeders of fancy horses, rounded up one hundred brood mares, and drove them into Montana. He did it without help. He was overtaken, captured, and sent to prison. A pardon was secured for him by his mother, on the showing that a fault of insanity ran through the family ledge. It was believed in Casper, where the young man was well liked, that his terrible experience in the storm had slewed his reason a bit. Sane or insane, Chenoweth took to the road after being released from prison. It is said that he is an outlaw at the present time, ranging in Montana and northern Wyoming. His specialty is horses.

In the sheep country sheepmen will tell you that herders do not go crazy, and that there is nothing more elevating than association with sheep, or more broadening than life upon the range. Peculiarities, generally, are not marked there. It is noticeable in Wyoming, for example, that most men draw the upper lip back from the teeth, exposing them, rabbit-fashion—a habit doubtless due to the strong white light upon the vast stretches of treeless land. They go grinning along through mirth and tragedy alike, and the white plain grins back at them—nobody counting it peculiar, because it is common.

Shearing, in the sheep states, corresponds to harvest in the wheat belt—it is the biggest event of the year. The shearers start in Mexico and work north, reaching the sheep states of the inter-mountain country about April 20. These shearers are men of many nations, rough, greasy, hard swearing, hard drinking. They get about four months' work out of a year at their trade, and it is a poor shearer that can't make ten dollars a day. The average wage is twelve dollars, and many make fifteen. It is all piecework, the shearer getting an average of nine cents a head.

Most big growers have their own shearing pens; but in communities where there are many flocks, some man generally builds a pen and adequate corrals, supplies shearers, bags for the wool, and men to handle the sheep, for an agreed price, which usually is fifteen cents a head. In such places shearing will go on for a month or two at a time. When the employer boards the shearers, the charge, invariably, is a dollar a day. The saloon-keepers nearly always get the rest of the shearer's wages. Of course there are

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thrifty shearers who save their money and in time become sheep owners. But they are not exceedingly numerous.

Machinery is supplanting the old hand method in many places. A compressed-air clipper, such as is used on horses and is familiar everywhere, is employed. This method is very rapid, the one objection being that the clippers shear too closely, thus exposing the animal additionally to extremes of cold and heat. Even when shorn by hand, the loss of sheep by cold is heavy. The spring of 1909 was exceptionally notable in this respect. Flockmasters began to shear in Wyoming about April 20. On April 30 a terrific blizzard swept the Northwest. The sheep, stripped of their wool, were no more prepared to withstand it than a man, stripped to his underclothing, would have been. One man near Wolton lost 2,400 sheep in a single night—chilled to death. The average price of sheep on the range is $5.20 a head. It doesn't take many losses like that to break even a sheep-king.

A sheep-shearer in the United States works just as he does in Scotland or Russia or Greece—perhaps China, this branch of the business having suffered nothing, nor yet profited, by the changes of centuries. Abraham doubtless went about it just as the shearers of the West do now.

A shearing-shed is long, with open sides, flanked by numerous little pens. Into each pen a man called a "wrangler" drives an allotted number of sheep. The shearer drags one out, squats it on its haunches upon the shearing-floor, clasps it with knees and free hand, and begins to cut away the fleece at the point of the shoulder. In from two to five minutes the fleece rolls to the floor, clinging together like a coat, and the shearer ties it in a bundle and tosses it out of his way. The shorn sheep is passed to another wrangler, who places upon its back or side the owner's brand, with brush and black paint.

The packers place the fleeces in long burlap sacks, tramping down the wool. Each of these bags holds from 250 to 300 pounds. Western sheep are not washed before being shorn, as is the custom among small flockmasters of the East. The shrinkage of Western wool is heavy, seldom falling below sixty-eight per cent. The grease holds the sand and grit which blow into it with every gale and get rubbed into the fleeces when the sheep lie down. Wool buyers can estimate, with surprising nicety, just about what the shrinkage will be. Wool in the grease—just as it is cut—brought twenty-two cents a pound in the West, last year—a good price.

Fleeces are cut from millions of sheep each spring in the West far from any railroad or other means of transportation save by wagon. The flockmaster loads the big sacks upon heavy wagons, making as many trains as he has teams or his cut requires, and sets out for market. A train generally consists of three or four freight wagons, with a water and grub wagon on the end. There are many drives of 150 miles to a railroad in the sheep country, and it is no unusual thing to see a wagon train freighted with $20,000 worth of wool, drawn by ten or twelve teams of horses or mules, creeping toward the nearest loading-place.

The average fleece in the Western wool states varies somewhat from year to year. In the spring of last year it was about nine pounds in the grease. The average shearing life of a sheep is four years. The flocks are mostly ewes, the wethers being marketed while lambs. So, not counting the lambs she yields, each ewe, during her useful period, returns the owner from seven to eight dollars' worth of wool. Her maintenance costs him nothing at all.

Then, after the sheepman gets all he can out of them and the old mothers begin to be what insurance men call "bad risks," he ships them off to Omaha, Chicago, or Kansas City. On these markets they are known as "feeders." Speculators buy them, fatten them on grain and alfalfa, and sell them to the packing houses.

Lamb-chops? Of course they're lamb-chops. You never bought anything *but* lamb-chops, no matter from what old mother's ribs they were cut.

Sheep on the Western range are remarkably free from disease. It has not always been so. The Government and the various states coöperate in enforcing stringent laws regarding inspection of all imported animals, dipping, and quarantine of ailing flocks. The various states have boards of sheep commissioners, which are in effect boards of health for sheep. In some cases they work with and under the lead of the state veterinarians, sometimes they are independent.

Taking into account the precautions to insure the health of the animals, and the peculiar virtue of the grass and savory herbs which the sheep fatten upon, the

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range wethers, sold when about six months old, are not equaled in food value and delicacy of flavor by any sheep on earth.

Just as the sheepmen, by determination and plodding methods, have all but driven the cattlemen from the range—those that remain are dying hard—another industry is slowly arising, which appears destined, within ten years, to put an end to the sheepman as he conducts his business to-day. This menace to the free and open range is the dry farmer.

Within the past two years thousands of soil tillers have settled upon the prairies of Wyoming and Montana. Agriculturalists are beginning to learn that farm produce will grow, luxuriantly, profitably, in these high areas where the annual precipitation is fifteen inches and less, if a man knows how to cultivate. The state of Wyoming has taken official cognizance of dry farming, and is doing all that can be done to encourage it. An expert, Dr. V. T. Cooke, of Oregon, has been employed at a salary of $2,000 a year to show farmers how to succeed without irrigation. The office of state dry farmer was created two years ago, at which time an appropriation barely sufficient to pay Dr. Cooke was grudgingly made. The legislature of 1909, convinced and enlightened by the success of the several experimental farms, made an appropriation of $10,000 to carry on this work.

The State Agricultural College of Wyoming also is doing a great deal along this lead, issuing bulletins of information to farmers, encouraging the movement in every way. It is well known that increased cultivation will be followed by increased rainfall. This has been demonstrated in the great wheat belt of Kansas, once almost as arid as the plateaus of the West.

But there is no quarrel between the farmer and the sheepman. Homesteading the range means smaller flocks, the sheepmen admit, and an end to promiscuous grazing. It will necessitate, however, the feeding of flocks in winter, at once disposing of the farmer's output and saving the percentage of loss now suffered through starvation.

Dr. Cooke, Wyoming's expert at dry farming, speaking of the industry, said: "Dry farming is already established in the semi-arid West. Some parts of California, with an annual precipitation of ten inches, have been dry farming for over forty years; eastern Oregon and eastern Washington for over twenty-five years, with an annual precipitation as low as eight inches, and Utah, Idaho, and Montana have been dry farming for years. Colorado, Wyoming, and western Nebraska have also been dry farming for several years, but only in the last two or three years has it been brought intelligently to the front.

"Many early settlers failed—and will continue to do so—principally through ignorance of how to do their work properly, through misinformation, and through having too good an opinion of what they knew. A man must be ready to take the advice of those that know in this business. The effect of dry farming in Wyoming to the stockmen will be that instead of losing vast numbers of sheep and cattle during the winter and early spring through neglect of providing feed for them, they will be able to buy feed from the farmer and save the stock from starvation. The ranges have been overstocked. The government has made stockmen take their fences from immense areas of public land, thereby preventing them from holding pastures for the winter.

"The average stockman never has pretended to feed his stock at all, so, the range being overstocked, with no fenced winter pastures, it is easy to understand that the dry farmer is really a necessity, a benefit, rather than an ill, as some of the stockmen believed at first."

Dr. Cooke says that most of the grains, except corn, will grow in Wyoming under the dry method, and that the secret of dry farming is "the use of brains and muscle, deep plowing, cultivation at the proper time, the use of labor-saving machinery and seeds that are adapted to the climate."

So a few more years will see this last romantic phase of Western range life pass away. The sheep-herder will go as the cowboy has gone, the flockmaster will turn his attention to the soil, and where immense flocks now roam in the ownership of one man scores of smaller bands will feed in comfort upon the new farms of the semi-arid West. With the old order of romance and picturesqueness will vanish the hardship and cruelty to flocks and herders alike; and the West, under the coming conditions, will yield more and better sheep than in the past.

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The Comer

By

ARTHUR TRAIN

AUTHOR OF
"McALLISTER,"
"THE PRISONER AT THE BAR,"
"THE BUTLER'S STORY"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
HENRY RALEIGH

BECAUSE he was regarded as a "safe" man, Mulvany, the Boss, had made Randolph Carter district attorney just when it seemed likely that a safe man would be needed. For the class of busybodies known as "reformers" had been making things exceedingly sultry for the big corporations, and the Grand Jury had started in upon one of those unnecessary and frequently annoying frolics known as "investigations."

Just now they were on the city waterworks and the big dam in process of construction by the Tidewater Concrete Company. They had found a most appalling amount of sand in the concrete, and a startling discrepancy between the number of cubic yards of masonry certified to the comptroller and the number actually erected. The press said that the company's officers were all criminals and that the dam was the biggest steal in the history of municipal corruption. But those who were "wise" said that, after all, the whole thing was more or less a matter of opinion, and that figures were apt to lie, anyway—so that, as long as a "safe" man was in office, nobody concerned was inclined to worry.

Accordingly, Randolph now sat behind a polished desk with a row of mother-of-pearl buttons and received deputations of indignant citizens who wanted every abuse put an end to at once and the millennium instanter. Thus, graciously but noncommittally, he had given audience to that "prominent body of distinguished representatives from every walk of life" who had demanded the indictment of the officials of the Tidewater Company and the removal of the comptroller. Having listened patiently to their diatribes and read their carefully engrossed resolutions, he had bowed them out, promising to give the matter his fullest and most immediate consideration.

"Larry," he said, after they had departed, to his special private, confidential assistant, Lawrence Endicott, a native of Boston and a son of Harvard, "just dope this out for me, will you, and see if it's a 'frame up'?"

For thus did it amuse the district attorney to tease his blue-blooded and university-bred disciple by dropping into the vernacular of his office. Randolph was alleged to have "peculiarities"; and this was one of them—that he should have ever about him this youthful Puritan who had no particular political pull and who had wandered into the professional staff quite by chance.

Endicott, nurtured on the scanty soil on

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the sunny side of Commonwealth Avenue, amid a family to whom the annual migration to the North Shore was the chief event of the year, had plunged into the grimy, passionate life of the Criminal Courts Building just as his father before him had plunged into the turmoil of Washington before Antietam. It was exhilarating to Randolph to see this "blue stocking" throw off his coat and fight for sweetness and light in an atmosphere that reeked of profanity and tobacco smoke. It was stimulating and a bit disheartening to see the boy's ideals remain unclouded. Moreover, he knew that Endicott saw him as he pretended to himself that he was—a high-minded, valiant lawyer, trying to practice clean politics "from the inside." And the hot-headed, warm-hearted Southerner whose father had fought for the other right on the other side saw in this stripling something that he could never be himself, and set his own moral timepiece by the boy's chronometer.

But Endicott was no prig, and quickly adopted the manner and speech of the Criminal Courts. He frequently reiterated the phrase in his letters home that Randolph was "the biggest man in New York." You heard all kinds of scandal about men in politics, he said, but here was a man who was big enough to do the right thing in spite of "private pressure or public clamor"—this last a phrase borrowed from one of Randolph's speeches. Just wait until he got after some of the big grafters!

Larry worked like a slave over the Tidewater Company papers, and two days later entered Randolph's office with a glitter in his eye.

"By George!" he cried. "This thing is rotten! They've simply been flimflamming the city from beginning to end!"

"What have they done, Larry?" inquired Randolph, pushing back from the desk.

"What haven't they! Just look here!" answered his assistant, excitedly thrusting a paper into his hands.

"To begin with, they have simply disregarded the specifications altogether! 'Clean, white river sand, properly puddled.' Why, there aren't a thousand cubic yards of real sand in the whole dam. They've used old scrapings right out of the reservoir. And our expert reports that into that embankment, upon which the whole safety of the thing depends, they've chucked any old thing—rocks, trees, barrels, and in one place left an old *trestle!* Besides, the dam leaks like a sieve. He figures ten million gallons of waste a day. Think of that! And the officers certified the accounts over their own signatures. Twice—three times sometimes—more'n they've done!"

"Bad as that?" exclaimed Randolph, wrinkling his forehead.

"Yes, bad as that!" echoed Endicott indignantly. "Oh, it's a regular steal! You can nail 'em all for forgery in the third degree!"

Randolph pulled silently on his cigar.

"It's even worse than those "silk stockings" made out," continued Endicott. "They didn't know half of it. Do you want me to get up the indictments?"

Randolph did not answer.

"Want to go over it yourself?"

"No, I'll take your word for it," replied Randolph.

"How about the indictments?" persisted Endicott.

"Well, you might as well be getting them ready," answered Randolph, thus disposing of the matter in the simplest way.

The press duly reported the reception of the delegation at Randolph's office, and his promise to look into the business; the Grand Jury "leaked," as it sometimes does, and rumors of the impending indictments got abroad; worst of all, an enterprising reporter for a yellow journal stole a copy of the engineer's report, and his paper published it in full with photographs of the embankment composed of "any old thing," including the trestle. Even the regular organization felt that it would be a bad break if, out of deference to public opinion, some action were not taken—not, of course, a formal accusation of crime, but a "presentment" of some sort. Endicott finished his indictments and laid them on Randolph's desk for approval.

Then, coincidently, Mulvany telephoned that he was coming round for lunch, and he and Randolph had a talk—nothing for publication, you understand—and Mulvany did the conversation.

"Of course *you* don't care whether these fellows are indicted or not," said he, "and neither more do I. But Hopper holds a powerful bit of stock in the company, and there's no use running counter to him, for he's good for fifty thousand at the next election—*your* election, Ranny, my boy. Now my own feelin' about the matter is that you can't make a crime out of building a raysoovoy. How can it be a crime to use less sand in the concrete than the contract calls for? Sure,

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"NOW MY OWN FEELIN' IS THAT YOU CAN'T MAKE A CRIME OUT OF BUILDING A RAYSOOVOY."

that's no crime—it's business! Better go easy, and think it over before you commit yourself to anything serious."

Randolph returned to the office with his warm glow of affection for Mulvany modified by the consciousness that for party reasons the boss had indicated to him a course of action which he knew ran counter to his duty. Still, he had not yet examined the papers himself, and he had a good excuse for going slow. He promised himself that that was all he would do—even for Mulvany; for, although he had been doing favors all his official life, it had never been "put up" to him in quite this way before.

It was fifteen years since, filled with a hopeless ambition to enter political life, he had graduated from the law school at Charlottesville and, as the orator of the day, had attracted the notice of Mulvany, whose private car happened to be sidetracked at the little town on the way up from Hot Springs just long enough to let its owner take in the college commencement. On that private car Randolph the same day had left the county where he had been born, and had come to New York by virtue of a compact with the politician, who was looking for just such young men, with just such tongues of fire as his, to "whoop things up for the bunch at Tammany Hall."

In return, he promised Randolph the organization's support and his own. He had given that support with all the loyalty of his Irish heart, and all that he had asked was loyalty in return. Thus, as a strict party man, Randolph had been successively alderman, assemblyman, tenement house commissioner, state senator, and finally district attorney.

Success had been easy! From the first he had found himself, as the favorite of the great boss, an object of envy and admiration. Judges smiled upon him and gave him the ear they denied to others. Politicians sought him out and made much of him, endeavoring through him to win the favor of his patron. Older men made way for him ungrudgingly.

But, as time went on, Randolph's eloquence had gained in quantity rather than in quality.

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He had soon discovered that what the gang wanted was noise—and a lot of it; that it mattered very little what you said, so long as you put the right thrill into it. And he had adapted himself to the requirements. He was not a sentimentalist. The thin, blue stream of quality in his blood had thickened more or less in a hundred years.

His parents, on his yearly visits to the plantation, saw that he had gained some thirty pounds in weight, that his cheeks had lost most of their ruddy color, that his eyes were not quite so clear, that his chin and neck were growing heavy; and they thought that all this was due to overwork. But they saw no change in his character.

Had there been a change? Now that he was getting on, there were those who said that he was just like any other machine politician—that after a while a man got so that he didn't know where the right left off and party loyalty began. Even the press, now that his newness had worn off, sometimes referred to him as "Mulvany's man, Carter." But Randolph knew that they had "got him wrong." He believed himself honest, even if he were true to his friends. What difference there was in him came from an almost unconscious sagging in his standards, an almost imperceptible dulling of his moral perceptions. His lights were still undimmed, but they had become the lights of the man who had made him.

Earlier—when he had first come to the city, and was unused to private cars and the like—he had taken to drinking a little; and once in a wild frolic his inherited instinct for gambling had got the better of him and he had played the wheel and lost—a sum so large that only his note had been left to pay it. But that was long ago. Randolph had never played again, had almost forgotten the incident, and the note had never been presented. He firmly intended to pay it some time when he should be in funds. But politics took all his time, and he had little opportunity to practice his profession. What he hoped for and wanted was a place upon the Supreme Bench—and Mulvany had promised him that at the coming election this not over-rare distinction should be his. Of course he realized that the ladder by which he had ascended would be too obvious for him to be accorded much honor for having climbed it; but once at the top he would at least be independent of bosses and their favor.

It came home to him with something of a shock that Mulvany was asking a good deal. If he had only suggested some other reasons—such as lack of sufficient evidence, no jurisdiction, or something; but he had plunked it right out. The reason was just Hopper and his fifty "thou" at the next election—nothing else and no pretense of it. Randolph spent a long time studying the insects upon the imitation rubber plant in his official window and etherizing them with cigar smoke. But he discovered in their actions no answer to his problem. He had always found that sooner or later, if you waited, a "way out" invariably turned up; some traversable lane leading in the right direction between the obvious road of evil and the narrow path of virtue. Now, confronted by an undesirable alternative, and no satisfactory answer suggesting itself, he resolved, as many another both better and wiser man has done, to do nothing for the present.

Just at this juncture a state senator called on the district attorney. He was a very urbane gentleman, was Senator McCall, and he was close to everybody, including the boss. He and Randolph had held office together and called each other by their first names.

"'Tis glad I am seein' you look so well, Ranny, my boy!" said the senator, once they were in the back room—lighting the cigar tendered him by Randolph. "Sure you're the lad to succeed, with everybody sayin' you will be a judge at the next election! I'm right proud of you."

"Thanks," said Randolph.

"It's a great shame all this trouble about the waterworks should be dumped on you and not on the Mayor, where it belongs," continued McCall unconsciously. "Why all this everlastin' holler about sand and cement and cubic yards of this and that? Why don't they appoint a Commission of Engineers to look into it and report to the aldermen or the legislature, instead of cloggin' a busy office like this, which has all it can do without invitin' trouble!"

"I wish they would!" said Randolph honestly.

"Why shouldn't they?" asked the senator.

"Well, they didn't," answered Randolph. "And it's *rotten!*"

"How do you know?" inquired his visitor. "You don't know nothin' about waterworks!'

"Well, Endicott, my assistant, has been over it, and he says it's rank!" returned Randolph.

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"WHY, THERE'S NO END TO WHAT THE RIGHT FOLKS WILL DO FOR YOU FOR THE ASKIN'—CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS AND ALL THAT"

"H'm!" grunted McCall. "Endicott! Who's he?"

"No one you know—just a man on my staff. But he knows graft when he sees it," replied Randolph.

"Oh!" said McCall. "I can't help feelin' sorry for those fellows," he continued after a pause. "They've done the best they could. The subcontractor laid down on 'em, and they've lost money by the hogshead. Ain't there any way to let 'em down a little easy?"

"Don't see any," said Randolph.

"Can't you do it?" asked McCall.

"Don't see how," repeated Randolph. He was sorry not to oblige McCall, who was a good fellow.

The senator got up and took a few steps about the room, finally coming to a pause in front of the window.

"Any notes of yours lyin' around, Ranny?" he asked quietly, without turning.

"Eh!" cried Randolph with a start.

"Notes—any *notes*, I said," murmured McCall, looking out of the window. "I understand the Tidewater Company took an assignment of quite a large one that has your signature from a feller named Boyle, and they think of suing you on it."

Randolph sprang to his feet.

"God!' he cried. "Is that straight?"

"Straight as a die," announced McCall. "Here's a photograph of it." And he handed Randolph a small unmounted print of an oblong piece of paper.

Randolph put his hand to his forehead. McCall looked distressed.

"Come, old man! Don't lose your nerve! This is the only one and the plate's been destroyed. I guess you know you can rely on *me*, so long as you treat us square. Why, everybody is stuck on you, Ranny! We're all goin' to vote for you for judge next election, and there's no end to what the right folks will do for you for the askin'—campaign contributions and all that. You're on Easy Street, if you only knew it. You could borrow all the money you wanted."

Randolph had sunk down in his chair with his shoulders hunched and his head in his hands.

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"Funny thing happened once," McCall went on in a musing tone of reminiscence. "I was sittin' right in this room with old Tom Beech, district attorney along in the eighties, and a man came in and had a little chat about a case with him, and when he had gone, lying right on that desk, was a brand-new, fresh ten thousand dollar bill—with not even a pin-hole in it!"

Randolph did not seem to hear.

"Well, well! I must be goin'," said McCall, picking up his shining tall hat and cane. "Think over about those indictments, will you? Don't you think the public interests would be just as well served if the Grand Jury handed in a 'scathing presentment'—a regular old-fashioned socdolager?"

Randolph arose bewilderedly to his feet and mechanically took McCall's outstretched hand. His underjaw was set and his face flushed.

"Aw, come!" exclaimed McCall, soothingly. "Don't take what I said too seriously. Don't be in too much of a rush about this thing—that's all. See you again! S'long!" And the senator, putting on his hat with the distingué manner that is characteristic of state senators, buttoned his frock coat across his Websterian chest, and, pausing to sow a few seeds among the newspaper reporters in the hall, majestically departed in a cloud of cigar smoke in the direction of the elevator.

Randolph sat alone in the inner office, his head still on his hands. It had not needed McCall's delicate reference to the judgeship for him to appreciate that the threatened suit upon his note—the note given to Boyle in payment of the losses incurred at the wheel during that unfortunate night of revelry five years before—would mean the end of his political career and the loss of the judicial nomination promised him by the boss. More: it would bring immediate censure and disgrace upon his organization, for Boyle was one of the gamblers that his oath of office required him to prosecute, and as yet he had taken no active steps to do so. Once let that photograph get into the hands of one of the daily papers and—bing! that would be the end of Randolph Carter.

But it was not the mere fact that Mulvany had ordered him to do a dishonorable thing, nor yet that an attempt was being made to blackmail him into silence that had struck his spirit this crushing, numbing blow, so that he sat dizzily and hopelessly sick at heart. It was the sudden realization that he had sold his birthright and become a man that others would not hesitate to try to bribe and blackmail. HE WAS THAT KIND OF A MAN! He was stupefied at the shock of it—that he, Randolph Carter, in whose veins flowed the blood of generations of gentlemen so sensitive of honor that they had thought nothing of life without it, had fallen so low that he could receive the suggestion of a dishonest course of action without resenting it, and even take the hand of a miserable hound who had tried to bribe him, instead of kicking him out of his office. Instinctively he rubbed that hand upon his trousers' leg as if to remove the stain left there by its contact with McCall's!

He had been wont to laugn at the suggesgestion in the papers that he was a "boss's man." But now he knew that it was true, that he had been seduced, nothing more nor less; that for ten years he had been nothing but a manikin of which Mulvany held the string. He clenched his fists. How they had played upon his vanity! How they had lured him on with promises of great place and high honors! How they had flattered and deceived him until now they owned him body and soul! And had not McCall—what was it that McCall had said about money? He tried to think — something about ten thousand dollars. He ground his teeth impotently.

And suppose he didn't do as Mulvany had intimated. What then? His career would be over. His life, political and legal, would be gone. He would be simply a dead one—thrown into the discard—barely able to earn an honest living—a political pariah, abandoned by his party and party friends, scorned by the rest. He writhed at the thought of being cut by his old associates, of being pointed out as a "has been," of losing his position of influence in the city, and the judgeship, so easily within his grasp. And his father and mother! They would never understand. He would come back a failure, too old to begin again, doomed to grind out his life in some little graveyard of a Southern town, looked down upon by men of half his years. He couldn't go back! He must go on! He gazed stupidly around the room—at the heavy, insipid crayon portraits of former district attorneys, at the basket of imitation rubber plant, at the bottle of spring water reversed upon the patent iron stand.

"My God!" he groaned again. "What's

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"MY GOD! WHAT'S THE USE! I MIGHT AS WELL BE HUNG FOR A SHEEP AS A LAMB!"

the use! I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb!"

Lying on the right-hand side of the desk was the bundle of indictments which Endicott had so carefully drafted. Randolph glanced quickly toward the door of the office. Then, seeing no one, he picked up the package of papers and thrust it into the remotest part of the bottom drawer.

"I guess they'll stay there for a while!" he muttered. "But, by Heaven, it's the first time! It *is* the first time!"

The sound of voices outside the door brought him to himself, as he sat in a sort of unhappy dream.

"Will you see a man, sir?" asked Pat, the doorkeeper, coming in apologetically.

"Send him in," muttered Randolph, for his work had to be done.

"This way!" said Pat to some one behind him, and a man entered, crumpling his cap between his hairy, knotted hands. He was tall and gaunt, and walked with a slight stoop; but what one noticed most was the hollowness of his cheeks, the lusterlessness of his eyes, and the fact that he was nearly bald, although obviously young.

"Are you the district attorney?" he asked in a husky voice.

"I'm the man," said Randolph. "What do you want?"

"I want to tell you something," said the stranger. "If you can give me the time. It may take five or ten minutes. I want to ask a sort of favor of you."

"Oh, well, go ahead!" said Randolph, glad enough of anything to take his thoughts off himself. "Sit down. What's the matter?"

The man drew up a chair and seated himself. His hands trembled a little, and every now and then he gave a twitch as if he had St. Vitus's dance.

"Thanks," he said. "I don't want to make no false pretenses. I'm an old timer—an ex-convict. Name's Titian. I served three and a half for burglary. *I* say I was '*jobbed*,' but that has nothin' to do with it. I got it in the neck all right." He gave a jerk with his shoulders. "I'm not goin' to bother you with that. I ain't here about myself. When I got out six months ago, I found my wife had been put out of her rooms, with my two kids, and had to walk the streets all night in the rain ——" he gulped down a dry sob.—"Well,

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anyway, she was awful sick, and so was one of the kids, and there was nothin' doin' in my trade, and no one would have me, anyway! I hammered the sidewalks lookin' for work for weeks. I couldn't find a thing! I was up against it for fair. Then Katie's brother, Tom, who had been livin' with us and helped support her while I was in prison, lost his job because he crushed his hand in a pulley.

"Well, for almost a week," he went on, "I watched my wife begin to starve. Then I made up my mind, as I had got settled for a crime I wasn't guilty of, I might as well commit one to even up. I'd learned a lot up in Sing Sing, and I went to a hang-out and borrowed a jimmy and touched a flat for about three hundred dollars worth of silver. Gee! How easy it was! Now here's the funny part. I'd forgot to tell 'em I was goin' anywheres, and Tom was out in the street lookin' for me. When I came up he grabbed my bundle ith his good hand, not knowin' what was in it, to give me a lift. Just at that minute a cop stepped out of a doorway and nabbed us. Say, that was a good one, now, wasn't it? Wife and kid sick, brother with a busted hand, and me and him collared with the goods. Does crime pay? Does it *pay?* No, it don't! But suppose you ain't got no choice? I ain't no anarchist, but sometimes——"

"I know," said Randolph sympathetically. "Have a cigar?"

"Eh?" said the man. "Sure I will."

Titian took the weed and lit it tremblingly.

"Go on," said Randolph. "Tell me about Tom and Katie."

"Well, to make a long story short," said Titian, "when Tom found what was he in for, he—insisted on takin' the blame and goin' up for it. God! What could *I* do? I was the only one in the bunch that wasn't sick. I had my hands, at any rate. Tom didn't. Katie was pretty near all in. We talked it all over, and I didn't want to at first. You see I'd done one bit without deservin' it. But Tom said that was one reason why I shouldn't do another. Said we ought to sort of average things up. Then he said I hadn't no right to saddle a man with a bad hand with the care of a woman and two kids. So we framed it up. I knew they'd do me on my record, and the game was to keep me off the stand entirely so they couldn't prove it on me. So Tom he pleaded guilty to burglary in the second, and I pleaded not guilty and went to trial. Then Tom became a witness for me and said how *he* committed the burglary and I didn't have nothin' to do with it. And the jury acquitted me without my even goin' on the stand at all."

"By George!" said Randolph.

Titian twitched again. His cigar had gone out and his lips were drawn.

"But that was only the beginnin'. Tom got soaked *seven years and four months!* Think of it! For somethin' he didn't do! That was two months ago. I found work pretty soon after that, and now that the weather has got cool Katie is all right again. She's goin' to take a job in a laundry at six dollars a week. We'll be on Easy Street before long. The kids are goin' to school. And I've got a man who has promised to take Tom on as a watchman at forty dollars."

"Tom?" said Randolph.

"Sure," answered Titian eagerly. "No judge is goin' to keep a man in Sing Sing who is innocent. I haven't slept a night since he was sent up! I think of him every minute—goin' through all I suffered for three years. I can't stand it. Maybe they won't settle me for so long when they understand all the facts."

"I don't understand," said Randolph. "Tom is—— You're going——"

"—— to get 'em to let me plead guilty and get Tom out. I can't stand it. I'm hardened. He ain't. He's only a young feller. I'm tough! And Katie—Katie can—wait!"

Randolph stared hard at him. "What do you want *me* to do?" he asked.

"Lock me up," answered Titian simply. "That's all. And tell the judge the facts."

He twitched and set his teeth hard. Randolph held out his hand.

"I'll do what you ask, Mr. Titian," he said. "But I want to shake hands with you first. You're all right!"

Tears clouded Titian's washed-out eyes, while Randolph pressed a bell, and an officer in uniform expectantly entered the room.

"Kelly, I want you to arrest this—this gentleman, and take him—take him down before Judge Murray. He'll do the rest himself."

"Very good, sir," said Kelly. "This way, sir."

And Titian passed out.

When the man had gone, Randolph sat for a long time with his eyes fixed on nowhere, while the smoke from his dying cigar trailed toward the ceiling in a thin blue line. Something had gripped him in the throat and he

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couldn't smoke. This fellow's Katie! He wondered what she was like. He knew the type all right, big-boned, red-handed, and freckled, probably. Then he gave a grim laugh and pressed one of the bells.

"Tell Mr. Endicott to come in here," he said to Pat, and his voice had a soft huskiness that made the big-hearted Irishman wonder if the chief was feeling quite up to the mark.

"Let's go over and have some lunch, Larry," he suggested. "I want to talk to you about those indictments."

Over in the back room of Pontin's restaurant he told Endicott of his visit from the man Titian, and the boy's eyes glowed.

"By George!" he cried, "that fellow is all right!"

But Randolph said nothing.

"It must have taken a lot of nerve," continued Endicott, "to do a thing like that! He's the real stuff, if he is an ex-convict. Think of walking right back into jail to get the other fellow out. That's pretty fine!"

"I imagine you would find plenty of people who would say he was a fool," returned Randolph. "What good will it do?"

"What good!" exclaimed the boy. "What good? Why, all the good in the world—just because it's the right thing! What's the good of anything that's straight and decent, that isn't going to put money in your pocket? What are we here for, anyway? I don't believe in this make-believe reform any more than you do. I know that a lot of fellows holler because the other fellows have the jobs. And I don't pretend to be any moral hero myself; but I do admire a chap that will walk the plank, and chuck the whole game, just because it's the square thing."

"How many big men *are* on the square in that way?" asked Randolph. "I mean the way *you* mean."

"I don't know," answered the boy, "and I don't care. If to be big one has to be crooked, I'd rather stay small."

"Lots of times you can't tell what *is* the square thing," commented Randolph, toying with his coffee cup.

"Can't *tell!*" retorted his assistant. "Of course you can tell—if you *want* to! It's only a coward that pretends he can't. Suppose Titian had been a welcher? Couldn't he have reasoned it out any way he wanted to? Sure he could. If he'd wanted to soldier, he'd have let his brother-in-law stay in prison because he was no good to work on account of his hand, and because if he confessed himself they *both* might go to jail. You can argue a thing so it will come out your way every time. Why, because this brother-in-law perjured himself, you could claim he *ought* to stay in prison. If Titian confessed, there might be no one to support the family. Besides, they had it all figured out once—what was best—and what was the use changing their minds? It's a cinch! But no matter how you argue, you *know* all the time."

"*Have a Light!*" ROARED RANDOLPH.

"I guess you can't *always* tell. I've known men to be up against propositions they *couldn't* work out," said Randolph. "Either way seemed wrong."

"To *them*, maybe," answered Larry. "But not to educated men like you and me—and I guess it doesn't take such a lot of education, either."

"You don't want to be too hard on people," answered Randolph. "Sometimes the price is too much. Suppose, now, it meant a man's *life*—Titian's, for instance."

Endicott smoked in silence for a moment, watching the antics of a gray cat and two kit-

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tens on the roof of a neighboring extension. Then he said softly:

"You know my father died in Libby Prison. The last letter he wrote my mother ended with Emerson's lines:

> 'Tis man's perdition to be safe
> When for the truth he ought to die!

I've got that letter in my pocket, now."

Randolph drank his coffee very slowly.

"Ever been in the South, Larry?" he asked in a changed tone.

"No," answered the boy. "Why?"

"I reckon you wouldn't like it," replied Randolph. "It's pretty dead in spots. Along where I come from, for instance, there's a village of about fifty houses, a brick block, and a wooden court house. The biggest lawyer in the town earns about fifteen hundred a year—paid partly in hogs and hominy. The rest are successful practitioners at about six hundred. Most of the time you spend in circuit, living at hotels that make a Chatham Square lodging-house look like the Waldorf. The wildest dissipation is a ten-cent poker game in the back room of the grocery. It used to be quite a place before the war. It's burned out now. No one has got any money. The farms aren't even kept up. The roads are so bad that the folks couldn't get around to see each other even if they could afford to keep horses——"

"Whew! Think of a real live man like you wasted down in a place like that!" commented Endicott. "You must be glad you left."

"I'm not so sure," replied Randolph, with a drawn face.

Endicott's eyes rested affectionately upon his chief's leonine head, with its long, black locks, upon his strongly marked and still youthful features, his broad shoulders and powerful neck and chin.

"What's the matter? Down on your luck?" he asked with a smile.

"A little," answered Randolph.

"Then I'll cheer you up," he laughed. "Do you know what they say?—That you're the biggest man in New York to-day! The man with the biggest chance of anybody. A sure judge the next election, if you want it. 'A comer'!"

Randolph shook his head bitterly. "You've got me wrong, Larry," he answered with a smile. "I'm—I'm eliminated."

There was a lot of business to attend to in the office that afternoon, and things did not get straightened out until nearly four o'clock. It was well after that, and almost time to close up, when Pat announced a visitor—a Mr. Ketcham.

"Show him in," said Randolph. He didn't know any Mr. Ketcham, but he had a presentiment—a sort of—yes, he had, seen the man before somewhere. There was something in the stranger's insinuating assurance and obvious familiarity that instantly antagonized him.

"I thought I'd drop in for a little chat," said Mr. Ketcham. "I want to see you privately." He gave the slightest suspicion of a nod. "About this waterworks business."

"Go ahead," said Randolph, frowning dubiously. It was coming. He knew it. And this was the slick, smooth article sent to put it over the plate.

"By your leave," said Ketcham, stepping to the door and closing it. He moved silently and swiftly, and his face had the inscrutableness of a dried apple. Then, passing Randolph's desk, he returned to his chair and, throwing himself into it, rested his finger-tips lightly together. Randolph waited, and his eye traveled from the bald head of his visitor to the imitation rubber plant and the inverted water bottle.

Then suddenly Randolph became aware of something lying upon the polished surface of the table. He looked closer, pretending not to. There it lay, smooth and crisp and flat—a yellow-back for—yes—twenty thousand dollars. He felt a quick clutch of the heart. Ketcham had gotten up and was examining the rubber plant.

Randolph set his big jaw. He glanced stealthily at Ketcham, and thought he saw the faintest imaginable smile on his face. A great rage possessed him slowly, and a deep flush mounted upward to his forehead. Muttering to himself, he leaned over and, pulling out the bottom drawer, fumbled in the back of it until he found the indictments. He was thinking as hard as ever he thought. Ketcham had returned from his saunter around the room and stood innocently by his chair. He had bought men like Carter before. Nothing ever flustered him. He knew the game from A to Izzard. He thought he knew precisely what was passing in his quarry's mind.

"Have a cigar?" asked Randolph, holding out his case.

"Don't care if I do," replied the other affably, helping himself.

Randolph stepped to the door and opened

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it quickly. Pat was sitting within plain view outside. The district attorney bit off the end of his cigar, while the immaculate Ketcham fastidiously performed the same operation with a pearl-handled penknife.

Randolph with apparent unconsciousness picked up the bill, rolled it into a spill, struck a match, and held it to the bank note, which slowly caught fire.

Ketcham turned pale and stepped forward with a silent gesture of protest. Then his eye caught the figure of the waiting Pat outside. The bill flamed up, crackling cheerfully, and Randolph absent-mindedly applied it to his cigar. He took a long time about it. Then the district attorney turned to his visitor and held out the fragment of blazing bill.

"Have a light?" he offered.

Ketcham stared at him stupidly.

"Have a light!" repeated Randolph more loudly, looking him steadily in the eye.

Ketcham opened his mouth to speak.

"*Have a light!*" roared Randolph, forcing the burning thing into his hands.

Ketcham took the bill and held it to his cigar.

"Th— thank you!" he stammered.

The district attorney leaned over and pressed a bell.

"Pat," he said in his ordinary, quiet tones, "show this gentleman out. And, by the way, tell Mr. Endicott to put the Tidewater Company's case before the Grand Jury to-morrow morning."

IN ONE SOLE PLACE

By MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

IN one sole place a rose should blossom, now
That thou art dead;
Out of thy grave alone its stem should grow,
Should spring its lovely head;
No other spot on earth
Merits its birth.

And when the moon is waxing slowly bright
I say, Nowhere
But on thy grave should fall its silver light;
And gentle birds should there,
There only, come to sing
The tale of spring.

If thus the beauty of the world might be
Amassed and kept,
Then in that place I think that I should see
Thee, thee whom I have wept,
And, grief forborne awhile,
Dare then to smile.

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The WOMEN of Tomorrow

By

WILLIAM HARD

II

THIS IS A VERY IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

Dear General Reader, please let that sentence stand for the thousand words (much like those of a competent barker at the door of a show-tent) which you usually oblige an author to expend on enticing you into reading his article. Think how much time you save by walking straight into the tent and observing that—

THE First International Congress on Domestic Science and Arts was held in 1908 at Freiburg in Switzerland. It was no improvised amateur-uplift, private-theatricals affair.

The head of the organizing committee was M. Python, president of Freiburg's State Council. Seventy-two papers on technical topics were printed and circulated beforehand. The participating members numbered seven hundred. The discussions developed the characteristic points of the three rival breeds of household-arts instruction—the German, the Swiss, and the Belgian. Visits were made to the normal schools of Freiburg, Berne, and Zurich, in each of which there is an elaborate system for the training of household-arts teachers. In the end, in order that facts and ideas about the education of girls for their duties as housekeepers might be more rapidly circulated, it was voted to establish, at some place in Switzerland, a Permanent International Information Committee.

Thus, in an age in which the productive tasks of the home have almost all been surrendered to the factory; in an age in which even cooking and sewing, last puny provinces of a once ample empire, are forever making concessions of territory to those barbarian invaders, the manufacturers of ready-to-eat foods and ready-to-wear clothes; in an age in which home industry lies fainting and gasping, while Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman begs the spectators to say "thumbs-down" and let her put it out of its agony altogether—in such an age there comes, at Freiburg, in this First International Congress on Domestic Science and Arts, the most serious, the most notable, recognition ever given in any age to the home's economic value.

A real paradox? Well, at any rate, it gives wings to the fluttering thought that theories of industrial evolution, one's own as well as Mrs. Gilman's, are a bit like automobiles—not always all that they are cranked up to be.

Certainly the revival of the home seems to attract larger crowds to the mourners' bench every year.

At the University of Missouri the first crop of graduates in Home Economics was gathered this last spring. They were seven. And as most of them took likewise a degree in Education, it may be assumed that they will go forth to spread the gospel.

Their preceptress, Miss Edna D. Day, who next year will head the just-organized

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Department of Home Economics in the University of Kansas, is a novel type of new woman in that she has earned the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in "Woman's Sphere." She took graduate work in the Department of Home Administration in the University of Chicago and achieved her doctorate with an investigation into "The Effect of Cooking on the Digestibility of Starch." What she found out was subsequently printed as a bulletin by the United States Department of Agriculture.

In the midst of the festivities at the wake held over The Home, it perplexes the mourners to learn that some of those domestic science bulletins of the United States Department of Agriculture excite a demand for a million copies.

It is a wake like Mike McCarthy's.

> Mike was lookin' iligant
> As he rested there in state.

But

> When the fun was at its height
> McCarthy sat up straight.

The ballad (one of the most temperately worded of literary successes) goes on to say that "the effect was great." So it has been in this case—great enough to be felt all the way around the world.

It is being felt in the Island Empire of the East. Miss Ume Tsuda's Institute at Tokyo (which stands so high that its graduates are allowed to teach in secondary schools without further government examination) has installed courses in English domestic science as well as in the domestic science of Japan.

It is being felt in the Island Empire of the West. King's College, of the University of London, has organized a three-year course leading to the degree of Mistress of Home Science, and has also established a "Post-Graduates' Course in Home Science," in which out of fourteen students (in this its first year of existence) four are graduates of the courses of academic study of Oxford or Cambridge.

It is being felt in the United States at every educational level.

It has familiarized us with household arts in the public schools, and we are not astonished to learn that in the public schools of Boston, in every grade above the third, there is sewing or cooking, or both, for 120 minutes every week for every girl.

EDNA D. DAY, THE FIRST WOMAN TO BECOME A DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY IN THE FIELD OF HOME ECONOMICS. HER DOCTOR'S THESIS AT CHICAGO UNIVERSITY) WAS ON "THE EFFECTS OF COOKING ON THE DIGESTIBILITY OF STARCH."

It has accustomed us to such news as that in Illinois there are fifty-eight public high schools in which instruction is offered in one or more of the three following subjects: Food, Clothing, or The Home.

It has brought us to the point of expecting domestic science in all schools of agriculture, and of regarding it as natural for the legislature of Montana to appropriate $50,000 to the State Agricultural College for a woman's dormitory.

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UPPER PICTURE IS A CLASS IN FOOD ADULTERATIONS IN THE HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

LOWER PICTURE IS THE LIVING ROOM OF THE "MODEL" HOUSE IN THE WASHINGTON-ALLSTON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, BOSTON.

It has cushioned the shock of the tidings from the University of California to the effect that entrance credit will this fall be given for high school domestic science work.

We are reduced to equanimity in the face of the fact (which might have frenzied Alexander Hamilton) that Columbia University, through its Teachers College, is offering courses in Elementary Cookery, in Shirtwaists, in Domestic Laundering, and in Housewifery.

And at last, when we see the resuscitated home making its way even into the really-truly, more-than-masculinely, academic Eastern women's colleges, we rush up to the Mike McCarthy of this case and assure him warmly that we were not deceived for a moment by his apparent demise, having just learned that President Hazard of Wellesley College, in her latest commencement address, said: "I hope the time may soon come when we can have a department of domestic science, which shall give a sound basis for the problems of the household."

What does it all mean?

"Fellow-Citizens," said the colored orator reported by Dr. Paul Monroe of Columbia, "what am education? Education am the palladium of our liberties and the grand pandemonium of civilization."

But it does mean something, this Home Economics disturbance. *And something very different from what it seems to.*

II

Mr. Edward T. Devine, of the New York Charity Organization Society, has distinguished himself in the field of economic thought as well as in the field of active social reform. Among his works is a minute but momentous treatise on "The Economic Function of Women." It is really a plea for the proposition that to-day the art of consuming wealth is just as important a study as the art of producing it.

"If acquisition," says Mr. Devine, "has been the idea which in the past history of economics has been unduly emphasized, expenditure is the idea which the future

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history of the science will place beside it."

We have used our brains while getting hold of money. We are going to use our brains while getting rid of it. We have studied banking, engineering, shop practice, cost systems, salesmanship. We are going to study food values, the hygiene of clothing, the sanitary construction and operation of living quarters, the mental reaction of amusements, the distribution of income, the art of making choices, according to our means, from among the millions of things, harmful and helpful, ugly and beautiful, offered to us by the producing world.

Mr. Devine ventures to hope that "we may look for a radical improvement in general economic conditions from a wiser use of the wealth which we have chosen to produce."

This enlarged view of the economic importance of Consumption brings with it a correspondingly enlarged view of the economic importance of the Home. "If the Factory," says Mr. Devine, "has been the center of the economics which has had to do with production, the Home will displace the Factory as the center of interest in a system which gives due prominence to Enjoyment and Use."

"There will result," continues Mr. Devine, "an increased respect on the part of economists for the industrial function which woman performs," for "there is no economic function higher than that of determining how wealth shall be used," so that "even if man remain the chief producer of wealth and woman remain the chief factor in determining how wealth shall be used, the economic position of woman will not be considered by those who judge with discrimination to be inferior to that of man."

Mr. Devine then lays out for the economist a task in the discharge of which the innocent bystander will sincerely wish him a pleasant trip and a safe return.

"It is the present duty of the economist," says Mr. Devine, "to accompany the wealth expender to the very threshold of the home, that he may point out, with untiring vigilance, its emptiness, caused not so much by lack of income as by lack of knowledge of how to spend wisely."

Mr. Devine's proposition therefore would seem finally to sanction some such conclusion as this:

Physical science and social science (and common sense) are making such important contributions to the subject of the rearing of children and to the subject of the maintenance of wholesome and beautiful living conditions and to the subject of the use of leisure that, while the home woman has lost almost all of the productive industries which she once controlled, she has simultaneously gained a whole new field of labor. Consumption has ceased to be merely *passive* and has become *active*. It has ceased to be mere *Absorption* and has become *Choice*. And the active choosing of the products of the world (both spiritual and material) in connection with her children, her house, and her spare time has developed for the home woman into a task so broad, into an art so difficult, as to require serious study.

We have quoted at length from Mr. Devine's discourse because it is recognized as the classic statement of the case and because it is warmly commended by such women as Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, whose skill as scientist and vision as philosopher have made her the most authoritative personality in the American Home Economics Association. (That association, by the way, has some fifteen hundred due-paying members.)

The scales fall from our eyes now and we see at least one thing which we had not seen before. We had supposed that sewing and cooking were the vitals of the Home Economics movement. Not at all! The home woman might cease altogether to sew and to cook (just as she has ceased altogether to spin, weave, brew, etc.) without depriving the Home Economics movement of any considerable part of its driving power. Sewing and cooking are productive processes. They add economic value to certain commodities; namely, cloth and food. But it is not Production, it is Consumption, which the Home Economics movement is at heart devoted to.

This is plainly set forth by some of its most zealous workers. Thus Edna D. Day, at the Lake Placid Conference on Home Economics in 1908, was more or less sorry that "domestic science has come to be so largely sewing and cooking in our schools," was quite willing to look at the white of the eye of the fact that "more and more we are buying ready-made clothes and ready-cooked foods," and marked out the policy of her "Survey Course in Home Economics" at the University of Missouri in the statement that "sewing and cooking are de-

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creasingly home problems, while the problems of wise buying, of adjusting standards of living to income, and of developing right feelings in regard to family responsibilities are increasingly difficult."

To choose and use the world's resources intelligently on behalf of family and community—in this Mr. Devine sees a new field of action, in this Mrs. Richards sees a new field of education.

Women will train themselves for their duties as consumers or else continue to lie under the sentence of condemnation pronounced upon them by Florence Nightingale. "Three-fourths of the mischief in women's lives," said she, "arises from their excepting themselves from the rule of training considered necessary for men."

But what, in this case, is the training proposed?

The answer to that question will cause some more scales to fall from our eyes. Just as we have seen that Home Economics does not consist essentially of sewing and cooking, we shall see that Consumption is not at all a specialized technique in the sense in which electrical engineering, department store buying, railroading, cotton manufacturing, medicine, and the other occupations of the outside world are specialized techniques. Home Economics will not narrow women's education but in the end will enlarge it, because Consumption, instead of being a specialty, is a generality so broad as almost to glitter.

III

At Menomonie, Wisconsin, Mr. L. D. Harvey, lately president of the National Education Association, has established a Homemakers' School. It does not turn out teachers. Its course of instruction is solely for the prospective housewife.

The first grand division of study is The House.

We here observe that the housewife is going to be something of a Sanitary Engineer, since she studies Chemistry, Physics, and Bacteriology in their "application to such subjects as the heating, lighting, ventilation, and plumbing of a house." It is thought that knowledge of this sort "will go a long way toward improving the health conditions of the country."

We also observe that the housewife is going to be something of an Interior Decorator, since she studies "design, color, house planning and furnishing."

She also acquires some skill as Purchasing Agent, Bookkeeper, and Employer of Labor when she takes the course on Household Management and studies "the proper apportioning of income among the different lines of home expenditures, the systematizing and keeping of household accounts, and the question of domestic service."

The second grand division is Food Study and Preparation.

Here the housewife becomes, to some extent, a Dietitian, studying "the chemical processes in the preparation and digestion of foods," and considering the question "how she shall secure for the family the foods best suited to the various activities of each individual."

Here, likewise, she makes a start toward being a Pure Food Expert, through a study of "physical and chemical changes induced in food products by the growth of molds, yeasts, and bacteria," and a start toward being a Health Officer, through a study of "bacteria in their relation to disease, sources of infection, personal and household disinfection."

Nor does she omit to acquire some of the technique of the Physical Director through a course in Physiology bearing on "digestion, storage of energy, rest, sleep, exercise, and regularity of habits."

Of course, in her work in cookery, she pays some attention to special cookery for invalids.

The third grand division, that of Clothing and Household Fabrics, produces a Dressmaker, a Milliner, and an Embroiderer, as well as a person trained to see to it that "the expenditure for clothing shall be correct in proportion to the expenditure for other purposes."

The fourth grand division, the Care of Children, is of course limitless. The rearing of the human young is, as we all know and as Mr. Eliot of Harvard has insisted, the most intellectual occupation in the world. Here the homemaker applies all the knowledge she has gained from her study of the hygiene of foods and of the hygiene of clothes, and also makes some progress toward becoming a Trained Nurse and a Kindergartner by means of researches into "infant diseases and emergencies," "the stages of the mental development of the child," "the child's imagination with regard to truth-telling and

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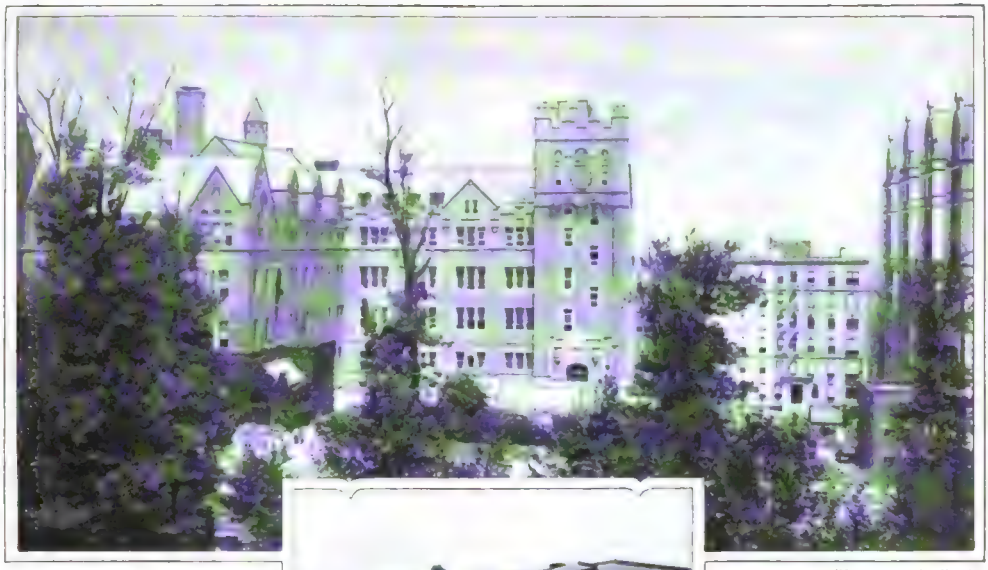

Photograph by Fowler.

ON BOTH COASTS.

UPPER PICTURE SHOWS, IN CENTER, THE NEW $500,000 HOUSEHOLD ARTS BUILDING OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY IN NEW YORK.

LOWER PICTURE IS THE HOUSEHOLD ARTS BUILDING OF CALIFORNIA POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL AT SAN LUIS OBISPO.

deceit," "the history of children's books," and "the art of story-telling."

Passing over the fifth grand division, Home Nursing and Emergencies (in which the pupil learns simply "the use of household remedies," "the care of the sick-room," etc.), we come to the wide expanse of the sixth grand division, Home and Social Economics.

The work in this division begins with a study of the primitive evolution of the home and comes on down to the present time, when "the passing of many of the former lines of woman's work into the factory has brought to many women leisure time which should be spent in social service."

Note that last fact carefully. Home Economics is no attempt to drive women back into home seclusion. On the contrary, it is an attempt to bring the home and its occupants into the scientific and sociological developments of the outside world.

For this reason, in traversing the division of Home and Social Economics, the pupil encounters "an attempt to determine problems in civic life which seem to be a part of the duties of women."

Seventhly and lastly, there is a division dedicated to Literature, in which "a systematic course in reading is carried on through the two years." Indispensable! No degree of proficiency at inserting calories in correct numbers into Little Sally's stomach could atone for lack of skill at leading Little Sally herself in morning strolls through the "Child's Garden of Verses," with trowel in hand to dig up the gayest plants and reset them in the memory.

Which brings us back to the observation that the Consumption of Wealth is a generality.

The homemaker may happen to be a specialist in some one direction, but it is clear that she cannot simultaneously know as much about food values as the real dietitian, as much about the physical care of her child as the real trained nurse, as much about the wholesomeness of her living arrangements as the real sanitarian, as much about music as the Thomas Orchestra,

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Photograph by Stein, Milwaukee.

MR. L. D. HARVEY,
LATELY PRESIDENT OF THE
NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION,
WHOSE HOMEMAKERS' SCHOOL
AT MENOMONIE, WISCONSIN,
IS THE FARTHEST FLING
TOWARD TECHNICAL TRAINING FOR
HOME MANAGEMENT.

as much about social service as Mr. Devine, and as much about poems as Mr. Stevenson. Her peculiar equipment, if she is a good homemaker, is a round of experience and a bent of mind which make it possible for her to coöperate intelligently with the dietitian, the trained nurse, the sanitarian, the Thomas Orchestra, Mr. Devine, Mr. Stevenson, and the various other representatives of the various other specialized techniques of the outside world.

It follows that her school discipline cannot be too comprehensive. No other occupation demands such breadth of sense and sensibility. One could make a perfectly good cotton manufacturer on the basis of a very narrow training. One cannot make a good consumer without a really *liberal education*.

For this reason it becomes necessary to resist certain narrownesses in certain phases of Home Economics.

One of these narrownesses is the assumption that because a thing happens to be close to us it is therefore important. We have heard lecturers insist that because a house contains drain-pipes a woman should learn all about drain-pipes. But why? In most communities drain-pipes are installed and repaired and in every way controlled by gentlemen who are drain-pipe specialists. The woman who lives in the house has no more real need of a knowledge of the structural mysteries of drain-pipes than a reporter has of a knowledge of the structural mysteries of his typewriting machine. The office mechanic fixes all that for him, and, so far as his efficiency as a reporter is concerned, an investigation of his faithful keyboard's internal arrangements would be in most cases an amiable waste of time.

Another possible narrowness is the attempt to manufacture "cultural backgrounds" for various important but quite safe-and-sane household tasks.

For instance, in the books and in the courses of instruction (of college grade) on "The House" we have sometimes observed elaborate accounts of the evolution of the human home, beginning with the huts of the primitive Simianians. And in pursuing the very essential subject of "Clothes and Fabrics" we have not infrequently found ourselves in the midst of spacious preliminary dissertations on the structure of the loom, beginning with that which was used by the Anthropenguins.

Now we would not for the world speak disparagingly of looms or huts. We have ourselves examined some of them in the Hull House Museum in Chicago and in the woods of Canada, and have found them instructive. We suggest only that college life is short, that the college curriculum is crowded, and that (except possibly for those students who are especially interested in anthropology or in industrial evolution) it would surely be a misfortune to learn the Simianian hut and to miss Rossetti's "House of Life," or to get the impression that as a "cultural background" for shirtwaists the Anthropenguinian loom can really compete with Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus."

If this occasional tendency toward exaggerating the importance of drain-pipes, window-curtains, and door-mats were to grow strong, and if girls, as a class, should be required to spend any large proportion of their time on the specialized history and sociology of feminine implements and tasks

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while the boys were still in the current of the affairs of the race, we should indeed want President Thomas of Bryn Mawr to repeat on a thousand lecture platforms her indignant assertion of the fact that "nothing more disastrous for women, or for men, can be conceived of than specialized education of women as a sex."

These parenthetical observations, however, amount simply to the expression of our personal opinion that Home Economics, like every new idea, carries with it large quantities of dross which will have to be refined out in the smelter of trial. The real metal in it is its attempt to establish the principle that intelligent Consumption is an important and difficult task. For that reason it will not only desire but demand the utmost equality of educational opportunity. And women, like men, will continue to get their "cultural backgrounds" in the great achievements of the whole race, where they can hold converse with Lincoln and Darwin and the makers of the Cologne Cathedral and George Meredith and Pasteur and Karl Marx and Whistler and Joan of Arc and St. John.

The woman voiced a great truth who said that the soul which can irradiate the numberless pettinesses of home management (and it is folly to deny that there *are* numberless pettinesses in it) is the soul "nourished elsewhere." Think it over. It tells the story. Whether that "elsewhere" is the deep recesses of her own religious nature or the wide stretches of the great arts and sciences, it is always an "elsewhere."

Let that be granted, as it must be granted. Let us say that there shall be no abridgment of the offerings of so-called academic education. What does a course of study like that of Mr. Harvey's Homemakers' School attempt to add to academic education?

Principally three things.

First: Certain manual arts.

Second: Certain domestic applications of the physical and sociological sciences.

Third: Money Sense in Expenditure (in the course on Household Management).

The last of these three things is appearing in many places. At the University of Illinois, for instance, Professor Kinley, now delegate from the United States to the Pan-American Congress, has given courses in Home Administration for women which he has regarded as of equal importance with his courses in Business Administration for men.

Photograph by Peventer.

MARY D. CHAMBERS,
HOME ECONOMICS, ROCKFORD COLLEGE.
HER DOMESTIC SCIENCE DIPLOMA
FROM PRATT INSTITUTE,
BACHELOR'S DEGREE FROM TEACHERS
COLLEGE, AND MASTER'S DEGREE
FROM COLUMBIA INDICATE THE
PREPARATION NEEDED FOR HER WORK.

At the University of Chicago, in the Department of Household Administration, Course 44 is on "The Administration of the House" and includes "the proper apportionment of income."

The business man says: "My sales cost, or my manufacturing cost, or my office-force cost, is such and such a per cent. of my total cost. When it goes above that, I want to know why; and I find out; and, if there isn't a mighty good reason for its going up, I make it go down again to where it was." Shall we come to the day when in spending the money which has been earned in business we shall say: "Such and such a per cent. to food; and such and such a per cent. to clothes; and such and such a per cent. to shelter; and such and such a per cent. to health and recreation; and such and such a per cent. to good works; and such and such other per cents. to various other purposes?" Shall we come to the day when we shall consume wealth with as much forethought and

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with as much balance of judgment between conflicting claims as we now exhibit in acquiring wealth?

They are trying to develop this "Costs System for Home Expenditures" in many of the schools and departments of Home Economics to-day. They believe that most

We are just beginning to realize in the United States that we cannot spend all our annual earnings on living expenses and still have a surplus for fresh capital for new industrial enterprises. We are on the point of perceiving that we are cramping and stunting the future industrial expansion of

IN SIMMONS COLLEGE, BOSTON,
BESIDES THE FOUR-YEAR COURSES IN SECRETARIAL STUDIES,
IN LIBRARY WORK, AND IN SCIENCE,
THERE IS AN EQUIVALENT FOUR-YEAR COURSE
IN HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS.

people, because of not looking ahead and because of not making definite plans based on previous experience, come to the contemplation of their bills on the first of each month with every reason to confess that they have bought those things which they ought not to have bought and have left unbought those things which they ought to have bought.

But it is not only a matter of reaching a systematic instead of a helter-skelter enjoyment of the offerings of the world. It is also a matter of reaching, by study of money values, a mental habit of economy. And it comes at a time when that habit is needed.

the country by our personal extravagance. We shall soon really believe Mr. James J. Hill when he says that "every dollar unprofitably spent is a crime against posterity."

When international industrial competition reaches its climax, that nation will have an advantage whose people feel most keenly that the wise expenditure of income is a patriotic as well as a personal duty.

But is this a matter for women alone? Do not men also consume? Are there no vats in Milwaukee, no stills in Kentucky, no factories wrapping paper-rings around bunches of dead leaves at Tampa? Are there no men's tailors, gents' furnishing

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shops, luncheons, clubs, banquets, athletics, celebrations? And as for home expenditures themselves, is the man simply to bring the plunder to the door, get patted on the head, and trot off in search of more plunder? We must doubt if economy will be reached by such a route. We find ourselves agreeing rather with the Home Economics lecturer who said: "There never yet was a family income really wisely expended without cooperation in all matters between husband and wife."

The Massachusetts legislature has passed a law looking toward the teaching of Thrift in the public schools. Boys and girls need it equally. And we venture to surmise that in so far as the new art and science of Consumption is concerned with wise spending, the bulk of its teachings ultimately will be enjoyed by both sexes. It will not be, to any great extent, a specialized education for women.

So much for the "Money Sense in Expenditure" which a full Home Economics course adds to "academic" education. The more we admit its value, the more convinced we must be that it ought to include every kind of expenditure and both kinds of human being.

A precisely similar conviction arises with regard to those "domestic applications of the physical and sociological sciences" which a full Home Economics course adds to an "academic" education.

Those "domestic" applications are most of them broadly "human" applications. They bear on daily living, exercise, fresh air, personal cleanliness, diet, sleep, the avoidance of contagion, methods of fighting off disease, general physical efficiency. They all amount to what Mrs. Ellen H. Richards calls Right Living. She would have four R's instead of three: Reading, Riting, Rithmetic, and Right Living.

Now is Right Living to be only for girls?

Mr. Eliot of Harvard does not think so. In a recent "Survey of the Needs of Education," he said:

"Public instruction in preventive medicine must be provided for all children and the hygienic method of living must be taught in all schools. . . . To make this new knowledge and skill a universal subject of instruction in our schools, colleges, and universities is by no means impossible—indeed, it would not even be difficult, for it is a subject full of natural history as well as social interest. . . . American schools of every sort ought to provide systematic instruction on public and private hygiene, diet, sex hygiene, and the prevention of disease and premature death, not only because these subjects profoundly affect human affections and public happiness, but because they are of high economic importance."

A large part of Home Economics is simply Living Conditions. It is simply the lessons of Bacteriology, Chemistry, Physiology, and Sociology about the common facts of daily physical and social existence.

It may very well be, therefore, that what Mr. Eliot had in mind will not only come to pass but will even exceed his expectations. It may very well be that the educational policy of the future was correctly searchlighted by Miss Henrietta I. Goodrich (who used to direct the Boston School of Housekeeping before it was merged into Simmons College) when she said:

"We need to have courage to break the present courses in household arts and domestic science into their component parts and begin again on the much broader basis of a study of living conditions. Our plea would be this: that instruction in the facts of daily living be incorporated in the state's educational system from the primary grades through the graduate departments of the universities, with a rank equal to that of any subject that is taught, *as required work for both boys and girls.*"

We revert now finally to the "manual arts" which a full course in Home Economics adds to an "academic" education. In this matter, just as in the matter of Money Sense in Expenditure and in the matter of Right Living, we observe that the ultimate issue of the movement is not so much a specialized education for women as a practical efficiency in the common things of life for men and women both.

A reasonable proficiency in manual arts will some day be the heritage of all educated people. Mr. Eliot, in his "Survey of the Needs of Education," speaks appreciatingly of his father's having caused him to learn carpentry and wood-turning. He goes on to say:

"This I hold to be the great need of education in the United States—the devoting of a much larger proportion of the total school time to the training of the eye, ear, and hand."

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It follows, then, that cooking and sewing for girls in the elementary schools must be made just as rigorous a discipline for eye and hand as wood-working is for boys. It even follows that boys and girls will often get their manual training together.

It will not be a case of "household drudgery" for the girls while the boys are studying civics.

Somewhere in this article (and as close to this paragraph as we can get the Art Director to put it) the reader will find a picture of the "living room" of the "model" house of the Washington-Allston Elementary School in Boston. The boys and girls of graduating grade in that school give four hours a week to matters connected with the welfare of that house. They have furnished it throughout with their own handiwork, the girls making pillow-cases, wall-coverings, window-curtains, etc., and the boys making chairs, tables, cupboards, etc. Succeeding classes will furnish it again. *The reason why Mr. Crawford, the master of the school, chose to have a house for a manual training laboratory was simply that a house offers ampler opportunities than any other kind of place for instruction in the practical efficiencies of daily living for both sexes.*

The system will be complete when the girls get a bigger training in design by making more of the chairs, and when the boys get a bigger training in diet by doing more of the cooking.

IV

LAST month's article ended with the inquiry whether the new education for home-making would clash seriously with the modern young woman's necessary education for money-earning. We conclude that it will not.

Such developments as the long, specialized, four-year course in Household Economics at Simmons College in Boston are not here in point. That Simmons course is more than an education for home-making. It is an education for earning money by teaching home-making or by becoming (among other things) a dietitian in a hospital, or a manager of a lunch-room, or an interior decorator.

Our subject is not Home Economics as a money-earning occupation for a few women, but Home Economics as part of the education of all women.

In that aspect it does not seem likely to result in any "special feminine education" of such bulk as to withdraw women, in any serious degree, from the general education of the race. This is undeniably true, provided our observations have been correct that——

1. Home Economics is at heart Consumption, and must be so because the home woman is more and more purely a consumer.

2. Consumption is the broadest of generalities, requiring the broadest of liberal educations.

3. So far as manual arts are concerned, the "non-academic" cookery of the girl is balanced by the "non-academic" carpentry of the boy.

4. Right Living and Wise Spending will, to a great extent, get diffused throughout the whole educational system for boys and girls, men and women, alike.

If there remains (and there does remain) certain further specialization which the average girl needs in order to be a good wife, mother, and home-maker, she will get it in "finishing courses" furnished at the various levels of the educational system, when she leaves school, or else (better still) she will get it in "continuation schools" for adults to which she may resort when she is actually going to be a wife, mother, or home-maker.

Why learn really technical specialized things years and years before they are needed? Why learn them at a time when it is not certain that they will be needed at all?

The modern postponement of marriage is here a controlling element.

The fact that in Boston, among women from thirty to thirty-four years of age, 297 out of every 1,000 (more than a quarter) are still unmarried is usually put down to a scarcity of men. That scarcity is exaggerated.

Observe the comparative numbers of unmarried women and of unmarried men in that age-period in Boston:

Unmarried Women	8,081
Unmarried Men	10,651.

Observe further:

The total number of men of all conjugal conditions in the age-period in question is 28,603.

A little work with pencil and paper will now still further weaken the scarcity theory by revealing the fact that in Boston, among men from thirty to thirty-four years of age, 372 out of every 1,000 are still single.

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Social conditions in rural communities tend to approach those of urban communities. Social conditions in the West tend to approach those in the East. Boston is not eccentric. It is only ahead.

"Continuation School" instruction in Home Economics for engaged and married women is a form of education beginning to appear in every part of the world.

But it lies beyond the woman's period of money-earning. How long is that period? And what are the social and racial consequences of the fact that (speaking generally) the more highly prepared modern men and women are to transmit intelligence to posterity, the more steadily do they tend to give their most vigorous years to singleness?

(In the October number Mr. Hard will discuss **The Age of Marriage.**)

I'LL NIVER GO HOME AGAIN!

By ARTHUR STRINGER

I'll niver go home again,
Home to the ould sad hills,
Home through the ould soft rain,
Where the curlew calls and thrills!

FOR I thought to find the ould wee house,
Wid the moss along the wall!
And I thought to hear the crackle-grouse,
And the brae-birds call!

And I sez, I'll find the glad wee burn,
And the bracken in the glen,
And the fairy-thorn beyont the turn,
And the same ould men!

But the ways I'd loved and walked, avick,
Were no more home to me,
Wid their sthreets and turns av starin' brick,
And no ould face to see!

And the ould glad ways I'd helt in mind,
Loike the home av Moira Bawn,
And the ould green turns I'd dreamt to find,
They all were lost and gone!

And the bairns that romped by Tullagh Burn
Whin they saw me sthopped their play—
Through a mist av tears I tried to turn
And ghost-like creep away!

And I'll niver go home again!
Home to the ould lost years,
Home where the soft warm rain
Drifts loike the drip av tears!

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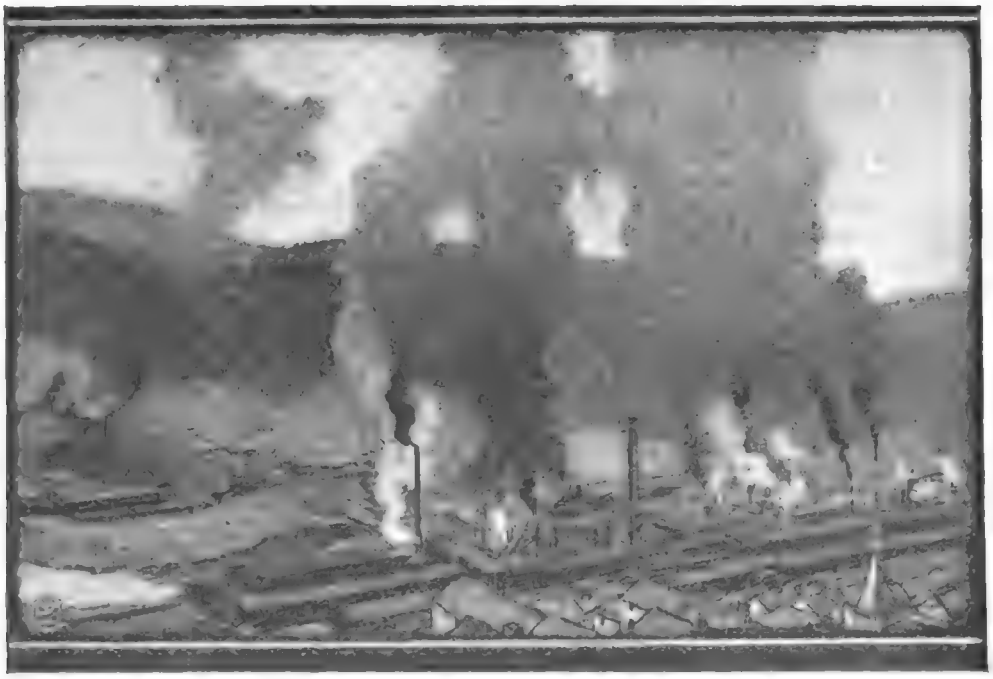

The *Life-Tale* of Pearl Mc Roy

By

HENRY B. FULLER

AUTHOR OF "THE CLIFF DWELLERS," "WALDO TRENCH AND OTHERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS EMLEN MCCONNELL

I

IT was on a pleasant forenoon in July that a little band of pilgrims alighted at the railway station in Middle Falls and requested, with confident brevity, to be directed to the home of Pearl McRoy.

The stationmaster stared at the eager women in surprise and declared that he knew no such person.

"What!" cried the leader of the party, settling her eyeglasses and twisting her elderly lips into a censorious smile. "You don't know Pearl McRoy? Who besides Pearl McRoy, I should like to inquire, has ever conferred the least distinction upon your town or made it worth a second thought from the outside world?"

The stationmaster cast an involuntary glance over the despised city of Middle Falls, whose twelve thousand inhabitants—save one—had suddenly been reduced, by a single word, to insignificance. From the valley below them twenty vast chimneys, all in a row, were belching forth enormous volumes of smoke; the rapid river, discolored by many varying forms of refuse, took its frayed and dispersed course through multitudes of grimy sheds and of grimier tenements; great heaps of slag and cinders rose like a black tide against the despairing greenery of the encircling hills; and the dim air quivered with the resounding clang of toil. It was a scene of swarming life, of most determined industrialism.

"Honest, lady," said the bewildered fellow, bringing his eyes back to the little group

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before him and plucking apologetically at his grizzled chin-beard, "I never heard of her in my life."

"Hah!" scornfully said the second member of the party; she was "still young" and very exigent. "It is like looking for Maeterlinck in Ghent. All the world knew of him except the people in his own street. No wonder the poor man moved to Paris!"

"Huh!" exclaimed the third, quite young and humorously intense. "It's like looking for Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon. 'Shakespeare, my good fellow; you've heard of Shakespeare?' 'Yes, zur; be you 'im?'—or words to that effect. No wonder the poor man moved to America!"

"Well, come along, girls," said the eldest of the three, giving her hand bag a decided jerk; "we'll find Pearl McRoy yet." And they trudged hardily down into the town.

The representative of the railroad followed the first few steps of their descent, and then his dazed eyes returned to the familiar prospect that lay before him. Yes, the twenty big smokestacks were still at it—they had refused to be wiped away. Still there, too, the wide huddle of mean habitations, sheltering more or less adequately those mediocre thousands. And upon the highest and farthest of the hills arose, as before, a chateau-like structure of marked splendor and of more marked incongruity—the choice abode of the few selected souls for whom all the activity and barbarity of the valley was, had been, and was to be. Azotus Hatch brought back his glance of grudging deference from those remote turrets to throw a last contemptuous look upon the three disappearing women. Here they were, entering the very stronghold of that great industrial power, John Robert Thompson, Third, yet the preposterous creatures were ready to make a mere cipher o this notable personage, and to lay all their spare stress—oh, they had plenty of stress to spare!—on somebody they called—how was it, now?—Pearl McRoy!

II

For three quarters of a century John Robert Thompson had been one of the great powers of central Pennsylvania. John Robert Thompson, First, had founded the "works"; John Robert Thompson, Second, had extended them; John Robert Thompson, Third, was now directing them; and John Robert Thompson, Fourth, who was hauling little wagon-loads of slag and cinders over the neat, graveled walks of "Hillcrest," would doubtless succeed in due course. With every new Thompson, the line of belching chimneys had grown longer, the air thicker, the river fouler, the heaps of refuse higher, and the population of striving aliens denser and drearier. Over his long tandem of Huns and Polacks, John Robert Thompson held the reins with a firm and competent hand. He was the industrial, financial, political, religious, and social primate of his town. He was president of the chief bank; he was junior vestryman of the "leading" church. He saw that aldermen did their duty in reasonable accord with the interests of the Thompson Iron and Steel Works. Passing on to the county, he was friendly with the sheriff and had his thumb on the coroner. He had even a few representatives in the state legislature. But he had never heard of Pearl McRoy.

The Thompsons—and their works—were really of national concern. One or two of them had advised, with effect, distracted chief executives; others had sat, with emphasis, on tariff commissions and rate boards. Congressional committees, as the reluctant liegeman at the station well remembered, had appeared more than once at Middle Falls; and queer delegations of Intelligent Foreigners, in hats and coats that richly repaid observation, were always turning up with notebooks and asking to be shown through the mills. But never before had there appeared a bunch of eccentric spinsters on the track of a Pearl McRoy.

The Thompsons had always made a great point of residing at Middle Falls. "We belong here," they said nobly. "What! not stay where we have made our money?" Yet Constance Anabel Thompson was as likely to be found in Paris or in Rome as in Pennsylvania, and the little red cart of her little Robbie had been observed more than once in the Tuileries Gardens, the Champs Élysées, and such like places. But they were all at home at "Hillcrest" on the day when the three earnest women first appeared in Middle Falls; and they were just finishing luncheon at the moment that these devoted souls, with lungs choked by the foul air of Snydacker Avenue and feet tingling from the cinder walks of that indifferent neighborhood, were drawing near the door of Pearl McRoy.

John Robert Thompson had not gone down to the works that morning, and the mail, which

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had been brought up and placed in the hands of his secretary, still awaited attention. John Robert had come back the day before from Harrisburg. There had been some strenuous hours, but things in the end had gone his way; and now he was inclined to toy with his greaves and casque before really putting them on again. A single afternoon spent in the exercise of a forceful mentality was often worth weeks, or even months, of mere routine. He had earned his right to a breathing-spell. He lolled back handsomely in his rich chair, playing with his crumpled napkin and idly wondering how soon little Robbie—fourth of the line—would learn his lesson and be able, in turn, to make a legislative committee look like a pack of two-spots. . . .

III

His secretary appeared hesitating on the threshold. "Whatever you have, Decker, I may as well look over right here. Anything of consequence?"

"Little, sir. But"—dubiously—"there is this, if you care to see it."

"This" was a large brown envelope, loose, fat, and flabby—an evidence, sufficiently recognizable, of the activity of some clipping bureau. The young man placed it on the corner of the disordered table and withdrew precipitately.

The Thompson Iron and Steel Works—a big body full of tingling nerves that ramified all over the state, and beyond—had subscribed for years to the clipping bureaus. No slightest reference to the tariff or to railroad rates escaped notice; every mention of Middle Falls and of Polygon County reached the office and found a place, if it survived winnowing, in the big scrapbooks of the concern. John Robert Thompson kept his finger on the pulse of the press. To-day the press had determined to flutter the pulse of John Robert Thompson.

He poked languidly at the loose cuttings. Then he glanced through two or three. Then he read them a little more carefully. Then he rapidly ran over several others. Then he sat up. Then he said "Well!" with all the energy of his thirty-eight robust years.

"What is it, dear?" asked his wife from the corner of the sideboard.

Thompson rose, clutching a bunch of clippings in each hand. "Constance! Who and what, in the name of high heaven, is Pearl McRoy?"

He quickly pushed aside a spare finger-bowl and some superfluous wine-glasses and began to cover the shimmering mahogany with the harvest of those ardent clippers in New York. "Middle Falls! Middle Falls!" sang every scrap, thanks to heavy underscorings from an active red pencil.

"Oh, John," said his wife, plaintively, running her delicate hand over the laces of her negligee, "I hope it's nothing annoying. It isn't somebody saying again that the Tariff is the Mother of Aristocracies? It isn't another magazine that has sent a man to write about the breaker boys? It isn't somebody complaining about our rebates from the railroad? It isn't more opposition to a state constabulary?"

"Annoying?" cried her husband. "I can't see, yet, that we are even mentioned."

He frowned at her. "Isn't *that* annoying enough?" his expression seemed to say.

He went on mumbling and muttering as he shifted those various bits of dingy paper. "'Pearl McRoy'—'central Pennsylvania finally annexed to the field of literature.' 'Pearl McRoy'—'Middle Falls at last comes into fame.' 'The Life-Tale of Pearl McRoy'—'a young genius boldly bares her heart'! Oh . . . . !"

"'The Life-Tale of Pearl McRoy'? Why, what do you mean, John?"

"I mean some wretched girl in this town has written a book, and that's its name. Haven't you heard of it? Haven't you read it?"

"Why, no."

"Then you have joined a reading-club to very small advantage. The crazy creature is in a fair way to make herself notorious and her birthplace—this town of ours—ridiculous. These clippings tell about 'disclosures' and 'heart-throbs' and 'yearnings' and 'soul-searchings.' Is it exactly convenient, I ask you, that a 'soul' should develop in Middle Falls? And listen to this—something about us, after all; it's from Boston: 'With a pen that seems dipped in corrosive sublimate, she etches in three vitriolic pages a picture of the unlovely town of Middle Falls. . . .' 'Unlovely'? Why 'unlovely'? What is the matter with Middle Falls, I should like to know?"

He strode to the window and thrust aside the curtain. A mile away, Middle Falls, in all its acquired beauty, nestled—a gaunt, dun, smoke-draped specter—in the midst of its panic-stricken hills.

"Is it—poetry?" asked his wife.

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"IS IT EXACTLY CONVENIENT, I ASK YOU, THAT A 'SOUL' SHOULD DEVELOP IN MIDDLE FALLS?"

"Poetry? No; if it only were! You may be absurd in verse and nobody minds. But this is prose—it's the girl's journal for a year, I gather. Yes, 'at last' we have come into 'fame'!"

"Is there anything more about us?"

"Get the book and see."

"'Pearl McRoy'," mused his wife. "Is there anybody of that name here?"

"There's a man named McRoy who is one of our storekeepers. If any of his people have done this, he shall hear from me, I promise you."

IV

It was at about this hour that Mary Ophelia Trask and her two fellow-pilgrims were ending their laborious search successfully on the repellent slopes of Snydacker Avenue. Miss Trask came away from the shrine, hot, tired, hungry, dusty, grimy, and not completely satisfied; yet—as she reported to her assistant in the literary department of the *Orb*, on her return to town—she had found the young diarist vivid, stimulating, and suggestive. Yes, that day in Middle Falls would remain the most memorable feature of her vacation—of many vacations.

"She is a mere slip of a girl," bubbled Miss Trask, as she poked and prodded among her accumulated books and papers and letters, in an endeavor to get *au courant*, in fifteen minutes, with all the shifts and changes of a fortnight. "Not more than twenty.

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Willowy; a mop of old-gold hair; and eyes! —big, blue, hard, cold, piercing. She came to the front door herself. She had a broom in her hand—'who sweeps a room . . .' and so on, you know. She was regal. She received us with a weary *hauteur* that was but one remove from contempt, and I knew instantly that I was in the presence of a genius. She let us sit in her parlor—oh, horrors! But her talk!—that made amends. Every syllable breathed a divine discontent. It was wonderful—and still more wonderful were her silences. She let *us* talk, mostly, and stared in big-eyed remoteness like a being from another world. She is an astonishing creature, a unique phenomenon. Other writers you can derive *from* something, or relate *to* something—at least I've hardly ever met a young scribbler I couldn't pigeon-hole in two minutes. But Pearl! Nothing of the secondary, nothing of the derivative. An initial force, a center of native energy, and wise with the wisdom of the ages. Oh, if the *Orb* were only a daily, I could make her famous!—Now, what, I should like to know, has become of my green penholder?"

"What did she have to say for herself?" asked Miss Trask's assistant, politely.

"Well, there you get me," admitted Mary Ophelia, adjusting her eyeglasses with an excess of "business." "Of course I asked her about her habits of work. She raised her eyebrows and said she 'just wrote.' Then I asked her for more detailed impressions of Middle Falls itself—you know the 'Life-Tale' almost ignores the mere physical environment. She silently shrugged the wretched place out of her ken. Then—for I am no prude—I asked for her further views on—on—" Miss Trask paused delicately and a slight flush tinted the old-ivory of her cheeks. "'Views? They're in my book,' she replied."

"I should think they were!" observed the assistant under her breath, as she dropped her eyes.

"'Well, my dear child,' I resumed; 'you deserve fame, and in so far as I can serve you, I shall. We are only a weekly, but part of us is calendered and we can half-tone you beautifully. Be kind, my love; let me have your picture.'"

"Did she?"

"She closed her eyes and shut out the world. Her lips moved slightly. All was interior: '"I myself am heaven and hell,"' I almost heard her say. She has no need to go outside of Middle Falls—she has no need to go outside of herself. Like all the truly great, she finds her destiny on her own doorstep—yet I should so love to bring her to New York. At all events, it is a wonderful experience to have met a strong and daring soul."

"Then she refused it?"

Mary Ophelia Trask touched her own bosom with a soft solemnity. "I have it here," she said. Then, "Find that penholder, Amy; I'm going to interview her publishers this afternoon."

Pearl McRoy's publishers were interested enough to find that she was the youthful female she had professed to be. Her affair had been arranged altogether through the mail, and the literary adviser of the house had never been quite sure—thanks to Pearl's decisive and masculine penmanship—that they were not dealing with some profligate young gentleman of the provinces.

"Well, suppose we are?" demanded his chief, when this possibility was presented. The head of the firm had led a correct life to the age of forty-five, and now, when the strain was beginning to tell, he welcomed the relief of an impropriety—by proxy.

"'Twixt Devil and Archangel"—such was the title under which the journal of Pearl McRoy had first been offered. If the title was strong, some of its pages were stronger, and even an old publishing house that panted to join the "modern" movement felt that a little shading was necessary. A few of the bolder paragraphs were canceled and a more conservative name was found.

"'Life-Tale,'" pondered the head of the house. "Why do you call it that, Mortimer?"

His adviser deferentially raised a soft and beaming eye. "If matrimony is a woman's future, Pearl has no future left. Her life is a tale that is told. It would take a brave man, after this . . ."

"H'm; 'Life-Tale.' Well and good, if you so prefer it," responded his employer.

But the book, even under its new title, remained its unimpaired self. It was a kind of Trio. Pearl, in proper person, stood between the heavenly messenger and the emissary from the pit, and listened impartially to both. And the burden of her book was this: she intimated that if something Good did not happen very soon, something Bad

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might. She was desolate and despondent and demanded Happiness.

"Such a book will strike a chord," said the house. "It will be noticed. It will succeed."

The house welcomed Mary Ophelia Trask gladly. It told her all it knew. She knew a good deal already. In her next issue Miss Trask gave the first authentic and intimate account of the new author, and printed the picture. It came out "beautifully" indeed, and brought the semi-mythical Pearl home as a flesh-and-blood reality even to the simplest and the most heedless. The trumpets blew. Other notices followed—followed thick and fast. "*I* found her!" exulted Mary Ophelia, and was intensely happy for a week.

V

YES, notices thickened—Miss Trask's half-tone of Pearl McRoy had been reproduced, badly "patterned," all over the land—and

"EUROPE? WHAT IS EUROPE? I HAVE EVERYTHING HERE!"

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they fell in showers upon the hapless master of the Thompson Iron and Steel Works. Pearl McRoy began to loom as a national character, and John Robert Thompson's pride was stung to the quick as he began to see himself for an obscure provincial of the most negligible estate. Each new batch of clippings made Pearl a more commanding figure. Paragraphs had now swollen to columns, and columns to broadsides. These manifestations ranged from the brutal to the ecstatic, but most of them lay in the middle region of the quizzical and the jocular. Yet they worked a tremendous effect. The tourist and the excursionist began to appear in the streets of Middle Falls. The interviewer multiplied; the photographer set up his tripod in Snydacker Avenue. Soon the point was reached when any genteel and reflective stranger would be met below the "depot" by some tow-headed youngster with the formula: "Two streets to the right, three to the left, and up the slope—shall I show you?"

Poor Azotus Hatch, in his superintendence of all this traffic, felt the full force of the new craze. The vestibules of the noon express were always crowded with eager voyagers anxious to catch a glimpse, however brief, of the dun shingles that sheltered the muse of Middle Falls. Sprightly young "travelingmen" would call out to him from the rapidly-retiring rear platform: "Well, grandpa; how is Pearl getting on with her new book?" And more than once, very late at night, the old fellow had heard through the cinder-netting, set in the half-raised windows of the Pullman, some such colloquy as this:

"Good gracious, Amelia! Can't you be still? What is the matter now?"

"Oh, George, why are you so cross? Don't you see that sign? This is Middle Falls—the home of Pearl McRoy!"

Yes, Middle Falls had been abundantly "discovered." The laconic jargon of the *Gazette*, varied and amplified, had been utilized by half the public prints in the land: "Middle Falls, a thriving industrial town of Pennsylvania, and the county-seat of Polygon County. On both banks of the Otter River, whose falls furnish the power for a fine system of electric lighting. Four churches, three banks, two newspapers, and a commodious courthouse and jail. Headquarters of the Thompson Iron and Steel Works and of the Middle Falls Coal and Coke Co. Pop. 12,271." The "commodious jail" had a wide and joyful currency, East and West, but nobody had a word for the Thompson works, and John Robert Thompson fumed.

But he kept his temper until one unfortunate day when he chanced to lunch at a Pittsburg club. He was introduced to a visiting Englishman as Mr. J. R. Thompson —of Middle Falls. There was a general smile. The Englishman questioned each face about him with a look of open wonder. John Robert Thompson felt himself flushing to the roots of his hair, and returned to Middle Falls in a rage.

He sent for the girl's father—yes, it was one of his own employees who was responsible for introducing such a scandal into the world, and for casting such an affront into the Thompsonian face. Timothy McRoy came reluctantly to the private office and spent an unpleasant fifteen minutes on the far corner of John Robert's handsome Persian rug. He was sorry. Nothing like literature had ever happened in his family before. Pearl had lost her mother when she was very young. She *would* write and nothing could stop her. She was a good girl. She was a good housekeeper. She had always been good to her little sister . . .

Thompson, somewhat placated, went home and conferred with his wife. If the girl *would* write, it seemed best to guide her activities into more profitable and less annoying channels.

"Now there was that other girl, last year, who brought out that volume of poems," he said to Constance Anabel. "When I saw she had talent . . ."

"Yes, yes," returned his wife; "you took her right into the works. I suppose this new one, too, could learn stenography within three months or so."

Ah, yes, poor Clara Moore had docilely made her compromise with the world. But Pearl McRoy was cut from another piece, and hurled back the suggestion of shorthand with scorn and contempt.

"What utter impertinence!" said Constance Anabel, on hearing the substance of the young diarist's message.

"I must see her and bring her to reason," declared John Robert. "I wouldn't have this thing go any farther for ten thousand dollars."

"It won't cost you that to stop it," said his wife, sympathetically.

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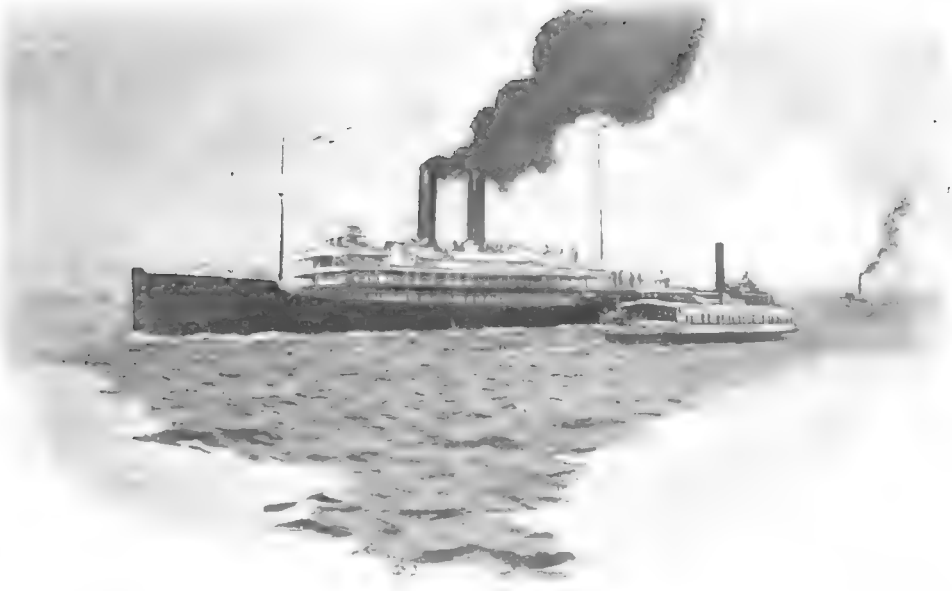

WAFTING INTO EXILE THE MAN WHO WOULD HIMSELF HAVE BANISHED HER.

VI

THE next day Pearl McRoy received a summons to the office of the Thompson works. She instantly became outrageous.

"Go, Pearl," pleaded her father, from the doorway. "For me."

"Go?" she cried. "I have no business with John Robert Thompson. I am not his slave!"

On the day following, Pearl received an invitation to call on Mrs. Thompson at Hillcrest. She was slightly mollified, but still intractable.

"What! climb all the way up there on such a hot, dusty day as this? No; I've looked at that house till I'm tired of it. Besides, Mrs. Thompson has never called on me; why should I call on her?"

Next came the announcement that the great John Robert would call at Miss McRoy's house—it was a mere four blocks from his office. "Be at home, Pearl," counseled her father. "Never mind the woods to-day."

"I don't receive calls from married men," declared Pearl, curtly, and climbed up the cinder-piles into the maple-groves forthwith.

Then followed the patient intimation that Mr. Thompson, in his call, would be accompanied by Mrs. Thompson.

"That might do," said Pearl, and awaited their coming.

Yes, Constance Anabel had come to her husband's help. She had piloted him through the pages of that odious book; then she had shown him how to rid himself of its author and how to reap all the credit and distinction incident to the process. John Robert now offered his young protégée a thousand dollars for a year in Europe. Departure was to be immediate.

Pearl McRoy sat on her horrible plush chair and looked at him as if he were a very small spot on a very distant horizon.

"London, Paris, Berlin, Florence, Trouville," murmured Constance Anabel, persuasively.

"Europe!" breathed Pearl McRoy, from her crimson-fringed perch, with quivering nostrils and thin arms laid stiffly against her sides. "What is Europe? The mere field is nothing. The seeing eye, the feeling heart—those are all. Europe? I have everything here!" She suddenly brought her closed fists against her flat little breast.

"Vienna, Naples, Munich, Edinburgh, Étretat . . . ." persevered Constance Anabel.

Pearl McRoy looked at her visitors steadily, with high-held chin and half-closed eye-lids. "I can do more with a slag-

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heap," she said, "than you could do with Rome."

John Robert Thompson passed out into Snydacker Avenue holding his silk hat against his double-breasted coat, its shining top on a level with his collarbone. He had covered several yards in a slow and measured thoughtfulness before his wife brought him to himself by telling him to put it on.

VII

GLOOM enshrouded Hillcrest that evening, and the next day, and the next. Then the sun burst forth. The Middle Falls *Gazette* announced, in tremendous capitals, that Pearl McRoy, the young genius of the slag-piles, was going to New York. The news was cried at the station, and eager travelers bought copies of the *Gazette* by the dozen.

Yes, Mary Ophelia Trask, having done all that the *Orb* could do, had passed on the good work to the *Universe*. "She is a genius," declared Miss Trask to the Sunday editor of that important daily. "She would make a sensation. Ask her on."

She wrote to Pearl. "Come, my child; my little flat is yours. You need New York, and New York needs you. Come; find your true self here, and find our true selves for us. Our friends will give you a full page every Sunday, and will pay you——" Well, the sum was not only fabulous to Pearl McRoy, but also to Mary Ophelia Trask. "You will gain more in a month than I have ever received in a year. Come to New York; only come!"

"I am willing to look at the place," replied Pearl calmly, and packed her trunk.

Middle Falls read of the reception tendered her by literary Philadelphia, and heard all about the twenty reporters that met her at the Hoboken ferry. Ten days later, in the library at Hillcrest, the Thompsons were looking at the page of indifferent type and of repellent color-printing by means of which Pearl McRoy had laid her first lash on the shrinking backs of the four million metropolitans.

"Poor child!" said Constance Anabel. "I think I see her—her 'finish.'"

"Possibly," returned John Robert. "But it won't take place in Middle Falls."

However, it soon became clear to both that the departure of Pearl McRoy was not the end but the beginning. Her insane vogue was growing by a kind of geometrical progression. Neither absence nor distance operated to soften the rapid and resounding-echoes that were waking the entire land, and to the anguished ear of John Robert Thompson it was as if the very center of the sounding-board were at Middle Falls itself—that is, until the call of business took him to New York.

Pearl helped prepare his way. With an individualistic assurance all her own, she was rebuking and exhorting the town, and harrying and chastening it, and treating it to a series of casual yet constant comparisons with Middle Falls, and not always to the disadvantage of her native place. Now, for the first time, she began to draw upon her early environment and to celebrate the major figures that swam within it; and just at this stage John Robert Thompson arrived in town for an important conference and immediately solidified into a concrete shape for the public eye.

A clever newspaper which supported the faction he sought to oppose took cognizance of him; in an airy yet highly tonic editorial it studied the great man of the small town and touched on the power of the printed word to confer celebrity. Several evening papers took this distinguished cue and printed brief paragraphs that sensibly heightened the visitor's discomfort. At the council-board, the next forenoon, an earlier experience was repeated: John Robert was again introduced as Mr. J. R. Thompson—of Middle Falls. The amenities of club land no longer ruled, and a delighted grin ran round the table. The great financier on whom he had hoped to make a favorable impression took his hand kindly.

"Have you met Pearl McRoy?" he asked with interest.

"I believe not," replied John Robert steadily, but with murder in his heart.

A young secretary, who may have wished to curry favor, threw up his hands to hush a snicker and retired with ostentatious rapidity from the room. A moment later a loud guffaw came through the heavy mahogany panels.

John Robert left the conference early and withdrew to his hotel. What was but pain in Pittsburg was torture in New York. On his way back to Middle Falls he was very morose and irritable, and dreadfully snappy with poor Constance Anabel, who openly feared for his health and spirits.

"I should like to spend the fall in France,"

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she said, leaning back amidst the riotous upholstery of their stateroom (in truth a day's shopping in New York had somehow turned her thoughts toward Paris); "and I think you had better go with me. You have been keeping too close to business."

John Robert thought it over and was glad to acquiesce. For, on his return to Middle Falls, he had found the New York editorial substantially reproduced in the more daring of the home papers. Surely, within three or four months the cloud would have rolled by! A week later they were steaming down the Bay.

As they passed the statue of Liberty a girlish figure, in the bow of a ferryboat, waved a handkerchief. John Robert, moved to an unwonted buoyancy by the prospect of escape, returned the salute. He did not know that the girl was Pearl McRoy, still engaged in her indefatigable researches; nor did she realize that her impulsive gesture was wafting into exile the man who would himself have banished her, and had failed.

WOOD WANDERING

By FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

FAIRY o' the bean-bloom, Fairy o' the pea,
Fairy o' the pink hedgerose, show yourselves to me!
Green goblin o' the grass, limber, lively lad,
Fife up to the wild feet that joy of you drives mad!

Down through the garden, all across the grove,
Fairy o' the pine-needles, whither shall I rove?
Neither hare nor deer am I, catamount nor snake:
Just a wild-wood wanderer—and what's the way to take?

River at the foot of me, restless with his rocks,
Tickled by the white-birch tree's long green lady-locks:
Cliff at my shoulder; forest at my back;
Meadow deep with daisies—what do I lack?

Nothing in the wide world save another face,
Save another cloven foot to tempt me to a race.
Fairy o' the Satyr-wind, be visible to me!
Never man nor woman sees the wilding world I see.

Fairy o' the frail fern, slender fairy girl,
Fairy o' the thistle-down, lead me all awhirl!
You of the waterfall, you of berry-brake,
You of the wet green moss, show the way to take!

What's the world but green and gold? What's love but this—
Touching hands with tendriled vines, giving air your kiss?
Who desires the ugly flesh, when his soul may run,
Clean to the world's caress, splendid to the sun!

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A Successful Wife

CONCLUSION

Chapter 61

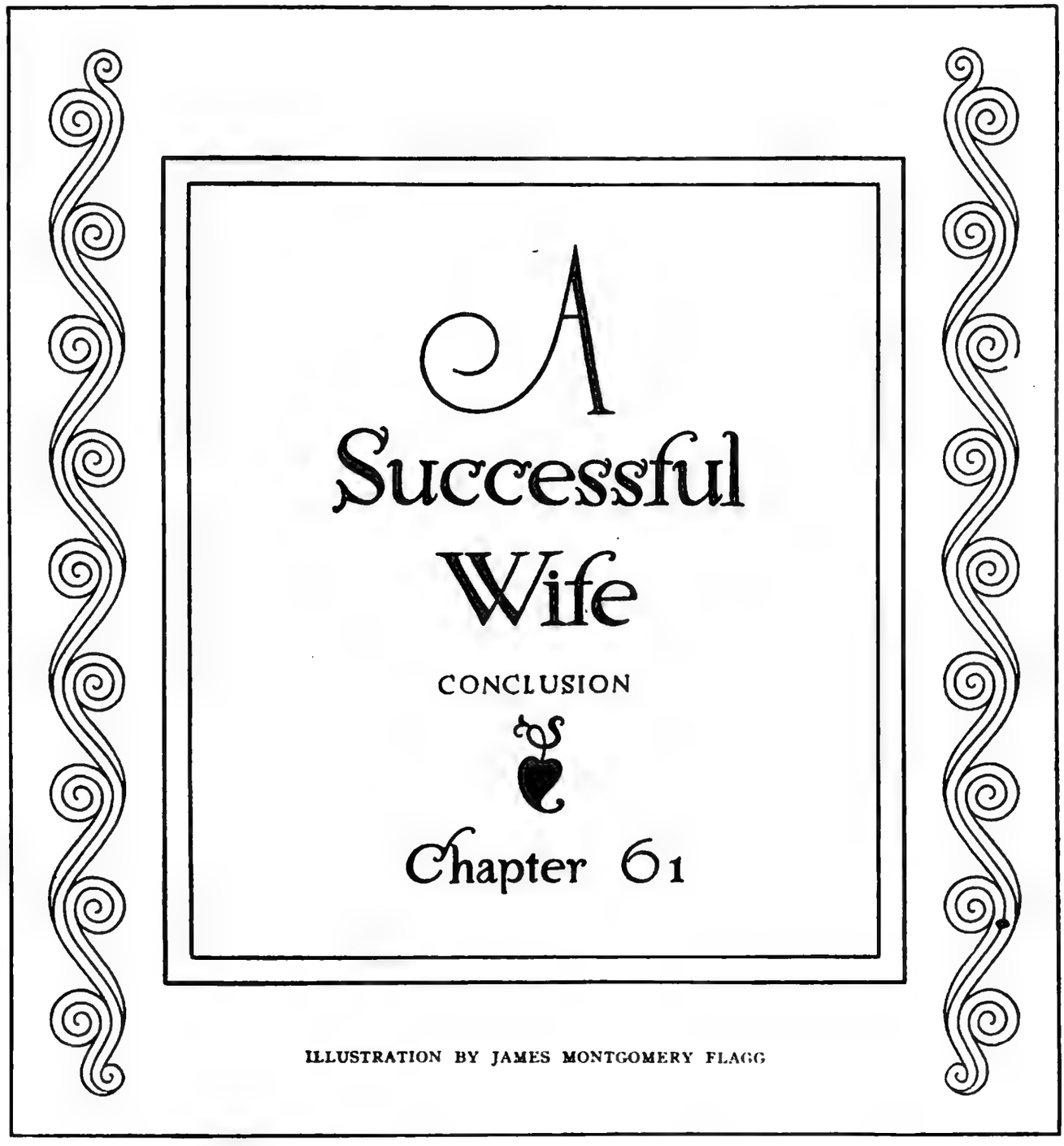

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

MR. BAXFIELD asked me right away why I sent for him. We were at tea in the music-room when he came, and he had run up to see his wife and the children as soon as he arrived, and then come down to me. He had a quick, short step, and a walk that meant business; and he looked fine and successful and poised, and stouter, and fatherly and husbandly. He came quickly to the sofa where I sat by the tea-table. He gave me both his hands, and we got a little red, and he sat down by me and said in an undertone:

"I had been to the Parthenon with a Harvard chum of mine who had come over, and when I came to my rooms I found your despatch on my desk. It brought me a sight of the Nevada garden and the apple-trees—I sent out for tickets for the first ship, so you see I am a chap to be counted on. What can I do for you?"

Well, his face and his eyes were changed—I saw *Fanny* there plain as day. He loved her, he was crazy about her, and I knew that he was dying to get back upstairs.

"You're not sorry you've come?" I asked him.

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"Lord, no!" he breathed. "Aren't the boys bruisers?"

I said to him: "I thought we all needed you. I can't claim anything but just that."

I could tell that already he had forgotten the despatch and everything except getting back upstairs. He gulped his tea down, and Mrs. Tempest came in and I introduced them, and he left as soon as he decently could, going out briskly as he came, big, strong, and devoted.

I hadn't seen Mary Tempest since the dinner and my headache, and she asked me lovingly about it. That was one of the terrible things: she had no idea that I noticed anything. She had just come in from a matinée, and falling loosely in her jacket was the great bunch of violets, the kind she always wore. Her hat was a furry turban, and her hair came out from under it vigorous and rich and beautiful, and her face was fresh and ardent, and she talked to us all about the play delightfully. She called me "Esther darling," and held her hand over mine a great deal of the time. When she was at her most brilliant best, my husband came in. I think I could have counted the times that he appeared there for tea. My eyes were on Mary Tempest. At Stephen's entrance she withdrew her hand from mine; but the color in her cheeks didn't change. She just raised her head and her chin a little, as a proud woman might do when the man of all men came in.

My husband drew up a chair, sat down opposite her, and then, though they were both clever, worldly people, they couldn't help it, their eyes looked—and I saw. He began at once to tell her that they had just held a meeting in his committee room on the formation of a mining bill Nevada was trying to pass, and they hadn't been able to get a quorum. Neither of them thought that I had the least idea of what was between them; perhaps neither of them cared. Neither Mrs. Tempest nor my husband spoke to me, and after a little I went into the drawing-room and I saw two people in the window—Fanny and her husband. They had come downstairs together. She was talking fast and laughing, telling him things—as one does—and he had both his arms about her waist.

Somehow I couldn't pass them; I rather preferred to recross the music room. Stephen was talking eagerly to Mrs. Tempest, telling her things—as one does—and she was listening eagerly.

I went upstairs—I thought I'd dictate some notes to Van Buren. When I went to my little room, I heard voices there. The door was half-way open, and I could see Cornelia standing by her husband at my desk. She was laying down the law—there wasn't a doubt about it. And Van Buren had a dreamy, sort of resigned look; he seemed to like it.

I went into my bedroom then and got my hat and coat and fur gloves, and I started out for a long walk. Nobody seemed to need me, and the couples were pretty well filled out.

CHAPTER LXII

Richard Baxfield had to go back almost immediately, and his family went with him; it was a relief to me when they were gone. There were more rooms I could think in and wonder in, and I missed no one. Every time I was invited, I went to dine and to lunch, and all the time I was studying out, thinking, trying to understand and to be led.

Mrs. Tempest was asked everywhere we were. My husband took her in nearly every time. I couldn't make out how it was generally known or what was known, and I never noticed whether people were pitying me or ignoring me. Mary and Stephen were stunning together. She seemed to complement him. Little by little—though as far as I know I never changed—she didn't come so often; I didn't go there to see her, but then I had not been in the habit of that; and by and by she ceased to come.

I am sure Stephen had no idea how he ignored me. At one time he didn't address a word to me for three days. At the end of the third day, however, I was sitting sewing in my little room. It was summer, the windows were open, and I had on a thin dress—a pretty one, with a long blue sash. My husband came in and threw himself down in a big chair.

"How pleasant this is," he said, "and what a picture of domestic industry you are, my dear."

He was nervous and strained. He leaned his head on his hand and stared at me from under it.

There had been a piece of news in the evening papers, and they lay there; I had been reading, and I knew that my husband was with me at this early hour because he had missed some appointment with Mrs. Tempest, and that he was annoyed.

"You've seen, Stephen, that Mr. Tempest, is dead?" I asked him.

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I FELT HIM CATCH ME—I HEARD HIM SAY:
"ESTHER, ESTHER, MY DARLING!"

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"God bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "No, I haven't. Is it in the paper?" And he took one up.

Whatever his emotions were, he controlled them, and when he spoke again his voice had a strained sound as though he were keeping back the natural ring of it. He never referred to the subject of Mr. Tempest, but began to speak about the tariff bill. He said he had a close decision before him of some kind or other; and when he got up and went out of the room, I knew it was to discover whether she had left Washington and gone South, and whether there was some message for him. He told me to excuse him at dinner, that he couldn't be at home, and I knew that I should have to sit through another long function, for as usual there were to be guests —conscious all the time that the one word in everybody's mouth was that Mrs. Tempest was free.

I couldn't write her—and I didn't. She was away for a fortnight, and during the first few days after she came back I passed her in the street, in her coupé, her black veil thrown back from her beautiful face. It was a radiant face, not that of a woman in sorrow; and in her dress was the great bunch of violets.

Mrs. Cornelia Purchase Van Buren acted very strangely those days. She avoided me, and I felt that the whole world had turned a blank to me, and the best thing for me was to get out of where I happened to be.

One day Mrs. Van Buren came into my little room and shut the door. Whenever she talked to me, she always talked in a familiar, cross way that certain people have who are fond of you.

"I can't keep in another minute," she said. "What *air* you goin' to do, Mis' Kirkland?" She was trembling and excited as I had never seen her.

"About what, Cornelia?"

"Why, about what Washington, and the papers, and everybody gasses about except you."

"You'd better go back to your room." My anger rose at her words till I was afraid that I should lose control. No one had ever breathed a word of any kind to me before about this.

She gasped out: "Go to my room! Lands, I've been there, and there's not been any real joy in it, *he* can tell you. I've been just spoiling to bust out to the Senator; and if you don't, I will."

She was more tragic than I could have been, and her trembling lips and her working hands were so loyal to me.

"You can go," I said at once. "You and your husband will find another place." My check book was on the table, and I opened it. Cornelia's cheeks were like fire, and her eyes flashed behind her shining glasses, and she cried wildly:

"Oh, I'll *go* fast enough, sence you turn me out. But let me tell you that you're a fool, Mrs. Kirkland. He'd orter been horsewhipped long ago, if he *is* a genus. Me and my husband will go." She turned in her stiff, rigid way and got as far as the door.

"Wait until I've made out your check," I said. "I don't wish to see you again." My own hand trembled as I wrote it, and when it was made out, the book closed, and the pen put up, she stalked back to me, and before I could stop her she was down on her knees, weeping violently, as only those hard, strained natures can weep when they let go. She kissed my hands and told me she wouldn't go, not if I was to get the President in to turn her out.

"I jest lost holt," she wept. "I couldn't bear it, with her husband's dying and leaving the coast so clear. Don't blame *him*," she urged (meaning poor, meek Van Buren); "*he* don't know anything about it, not a mite; he's as innocent as the angels."

I was afraid she would have hysterics, and I had to give her my handkerchief to wipe her tears. When I had calmed her down and torn up the check at her entreaty, she rose. Then she announced to me:

"Say, I might as well tell you—we're expecting a baby. And I'm going to call it for you even if it's a boy. I don't keer, and we'll bring it up together."

Under the circumstances I forgave her, and when she went out finally I felt less alone.

CHAPTER LXIII

My part grew less easy. There were so many ways in which Stephen seemed to need me still. Men went pretty nearly crazy over the tariff problem in the Senate, and the House sat all day long and away into the night. Stephen grew more and more liberal in his views, and appeared little by little to be fired by an idealism of which he had until now given no indication. He read and wrote an extraordinary amount during the few hours when he should have been asleep,

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and as our rooms adjoined I could hear him walking the floor and talking aloud. One night at half past three he came into my room.

"I can't sleep, Esther." He sat down in the chair near my bed. He had a book open in his hand, and when he had lit the lamp at my side, and made himself comfortable, he said to me: "I want you to hear this subtle, far-reaching gospel. What a horror it makes the close greed of a single nation seem, with its avaricious doors closed against the trade of the world."

And he read aloud to me something from an English book. His voice was wonderful, and his face, too; and, lying there listening, I had my clearest sight of my husband's idealism and his poetry of mind. Over and over again I thought to myself with a pang: "Gracious, I ought to have let him write his book, and not accept the nomination for Governor of Nevada!"

"Are you asleep?" he asked me suddenly, with so much pain in his voice that I was glad to be able to say:

"Gracious no! Not when there's a thing like *that* to listen to."

"This point of view of mine," he said, "will lose me my seat in the Senate. I shall go in for free trade." He stopped, and when I answered, "I should think you would, Stephen," he lifted his eyebrows and asked:

"Well, *why* do you think so?"

"Why, because it's right, isn't it?"

"You don't remind me of what my constituents will say," he went on, "and my uncle, and that the face of the whole country will be turned against me, and that I am preparing to blot myself out of American political history. You don't tell me this, or that I am a romantic fool."

And by his accent and his look I understood that SHE *had reminded him of just these things.*

He touched the book he held. "This interested you, didn't it?" And I told him that I thought it was "perfectly beautiful."

He went to his room, the book under his arm and his cigar smoke heavy on the air of my bedroom. I liked it.

The following night he left his door open; when he came in past midnight I didn't hear him, for I was sleeping heavily, but once again toward dawn he came and sat by my side and remained talking with me for a couple of hours. He should have had more sleep, I thought, and said so, and he looked at me strangely.

"I am passing through a crisis, Esther," he said, "mental and spiritual, if you like. Sleep and food are as though they were not—but now that you speak of food, I see that I am fiendishly hungry. What do you think you could find me?"

I went downstairs and managed to get him up quite a little luncheon; it took time, though, and when I came back he was lying on my bed sound asleep, the light full in his eyes. I made it dark and covered him as well as I could, and went myself to his room.

For a week neither of us slept between two and four, though there was something on every night in the way of an entertainment. But to these I often went alone, as the tariff discussion kept my husband closely at the Capitol, and when he was not with his party he was with Mrs. Tempest. Stephen grew more restless and more nervous; and what he wrote in his committee rooms he prepared at my bedside. I had the feeling that *she* was against his point of view, and Stephen was so honest and so clear in his own mind that nothing would alter him or affect him, I believed, and I began to see that there by my side he found it sympathetic to carve out his dreams.

CHAPTER LXIV

I WAS sitting dictating a lot of letters to Van Buren when Senator Bellars sent up word to ask if he could see me; and although his visits were no surprise, as a rule, this one was, for he had been very seriously ill, and no one had bothered him about what was going on. This call made me think back to Bracketsville years before, when the girl had handed me his card in her soapy fingers—for he had come on a Monday when she was over her tubs. This time the English butler, Benson, showed Stephen's uncle up, and Van Buren, with my letters and his notebook, slipped out in his quiet way as Senator Bellars came in. He was seventy-two then, and a magnificent old man—splendid white hair thick as a bush, and keen eyes hiding behind shaggy brows. He kissed me; he often did, and I liked it, for he was tender with me, and I could count the times tenderness had flown in at my windows.

"Now tell me," he said sharply, "what the deuce does this mean about Stephen?"

"He's at the Capitol," I answered. "He didn't have any idea you would be out to-day."

"He's making a fool of himself!" Senator Bellars cried. "God alone knows what

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materials have gone toward constructing that mercurial, ill-balanced, talented mind. But Stephen is on the road to political ruin as fast as he can go. Why, he seems to have lost the sense and spirit of the country. I believe he is going insane. I understand that he caught the Vice-President's eye long enough to-day to give vent to some lunatic fanciful ideas that were almost the heralds of a free-trade polemic. You'll laugh at me if I say that your husband is *going to stand for free trade* at this moment of the country's policy."

Stephen's uncle waited a minute, and I *didn't* laugh.

"You don't realize, of course, what this means. He will ruin himself with his party."

I interrupted him to say that whatever Stephen did, he was sincere, and Senator Bellars exclaimed:

"Sincere! He's a sentimentalist and a dreamer. I'm beginning to think he is out of his sphere. Sentimentality doesn't go in politics, or in anything else, I believe."

I said that Stephen wasn't pledged to any tariff platform for his state, and he returned:

"No, not pledged; the industries of Nevada aren't, of course, those that would make the state a heavy sufferer from any tariff bill. Stephen, though, never seems to realize that he is not an individual, but a party, and a section, in a way, of a nation. High tariff is an unwritten law of the times, and every man's duty is to promote it."

I said: "I think Nevada leaves things pretty much in Stephen's hands; they worship him."

Senator Bellars changed his position on the sofa and turned round to me and exclaimed: "You don't seem to realize, my dear woman, that he is going to ruin himself."

I was knitting. I had taken up my work when Van Buren went out: it was a white thing and small. I was helping Cornelia.

"Uncle," I said, "I don't believe you care for Stephen."

Senator Bellars pulled at his mustache and snorted: "Nonsense!"

"You don't love him, anyway."

He growled again: "I love you, Esther Kirkland"—he nodded his gray head—"dearly, and I have had an old-fashioned anger and fury on me for some time." He got out his cigars and lit one. "I've come purposely," he went on presently, "to talk to you alone on this subject." He leaned forward eagerly. "You must get him out of this state of mind. Go at this, Esther, as you've gone at everything else, and save your husband." He waited a moment and stopped, and I knew what he thought: it was strange to see it in the face of another person, and it made me catch my breath. I knew that he thought suddenly—perhaps Esther hasn't any influence with Stephen any more at all.

I didn't say anything. I determined that he should do it all, and I counted aloud as I turned the neck of the little jacket.

He let his eyes leave my face and said slowly: "Stephen, I believe, would never have arrived at this position but for some outside influence. *Cherchez la femme*"—he waited. "I speak to you," he then continued slowly, "as I would speak to his friend, his sister, his mother."

I put Cornelia's baby's jacket down and looked at him. "Speak to me as you would speak to Stephen's wife, Uncle; that is what I am, after all."

Looking at the end of his cigar, he said shortly: "Well, then, I *can't* speak to you." His brows gathered and darkened.

"Well, then, she'll speak to you!" I said "You mean that Mrs. Tempest has influenced him to change his party and his views and his platform—to go on further in his way of thinking than he would otherwise have dared to do?"

He answered: "Yes, since you are so generous as to put the thing in words."

"Well, then, I think she is to be admired for it."

He started violently. "My God, are you mad?"

"Why, I mean, Uncle, that that's just what a woman is for; to urge a man on, to help him be big enough to dare in spite of advantage and policy, and to speak out just what he thinks *like a man;* to change his views whenever he thinks he ought to—to change *his career* if he likes, if he's sure it is what he wants to do—to go back and forth, indeed, and back and forth *until he finds the right place to stay in.* If Mrs. Tempest has done this, if she *is* doing it, why, I think she's a good influence for Stephen."

Senator Bellars could hardly sit still. He was slapping his knee. "Why, you're mad, Esther. You endure the spectacle of your husband's ruining himself with his party—ruining himself with . . . " He got up from his chair.

And I said: "Why don't you wait until you see Stephen? Wait."

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He caught at this eagerly: "I only hope you're right. I only hope he is going through a phase. But his fantastic mind is not to be relied upon."

He came back to me, for he had been walking around in his old excited way, weak as he was, and he sat down by me.

"But you astound me, Esther. I don't know what you're made of—what you mean. You refer to the influence of another woman in your husband's life—you speak of her with a calmness, a tranquillity . . . " He paused.

"How would you have me speak of it?" I asked.

And he burst out: "I say you *astound* me. I don't *know!* I don't know—but when a woman *loves a man*, she doesn't admit or tolerate the presence in his life of another woman."

"What does she do, Uncle?" And as he stared at me I answered for myself: "Oh, I've been wondering hard! She makes scenes and cries; but I really can't see that that does much good. And then she goes away or she sends him away . . . ."

He interrupted me: "Why, you speak as though you accepted the fact for a fact that Stephen . . . ?"

As I didn't answer, he went slowly on, watching my face intently:

"You compliment the woman on her influence over your husband. I *don't* understand you. You asked me if *I* loved Stephen. . . . Now let me ask you——"

But I interrupted him here: "I think I said, Uncle, that *if* he owed his stimulus to her companionship—if that is what makes him, in spite of policy and interest, present his real views to the world—if he owes this to Mrs. Tempest, she has cause to be proud of him, herself. But I don't think that is the case."

My husband's uncle caught quickly at this and said: "You think, then, that he has nothing but his own dreamer's brain to aid his folly?"

And I answered: "I think Stephen is working out his destiny without Mrs. Tempest's intellectual help. Although her husband was a low-tariff man, she is a high-tariff advocate, and I don't believe that she has anything to do with Stephen's state of mind."

Senator Bellars thought for a few moments, then he put his arm round me and drew me to him and kissed my hair. And I leaned my head against his breast as though he had been my father; but after a little while I couldn't help thinking—for I was practical—"If he knew how I felt about free trade, he wouldn't want me here," so I sat up and wiped my eyes.

CHAPTER LXV

Everybody knows the strain of the times during the tariff debate. But I don't think Stephen would have been so nervous and worn out if it hadn't been that his mind was going through a great change. Much of the time he seemed to me like a thirsty man seeking for a pool of water, and I used to wish with all my heart that he could find something to give him peace, no matter what the thing might be.

One day when I knew that the session had closed and that the Capitol was deserted, he didn't come home to dinner and never sent me any word. I had a little dinner at the house myself, and I would have enjoyed it if it hadn't been for my heartache. When I went upstairs at half past eleven to my room, I found my husband there. He had come in early, and had ordered his table and papers put by my bed, and there he sat working and writing. I undressed in the little room off mine, and finally, when he called me, I went to bed, and fell asleep, and he wrote on. When, much later, I awakened, he was sitting there pale and absorbed, and I got up and heated him some clam broth over a lamp, for since his midnight watches I had kept something ready. Then, after he had begun his work again, I fell asleep for good, and when I woke, he was gone. He hadn't been to bed at all that night, but had bathed and dressed, and then gone horseback riding in the Circle with Mrs. Tempest.

I never saw him at all that day except in the afternoon, when I went up into the Senate and sat in the part of the Members' Gallery where there was always a place for me. Mrs. Tempest was also in one of the galleries, in light mourning with violets. She was pale, and looked strained and beautiful. It wasn't needful for me to see her or her me. And when Stephen came in I didn't care to look at anything else, for he sat in his chair before his desk, leaning his head on his hand, and I couldn't but think how unlike the rest he was: he looked so young among them; so slender, with his great dark eyes and his thick, dark hair; and the hand holding his cheek was the hand of a poet, and not a statesman's hand.

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There was a stupid altercation on between two of the Senators, but finally Stephen caught the Vice-President's eye and made his sign and rose.

There was a stir. He didn't say much, but he said it swiftly; and clearly he attracted attention; and his speech went on, still shielded and subtle and hidden like a storm. He ignored the personalities and powers around him; he was making a big preparation for something to come, and I understood, and wondered if his uncle did. I glanced over at the other woman, who sat so beautiful and pale and proud; she was ambitious for my husband, and she was troubled. And *I* was ambitious for him, and I was glad!

When we went out into the rotunda, I found myself side by side with Mary Tempest, and knew I should have to speak. My limbs seemed encased in ice, with a fire burning under the cold. She spoke first, and I was grateful to her. She asked me the name of the senator replacing the senator from Missouri, who had died, and I told her. And she never met my eyes. My husband came out with his uncle, and before they reached us they stopped; then Stephen went back to his committee room, and Senator Bellars joined us. He asked us both if we were dining at the White House, and when we said yes he suggested walking home with me, and he bowed to Mrs. Tempest as though she were a queen to whom he wouldn't be a subject for anything; and he put his arm through mine as though I belonged to him, and we marched away!

My husband didn't come in that afternoon, nor in time to get ready for dinner; and since we were to dine at the Executive Mansion his negligence troubled me. I didn't know what to make of it, for this was something he would not have done, I felt sure, under any ordinary circumstances. I sent word to say that we were detained by illness—a hurried note; and coming as it did—such rudeness on the top of Stephen's new, exaggerated policy—well, I didn't care; I only wondered where he could be!

With her, of course. Perhaps the crisis had come—and without any move on my part they had gone together. I would not send word to Senator Bellars—I decided to wait. Cornelia was away for a month; she had gone to the sea, fairly pushed out of the house by my entreaties. I had daily letters from her—wails of homesickness. I sat downstairs, dressed for dinner, and waited—for what I did not know. At midnight Senator Bellars stopped in on the way home.

"How is Stephen?" he asked. "Is he really very ill? What are you doing down here?"

And I asked who was there at dinner.

And he answered: "Everybody but Mrs. Tempest—it seems *she* had a sudden indisposition, too." He waited, staring at me from under his shaggy brows, and as he did so an anger, sharp, furious, loyal, came over my anguish, and I said:

"I guess Stephen will be all right to-morrow; he's on a dreadful strain."

Senator Bellars said nothing more; he stayed a second, and if he wondered at my sitting there dressed in my dinner dress, he didn't remark it.

It was explained, then: they were both absent—and it would be a scandal, coming on the end of his speech—absent from the President's dinner. The keenest of my suffering was that I couldn't win my husband's love. This night it was impossible for me to seek the room where he had sat writing till morning so many times. And in my little room I took off my handsome dress and let it fall; I had told the colored maid who served me in Cornelia's place to go to bed. But I had to fetch my night things at length, and I opened the door into my bedroom.

Stephen was standing there rigid like a frozen man, and white as the risen dead. He stared beyond me out of his great, dark eyes, and I had the feeling that if I spoke to him suddenly I would break him as though he were a reed; so I went over and quietly put my arm round his shoulders, and whispered:

"Stephen. . . . "

He shuddered as though he were under a spell which I had really broken, and clung to the bed's foot as if it were to save him from destruction.

"What is it, Stephen? What is it? Can't you speak to me? Lean on me."

"Wait, wait," he said with effort, speaking in a high-pitched voice. "Don't ask me any questions. Let me return slowly to life, my dear girl." He found he could stand without the bed's support, and let go. Then I led him gently to a chair, where he sat down. I couldn't give him any stimulants, but as soon as I could I warmed him some bouillon, and he went on in the same queer voice, staring at me and through me:

"I have just passed through the most terrible experience of my life, Esther. After leaving you and my uncle this afternoon, I went to my committee room, and until this moment

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when you said my name I have had no consciousness: I don't know where I've been, or what has happened, or how I got here. Don't be so alarmed"—he almost smiled—"it's all over; nothing but brain fag—not unique, by any means. I expect I must have remained in the Capitol until late and then without volition walked home and let myself in with my latchkey, and no one saw me; but I came *here*. . . . " He repeated the word gently and smiled, and looked round at my room. Then he drew a long breath and covered his face with his hands. He wouldn't hear of my calling any one, of sending for a doctor, and I felt myself as if I couldn't bear any one to come in upon him so.

I helped him undress, and when he was ready he turned toward my bed, and I led him there, and when I had made him comfortable and warm he turned over on his arm and fell asleep like a boy thoroughly tired out. I put on my dressing-gown and waited with the light turned low, as a mother might.

CHAPTER LXVI

THE following day was the last sitting of Congress, and I sat in the Gallery waiting to hear, in case my husband should speak. He had slept late, and I gave him his breakfast in bed; then he had risen and dressed, and gone to the Capitol, assuring me he was all right and telling me not to worry. I didn't worry, even when I saw how pale he was, for he was entirely composed. Mrs. Tempest was in her place too. I afterward knew that she had been to his committee room to see him before he went in to the Senate room.

When Stephen rose there was a perfect hubbub against letting him speak. It was a long time before they would let him make himself heard, and twice he was refused permission. Anybody who wants to read that speech of his on free trade, lanced right in the middle of the hottest high-tariff war that has ever been in our country—anybody who wants to may get it from the *Congressional Record*. I thought it was perfectly beautiful. There wasn't a sound after the first murmur, when he came out so clearly for free trade—by his stand, as far as anybody could prophesy, ruining his chances in his state for any further recognition, and signing his death warrant in the Senate. It seemed, of course, that he handed in his resignation, that he stepped out of politics. But his charm was so great, his voice so beautiful, and his words so simple, so convincing, that even his enemies were obliged to listen.

It was the longest speech of the afternoon, and I watched Senator Bellars as he sat there, his elbow on his desk, his head in his hands, and his eyes on Stephen. He just thought that, talented as he was, my husband was insane. Yet he couldn't but admire him.

When Stephen had finished and sat down, the opposing party broke forth against him in the speech of Senator Hendricks, and it was like turning a battering-ram on a flag fluttering in the breeze.

When I went out later, I saw Mr. Collins coming toward me, and as we shook hands he said: "I have never heard such an appeal to the ideal." By his face and his words, though he was awfully excited, I couldn't tell what he meant or how he felt. And I went home quickly, alone, through the streets and up to my little room, and threw off my things. It was very warm, late as it was in the evening, and I thought that the room smelled unusually sweet. On my table was a florist's box—I saw it was addressed to me. It was a great bunch of violets.

It gave me a sudden feeling of sickness—a faintness. At first I thought *she* must have sent them, and when I saw my husband's card, I decided they had come to me by mistake. I couldn't believe that he would transfer that special order to me. They lay there, lovely and dark, rare for the season of summer, and as I sat there fanning, I got used to them, and to their fragrance. My husband came in later; he had on a light suit of summer clothes, and a blue tie.

"Esther," he said, "can you get ready to start for Nevada to-night? I'm going right out as fast as I can. Collins is going with us. I want to sink in the old hole, Esther; I want to offer my body up to their arrows."

It was on my tongue to say, "You don't want *me*, do you?" But the fact that he had asked me was enough, and the only thing that hurt me in leaving—for I wanted to go—was leaving Cornelia Van Buren.

We got off in two hours' time, flying westward, and my husband was gay as a boy, and perfectly delighted to be gone. When we were sitting out in the observation car, Stephen said to me:

"Did you get some flowers from Pearson's this afternoon?"

"Yes; some violets came."

"Well . . . ?" He waited.

I didn't know what to say—they were so

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personal, so associated, so thrilling to me, and sad. But I could see that he didn't feel it that way at all: that he just sent them because *they were violets*, and nothing more. I wondered what on earth they could ever have meant to him, month after month, on the breast of the other woman. What *could* they have signified that he could hand them now so simply to his wife? And I thought to myself: "I believe there's some deeper reason than I know or see"—he was so clever and so full of ideas.

"Did you want me to wear them, Stephen?" I asked him, and he smoked a few moments and then answered:

"Why, I wanted you to do with them whatever pleased you, my dear girl."

"I put them in water in my room on your table where you wrote your beautiful speech."

It was a fine night, and the car went swiftly through it, and I couldn't see him in the dark, out of which he said to me: "I'm glad you liked my speech. Thank you for telling me. I've been waiting for you to speak of it."

And then I realized that I hadn't mentioned a word to him about his speech in the hurry and rush of getting away, of giving directions and orders, and of the excitement in feeling that he was going with me—going alone with me and far away.

CHAPTER LXVII

We decided, Mr. Collins and I, that not one word of politics was to be mentioned between us on the way out.

Going westward we passed into the yellowy harvest. Mr. Collins and my husband were company for each other. I was glad to be alone, for I was thinking and planning, and those days on the cars I had time to set things in order as I had not been able to do in Washington, when things were going on round me all the time, and I couldn't get near them without being hurt. Stephen had been going on, going on, these years, at a great pace: from a worthless citizen he had climbed to be Governor of the State, and Senator, and I began to see that in my way I had gone along, too.

Before we reached the junction where you make the change for Carson City, Mr. Collins came to me.

"I shall want your help, Mrs. Kirkland. I am keeping his telegrams from him; he has an idea he won't be able to bear this reception and what he will have to meet. He intends, he tells me, laying down political life. If things are as bad as he thinks, I am inclined to believe it would be better that he should do so."

That afternoon my husband said to me:

"You remember the week of the election at Carson City, Esther. There in that hotel, to please you, I took up politics. Now I have been coward enough to fetch you back here to stand by me while I lay them down. I couldn't face what I am going through without you, Esther."

And I said: "Perhaps they won't let you give up."

And he retorted: "*Let me?* Why don't you *know* what we are going to see? I can say to you what I would not say to any one else in the world: the temptation to me to address the United States Senate from the chair I sat in was too strong. I have acted like an apostle, not like a public servant, and I am going to pay for it now."

And I asked him quickly: "Stephen, do you regret it?"

He smiled at me and said: "I haven't sought this, but it came; it's a wonderful smiting off of the chains for me." And he asked me eagerly, as a boy might ask for a lost treasure: "Esther, you *didn't throw away 'Lucia di Siena,' did you?* You couldn't remember what you did with that old manuscript, could you?"

And as I didn't answer, he was too kind to make me feel badly, but I saw his face fall terribly. He gave a long sigh and said: "Never mind—never mind."

I understood him: it was the waking again of the old talent, the real talent, the thing hid under the napkin, the genius of him. It was getting too alive to be killed by his friends and his wife. I began to see the light of it on his brow, and in his eyes.

I can't remember what he said that day about his schemes and his new ideas and his new ideals, and the figures of speech he used about "art and literature," and the things he said about "materialism dwarfing the soul." . . . He said he was "a writer born," over and over again, and that he would "turn like a thirsty deer to a stream and steep himself in the joy of creation." As he said this, I remembered how he had seemed to me in Washington like a parched creature longing for the source. And yet I couldn't get my mind on what he was saying: it seemed too far away.

It was late summer, and the plains were ripe; before we passed into the sterile state,

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the very land seemed aching with wheat and corn. Our train was poor—we stopped everywhere; and when we crossed into Nevada, people crowded down to the station, to the junctions, and I saw them and the freight loading and unloading as in a dream. It seemed to me to be a thousand years since we'd gone East from Nevada, yet it was only three years. But the woman coming back there in that train, sitting alone—Mr. Collins and Stephen had gone forward to smoke—was a different woman from the one who had gone East with Senator Kirkland, and I began to see how very different indeed she was. That woman was an animated Duty, and the one who was coming West was nothing but a woman. And in the other crisis I hadn't known what to do, and yet the right thing to do came easy. It was different now. I knew *what I wanted to do*, and yet I didn't believe I should have the courage. I didn't look at Stephen in the same old way; I couldn't look at him, sitting there smiling and gesturing with his thin, dark hands, without a thrill at my heart, and that and a determination pushed me on to a selfhood of which I was ignorant. It was like a goad of thorns.

We stopped, it seemed for years, at a small, mid-country station called Nutfield, though the only fields were the prairies lying under a pale, tender sky. Finally Mr. Collins left us to see what was the matter, and when he returned he told us that we'd have to go to Oretown that night and put up there, for there was an obstacle on the main line to Carson City, and the train only went as far as Oretown.

CHAPTER LXVIII

STEPHEN said, "Well, one place is as good as another for them to begin in," and I saw that he was horribly nervous and tired. He asked Collins why he hadn't been given the papers and how it happened no wires had been received. And Mr. Collins told Stephen there was nothing for him.

When we got out at the Junction at eight o'clock, there wasn't a soul in sight, and Stephen's relief was keen. He told me afterward that he had expected to be greeted by hisses and to have the people line up and throw mud at him like a band of roughs, or something to that effect!

The streets were empty, and old Joe Bangs's buckboard was there to carry us over town. The only thing we noticed in the way of a demonstration was that Joe's horse had an American flag over his ear! We rattled away through the thick road in the late summer twilight, and as far as I was concerned I had the biggest feeling of *rest* that I'd known yet, in going back to a place. It seemed to me as if I was going home. Firesides had been temporary in my history, and there had always been so many people at them that *my* corner had been out of the glow.

My husband didn't even jolly old Joe: he was silent. His career had begun here, and it was going to end here, as far as he knew, in disgrace. The *Cry* must have had his speech out days before, and little Oretown was as still as death when we drove into it. There were only a few stragglers in the streets when we passed First Hotel; there wasn't a man sitting up with his feet on the rail. I heard my husband ask:

"What's struck the town, Joe? The cholera?"

Joe murmured that the town had gone to Carson City for the fair.

And Mr. Collins said: "The traffic has been so heavy on the branch that the trains have stacked up."

As we drove past the hotel, my husband touched Joe on the shoulder. "Hold up here."

But Mr. Collins said: "No, Kirkland, it seems that the old house has been fixed up for you for the night. Some chap got wind that Mrs. Kirkland was coming, and they've opened it for you."

It seemed to beam upon us from its open windows and doors. There wasn't a soul to greet us; but it stood smiling broadly. It had been empty for a year since the last tenant left—we had been renting it furnished.

Stephen took everything quietly. In the kitchen the wife of the hotel proprietor was there with a girl getting supper. I couldn't wait to get upstairs.

The sun had gone down, and I threw the windows of the west room open and looked out on the plain, where a double track of glistening rails shot out and away, and the stars were shining. The very smell of the West was sweet, and my heart seemed as if it would burst in my breast. They had fixed the rooms next for Stephen and Mr. Collins, and on my bureau was a bunch of white phlox from Richard Baxfield's beloved garden.

Stephen continued absorbed and subdued. Mr. Collins, however, was in great spirits and jollied him up. We were all glad to go to our rooms early, and on in the night when a shutter banged and blew—for the wind rose—I

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went in to Stephen's room. His window was wide open, and the air blowing on him. It was moonlight, and you could see the garden from his room, dark and deserted. Fanny's husband and the past entirely faded away and only this moment was real to me. It seemed to me, fast as things had gone, and big as they had been, that nothing had been quite real in my life until these last few months!

I closed the blinds and made them fast. My husband was sleeping profoundly, his head on his arm. It was wonderful to think how that single man had stood there in the Senate, with a country against him, and talked about his ideal. Whether they liked the pulse or not, it certainly had beaten for a moment through the Senate. And the quiet of Oretown, and its desertion, seemed to me like a kindness of fate, to let him rest here and take a breath before the storm.

We took the first train on west next day, and there were no important stations between Oretown and Carson City except the Junction in the heart of the plains. We were five hours late on the run, and it was night before we crawled into Carson City station.

The first thing I heard as our train ran in was a clash of music, and the roar and cries of voices. The music broke suddenly upon us, the cries were so loud and shaking—it was like a flood that turned its tides upon us and shook us to our foundations. The sea-like sound and the hurricane came surging to our car; the first thing I knew the windows were full of faces and the car filled up, and people were carrying banners and wearing rosettes on their coats. There was something terrible about it to me, and overpowering—we had had the car to ourselves, and Stephen had been sitting alone near the end. I saw him rise and stand—and the people surged round him, and I saw him no more.

Seth Collins and Colonel Amos Babcock, president of the Carson City Central Bank, were at my side, and Mr. Collins said:

"They've got him, Mrs. Kirkland; you'll have to give him up to them; he belongs to Nevada! We'll look out for you."

One either side of me, they led me through the crowd, through the station, gleaming with lights and resounding with shouts. There was a landau waiting, decorated with flags and flowers, and we made our way through the living sea. I was put into the carriage, and they got in after me.

"Look, look!" Colonel Babcock said. "They're carrying him on their shoulders. Can you see him? There, under the banner, by that group of torches . . . "

There was a big square of lights, and the faces were lit up by the flames. I could see my husband high on their shoulders; his head was bare, and he was speaking. Then he disappeared with the torches and the lights, and above the murmurs and cries I heard the ringing of the church bells.

Colonel Babcock said: "You're not frightened, are you, Mrs. Kirkland?"

I just shook my head, and Mr. Collins said: "Mrs. Kirkland isn't the kind, Colonel, to be frightened." And he told me that all along the journey he had known what the sentiment was. "And I won't say," he laughed, "that perhaps it *didn't* get its start right from Washington. I won't say that there hasn't been a sort of train laid by us fellows, ever since your husband became so idealistic."

We passed under the banners and arches of flags, and by the side of our carriage the band walked, playing "Marching through Georgia."

I asked Colonel Babcock: "Has Nevada gone free trade with Stephen?"

And he exclaimed: "Free trade, my dear lady? I don't think Nevada knows what it means! We're a country of mines and gold, very sterile and yet rich. We can afford some ideals; we really ought to be a territory and not a state; at any rate, *it's the man* they're going for! They want Steve Kirkland, policy or no policy; they'll follow him where he goes. Look," he pointed to a banner that hung so low it nearly touched our horses' ears. There were two faces, Stephen's and Seth Collins's; it read:

For President, Stephen Kirkland
Liberal and Honest Politics
For Governor, Seth Collins

CHAPTER LXIX

We had been back in Oretown in the dear old house ten days. After the demonstration, as soon as we could steal my husband away, we returned for a breathing spell to the smaller town, where we could rest. Stephen was worn out, the demonstration had "touched him profoundly, overwhelmed him, gone down into his soul," he said. "To hear the voices of your fellow-beings crying your name in affection, enthusiasm, and praise . . . Why, don't listen to any man who

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tells you he is deaf to such sounds, Esther—they are sublime!" That was the night at the hotel in Carson City—when we reached our rooms at last, and he put his head down on the table and stayed so, his face buried, for quite a while.

Out at Oretown he slept for the first few days—then later went into the garden and read there in the arbor; and one afternoon, when he lingered, I found him fishing 'way up the creek.

He was himself again, and that evening when he went to his room I followed him, for *I thought that the time had come.*

"You feel rested now, Stephen, don't you?"

And he exclaimed: "I feel new-born, my dear girl—like a child in a new universe. Ever since I touched the West this time, golden doors have opened. I have gone into an El Dorado out of which, please Heaven, I shall never come."

He sat down on the window sill, his head against the light. There were whittlings over at the fireplace and on the floor: he had opened a whole bunch of pencils and held them bristling in his hand.

"It's astounding, Esther, how we go on from phase to phase in life, to find each vital to us and immutable, until the next comes and we lay our old shells down and gaze in amazement at the new self, dazzled (if we would only confess it) by the new luster on our new wings. It's right this should be so; otherwise we would not work for each illusion, delusion, inspiration, renaissance—as you will."

His face clouded, and he stopped, for he saw an expression on my face which for once he did not understand.

"What is it, Esther? You've got some thing to say to me?"

"Yes, Stephen. I've decided to go out to my brother, in Samoa."

He turned pale even in the flushing light that fell on him with the sunset.

"I don't follow you, my dear girl"—then he stopped. "That's not *quite* sincere! I suppose I *do* know what you mean. . . . "

His saying this gave me courage. "I've stayed on and on, Stephen, till now, ever since Albany, because I thought you needed me."

"I need you now."

But I shook my head.

"Why not, pray?"

"Because you've found your balance. You are a great man. The country has proved how it regards you."

He looked down at his pencils and passed his hand across his brow, and started to speak, then put out his hand to take mine. I gave it him—he held it, then let it fall.

"If I began to ask your forgiveness, Esther, I'd have to go back to Wall Street, when I first asked you to lead my miserable steps—when I began to lean on your kind shoulder——"

"Don't begin, Stephen; it's not that I ever wanted."

And he nodded slowly: "I know you well enough never to have begun." And he went on: "If it's any satisfaction to hear me say that no chap has ever paid *in his own mind* more fully for his weakness——"

"You're not weak, Stephen, and I don't like to hear you say so. Just let everything lie as it is—as it has been—without blame."

He asked quickly: "And you go to Samoa?"

"Yes."

I waited so long here that my heart grew cold. I saw myself take the train from the Junction, take the ship—and Stephen return to Washington alone.

"You've been unhappy, then?" he said at length. "You've stood by me through the long day and been unhappy yourself, Esther?"

And I said: "If you had asked me this out here in Oretown before we went East, I couldn't have answered as I can now. I was too absorbed in your career—in your life—in your struggle, to know or think how *I* felt."

"Well—well—and you no longer *are* absorbed in these things?"

"No—not so that I can't feel—and *know* that I am feeling——"

He glanced at me quickly with his great eyes.

"I think my courage has given out, Stephen," and I tried to say it lightly, and to smile.

He covered his face with his hand a minute, then exclaimed angrily: "This is all nonsense—all nonsense; ridiculous!" And as quickly he changed his tone and half cried: "A man with a temperament like mine should never marry."

"Don't say that, Stephen. He should marry the right woman."

"God!" he exclaimed fiercely. "To have her leave him at the turning point of his career?—at the crisis of his life?"

"No, no!" I said. "Stephen, you've

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passed all those points; you're at the top. And you must not go on with the wrong woman."

He repeated the words: "The wrong woman!" and said violently: "You take leaving your husband as if he were a house you wanted to leave and re-let! Do you realize what such a scandal would be?"

"Not as I plan," I answered. "I shall go away and, little by little, when I don't return, you can call it desertion and get a divorce."

"And what then?"

"You can marry Mary Tempest."

He jumped up, thrust his hands in his pockets, looked at me hard, then cried: "Mary Tempest! Not if she were the last woman on God's earth!"

I waited.

"She hasn't one sincere conviction, one high-minded ideal—I don't care"—he exclaimed at me as though I were urging him to an unpleasant duty—"if I never lay eyes upon her again."

But at his mention of her—or my mention of her—the long pent-up anguish of years, the long strain of my life as an unsuccessful wife burst on me as if I had been a crumbling rock too long beaten by the waves. I went all to pieces then and there. I felt the stone in me which no hands had ever rolled away and no grief melted—melting now—dissolving now, and I remembered, too, that my husband had never seen me cry.

"I can't stand it any longer, Stephen. . . ."

"Stand what, pray?"

In his way he was as hard as I.

" . . . Being an utter failure!"

"I don't think people would agree with you. You've brought me from being a degenerate citizen to what the world would call Success."

"Yes—as far as you are concerned, but—what about me?"

I had always been able to meet his eyes, and I knew them well: how they widened like a boy's at times, and crinkled up at the corners when he was amused, and their look of tragedy. Now I couldn't see how they looked, for mine were blind.

As we faced each other silently, I knew that he was going over his past—and the nights and days must have been many in which Esther Kirkland had no part. I wanted to say: "To be a successful wife a woman must fill the man's every need, and I haven't done that." But I knew my words would tangle up in tears.

I went to the bureau and took out a parcel and gave it to him—laid it in his hands, still without meeting his eyes.

"You asked for it in the train, Stephen—but I waited to see how you took Carson City and all——"

And my husband opened the old manuscript which I had picked up off the floor in Washington Square. He turned it over, tore off the wrapping, went back to the window seat, and sat down again, his drama in his hands, and began to turn the pages. Then I could look at him. His face was radiant—he exclaimed as a boy might who comes upon hidden treasure for which he had been digging against all the wise heads' advice. He read some lines aloud and laughed:

"Gad! Why, it's the real thing, Esther; it's all right—the real thing. Listen . . . I had clean forgotten this line—it's miles above the public—*of course* it was refused. It's crude and young, and needs rewriting from start to finish, but it's the real thing!"

He handled it as if it were precious, absorbed himself in it, and I watched him in the west window, the sunset back of him. I thought I'd go then and leave him so—with his book; but at the door I remembered a letter. I had carried it about in my pocket all day—since morning, and wouldn't give it to him—a letter from Washington in black-bordered paper—and he glanced up as I put it in his hands.

"It came this morning."

"Did it?" he answered indifferently, and laid it down on the window sill. "Where did you find it, Esther?"

"On your study table with the newspapers."

"No—no, I mean 'Lucia di Siena.'"

I told him.

"It was like you, my dear girl, to keep it for me; you don't know what you have given me back, Esther: inspiration, ambition, youth, and my art." He repeated the words "my art," and rolled up the manuscript and held it in his slender hands.

"I am not a financier nor a politician; I am a writer born, by nature and temper—fatally, terribly, miserably a writer—nothing else in the world." He asked me if there were any cigars and matches, and when I said no, he said: "Never mind—never mind, it's only a habit to want to look at new schemes, new ideals through smoke—let it go. I'll look at these heavenly visions through clear atmosphere." He touched the manuscript tenderly, as though it had life, and I

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saw that the few pages enfolded for him now all the world.

"Every beautiful island in the Aegean Sea calls me—every azure coast I have purposely avoided because I was afraid to touch shore with my dreams now calls me. I can afford to dream. I will build a pink villa on Como with ilex and cypress alleys, and steep my soul in the ideal—I shall make my mark yet, my dear girl. *I shall make my mark!*"

I believed him. It did not seem to me the ravings of a vain idealist—it seemed true. I believed him; I knew him, and that he had found his road at last. And the manuscript in his hand became a real thing to me—a live, real thing—more real, more *true* than anything that had been in his life, or come between us yet—and the thought that he was complete without me and *didn't need me*, broke my heart. The next thing I knew I was just clinging to him. . . .

" . . . *Stephen! Not without me! Can you do it without me?*"

I felt him catch me—I should have fallen—I heard him say: "Esther, Esther, for God's sake, my darling!" *I heard him say those words.*

I didn't cry long, but it must have been a great storm, for I was shaking with it, and he carried me like a child and laid me on the bed; and when I had calmed he was kneeling by my side.

"You're ill—worn out. What is the matter, Esther?"

"You didn't know I could cry, did you, Stephen?"

"Why, now you speak of it, it *is* a revelation; but I think I rather like it." He had both my hands. "Why did you cry like that? Why did you say those things to me before you gave me back my book?"

His face had a wonderful look upon it of gladness and power in spite of tears, and it wasn't his art, either, that caused it—it was the same light that had begun to shine long ago, when I brought him down the green umbrella in Wall Street—it had shone on me again in Washington—it shone on me now, and I saw it through my tears.

"Esther," he said in the voice I had thought so beautiful when I heard him plead in the Senate, "Esther, your weeping as you did—what you've said—makes me dare to think you've forgiven me—haven't you—haven't you?"

"That's not the word, Stephen."

"If I am mistaken, then don't tell me; but if what I think is true—what I would rather have than fame or life—tell me so—tell me so, my dear girl . . . "

And then when of all moments I should have been strong to answer him there was only the foolish weakness of tears in me. I controlled my voice, though, when it threatened to break and fail me. I remembered the words he had used about himself:

"Stephen—I'm jealous—that's all—fatally, miserably, terribly *jealous*—I can't bear it—I can't——"

And he seemed to like this as he had liked my tears.

He had lifted my hands and laid them in his on his breast. "I must say it's your own fault, my dear girl, if you are—or ever have been jealous. I know it now. I have known it for some weeks—but that's neither here nor there; all I see or know is that you couldn't *be* jealous unless what I think is true." I suppose he saw, too, that I wouldn't speak yet, that I wanted him to go the whole way. "I mean, my darling, that you're *in love.*" . . .

"That's true, Stephen—*miserably—terribly* true!"

I could hear his heart beat, I saw his face as my heart had ached to see my husband's face.

"My dear girl, . . . it's a trouble you don't have to bear alone."

He kissed me—then he gave a cry like that of a thirsty man who has found the Source and tasted Life there, and he caught me to him and I kissed him and called him "*Stephen, Stephen,*" over and over again, and it was as if I had said his name for the first time. . . .

THE END.

We are beginning to understand politics; and in our eagerness we have neglected business. Not the machinery of any one kind of business, but the big converging forces that are coming to a focus in Wall Street. Lincoln Steffens foresees in the movement an anomalous sovereignty—bigger than anything in the country, not excepting the Government. *See "IT," page 291.*

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The Greedy Game of Getting Things Through

By

FRANKLIN CLARKIN

ON this night the chief of the United States Customs Secret Service in Paris did not go to bed. He sat in his study sorting and docketing papers, resorting and redocketing, with nervous unprecision. For many months he, the captain of spies, had been himself under espionage; and at the side of his desk lay a pile of despatches from the Treasury Department at Washington.

They were reproachful, challenging, almost accusatory: Smuggling from France to New York had been increasing—what was he doing? He had made many replies. One was: "No human agency can stop the smuggling of precious stones, for not even money itself is done up in so small a parcel." Another excuse was this: "So long as women wish for finery they won't lack the wit to get it through."

Despite these philosophizings, heckling did not cease. And now he had come to despair, and complained of being "hounded." The captain of spies could not endure the surveillance and suspicion which it was his business to exercise toward others! So, at two o'clock in the morning, his papers in order, he took from a drawer a pistol, and aimed it at his heart.

When a servant came in at daylight to deliver a cablegram, the captain of spies was bent over his desk, head on his arms, rigid and still. The message said: "Official inquiry concluded—you were acquitted—congratulations."

Never now will be revealed what the testimony had been. For the Customs Secret Service is as privy and "underclosed" as that of Diplomacy, and official information of the workings of its espionage is not obtainable. You may only know that its agents are in every capital, their furtive eyes upon all exporters—jewelers, milliners, tailors, furriers—and upon all luxurious traveling Americans.

Smuggling itself being not only cheating but lying, and not only cheating and lying but, as defined by law, "indirect larceny," and so, a felony—secret agents employ any opportunist means to circumvent it. By which it is meant that they have to make a coadjutor of envy, or jealousy, or spite, or malice; and is anything, unless it be the traffic itself, more repugnant than that necessity? Sometimes that necessity is likened to fighting fire with fire.

It is all, in these days, a miserable business; yet there is this to be said: the Customs

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spy, while his methods may be disagreeable, is, when loyal, serving Government, not stealing from it. The worst of his side of the story is that now and then one forswears himself to enter into collusion with the smuggler to commit a fraud against revenues which sustain the Government we all must have over us, and of which we are each a part.

When Austen F. Montayne, agent for a silk importer, was convicted of smuggling and sent to Blackwell's Island, he offered to aid the Secret Service. Bitter against those who had nefariously employed him, he declared that systematic smuggling was being carried on by confederacy between importers and Customs men. His application to President Roosevelt for a pardon was referred to Loeb, at that time Secretary to the President. Pardon was denied, but his prison term had about expired, and Loeb kept in touch with him. It wouldn't be very far wrong if one should say that what the President and his secretary learned was the reason the collectorship went to Loeb, under whose administration dues collected have increased by an average of $1,000,000 a week.

It takes serious labor and steady patience to get the evidence which will convict. "We have had to shadow many a professional smuggler for months, even years," a secret agent lately told me. "I remember a man we followed from Paris to Geneva, Geneva to Milan, Milan to Naples, and back home again, several trips. He used to jest about it with us, in great assurance and good nature. He reminded me of the *banditti* in Italy who, with a price on their capture dead or alive, would amuse themselves by appearing at masked balls, dance with noble ladies, and then at dawn be back at their rendezvous to hold up some sleepy guest on his way home. One night we surrounded a little old cottage on Washington Heights and captured a trunkload of merchandise—but the smuggler escaped. At last we began to trail the official Customs trailers we sent after him. By that means we got him, but had to make the charge bribery and collusion."

In the past year certain memoranda found under the dead hand of the captain of spies in Paris were of particular assistance when the new Collector of the Port of New York took up, as his main task, "making smuggling odious."

It had not really become popular, for that would mean that the people sanctioned it, as in old times; but it certainly had become aristocratic—this cheating a government of its law-made dues. It was nearly as neat a game as swearing off taxes, or claiming a residence which is really not one's own. Many an otherwise respectable citizen thought nothing of evading Customs imposts—or, if he did, excused himself to his conscience by the irresponsible explanation that "imposts are too high," or that "other means of revenue should be provided." Some quoted campaign catch-words such as "license to steal," "tariff-made trusts," "protection-built fortunes." One Customs agent remarked:

"Numerous persons dining to-night at Del's or Sherry's or the Plaza, or giving elaborate entertainments at luxurious houses, have wrung automobiles and opera boxes out of the legal dues they owed the Government. In time of war, they very likely might be the first to offer their money, and some of them their lives. In peace they will conspire along with tailors and valets in the noble work of sneaking their foreign clothes or gimcracks past the Custom House, going to the trouble of using a small port—Providence, or Philadelphia, or Baltimore, or Charleston—where inspectors are apt to know least of the artifices of such patriots.

"Lately there was a case in point. The man is a personage; he has riches and 'Southern family,' which is feigned to be better than Northern family. Well, this excellent man, getting his clothes through by way of Baltimore, where it was easier to escape duty, was caught. 'How awkward!' he grieved; 'it's the fault of my valet; I'll dismiss him!' They always put it off on somebody else, or upon not knowing what is dutiable, although they go back and forth year after year and always see our regulations."

Two of the sensations of this summer were the seizure of undeclared foreign-bought valuables in the baggage of a Colonial Dame of Philadelphia, and in that of an ex-Governor of New Hampshire.

Men who bear arms for a nation render services that are regarded as impulses of patriotic zeal, and their pay counts as the tribute of national gratitude. No crime is so atrocious to soldiers as to betray the power that employs them. They, you would expect, would be unable to distinguish between their country's laws, or their country's needs.

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"Yet they have shown a tendency to consider customs evasion as one of the perquisites of arms," relates a member of the Customs staff. "I need mention but one incident. I knew in the Cuban war a most brave and spirited officer. He ran his torpedo boat up a narrow river one day, scouting over mines and under guns. He himself was wounded, and an ensign killed. They wrapped the boy in the flag he had died for. His life for the flag, and at last the flag covering gently the dreadfully torn heart—the funeral scene in the little church at Key West stirred me; and I envied the officer standing by the boy's bier for his own wound and the scar he would wear forever. This officer recently married rich, and was no longer dependent upon his navy pay. But one night he, who could venture splendidly in his country's cause, was caught sneakingly cheating his country's laws for a dozen cases of champagne. As he bore each case ashore, I suppose it pressed upon that noble scar under his coat."

When the new Collector came in, the first curiosity he met with was that "those who had made fortunes by reason of high and protective tariff" were most unscrupulous in evading on their own luxuries or necessities the tax imposed. Tariffs were made for their profit, not their loss. Pittsburghers, he found, residents of the greatest of protection-built cities, were the worst offenders.

It is a mocking spectacle—swollen tariff-born fortunes in skulking evasion of the mother that coddled them!

Iron ore being protected by 11 per cent. duty, pig iron 12.98 per cent., and manufactures of iron 41.88 per cent., L. Lanstorf of Milwaukee accumulated enormous holdings of ore lands in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Michigan, and was enabled to leave his family exceedingly wealthy. A few months ago his widow and daughters came down the gang plank of the *Amerika*, followed closely by a Customs inspector who had observed at Quarantine that they had declared only $100 worth of dutiable goods—the amount allowed free entry. At the pier one of the daughters greeted a young man who had come to welcome her, and tossed to him a baby lamb coat. There came the hoary old explanation: "Why, it is an old coat purchased on this side, and only repaired abroad!" Under the lining the inspector found the foreign maker's label.

From the trunks pieces of silk, laces, made-up gowns were lifted, all of foreign make. When the three women were told that their persons would have to be searched, Mrs. Lanstorf protested. "You are subjecting us to humiliation. We are willing to pay the duty—we didn't understand." Two women inspectors, taking them back to their suite on the ship, compelled them to undress. Around the neck of one hung a pearl necklace.

Ignorance of the law never is a legal excuse, and when coupled with the craftiness which seeks to conceal, it forfeits all claim to mercy.

No protective duty was so bitterly opposed by free traders as the tin plate duty. Fortunes were made from this fostered "infant industry." W. B. Leeds, of Chicago, became president of the Tin Plate Trust. He went to Paris to live. There he purchased for his wife the pearls now known as the Leeds necklace. Years had been required to assemble and match these pearls, and the necklace had become celebrated. A syndicate of French jewelers, headed by Bernard and Hugo Citroen, was organized to dispose of it. When Mrs. Leeds acquired it, the news promptly circulated among Customs Secret Service men. They learned that the price was $340,000, part of the bargain being that she was to have the necklace while in Paris, and on departing would return it to the jewelers, who must make the delivery to her at Newport without further cost.

Hugh Citroen undertook to make the delivery. Ordinary duty for made-up jewelry would be sixty per cent., or $204,000. So he brought in the constituents of the necklace as "loose pearls," duty ten per cent.—and invoiced them as of $220,000, instead of $340,000, value.

Customs spies cabled information of his purpose. The collector at New York declared the pearls to be a necklace. On appeal, however, the general appraisers admitted them as "loose pearls" at the invoiced value, and they were duly handed over to Mrs. Leeds at Newport. Hearing further from his spies in Paris, the collector brought suit against the jewelers for the difference between necklace duty and loose pearls duty, and the court, on testimony that the pearls had been worn by Mrs. Leeds in Paris as a necklace, found they were still a necklace, and a duty of $132,000 was

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levied. Appeals to a higher court brought reversal of this decision and affirmation of the appraisers' findings that, whatever they once were, the pearls entered port "loose." Thereupon the duty finally fixed was only ten per cent.—$22,000. The Government lately obtained from the United States Supreme Court a writ for the review of this decision. In the course of the litigation, Mr. Leeds died in Paris, leaving an estate acquired under the Tin Plate protective tariff valued at $30,000,000.

Of course, free trade is one of the lasting ideals of humanity, and long ago there were smugglers you could admire. Something of interest and respect mingled with disapprobation. Their readiness of wit, cleverness of judgment, and skill of artifice insured esteem. The most bold and reckless were sought out as the finest material for recruiting navies. About their occupation hung an engaging roughness and daringness. A dark night, a fair wind, a lugger lying off a desolate shore—revenue officers and "preventive men" to be given the choice between having their throats cut and making a living by conniving at certain transactions—then

> Who need ask why cask on cask
> Her crew with haste unlade?
> Or why they hide where never tide
> The precious stuff may reach,
> All in the sand, their contraband
> High up upon the beach?
> Oh, good old time!
> When hollands fine cam' owre the brine
> Un-custom-housed.

Smuggling is a fine instinct gone wrong. While it was exercised by the poor it was a moral and economic and political force, like robbery in Robin Hood's day. Once it stood as a protest when there were few other means of protest; and it helped to defeat oppressions and to overthrow tyrannies. Out of deference to that old time, Adam Smith, the economist, apologized for smuggling. He declared it to be not against essential justice, but rather a development in "natural economy." Smugglers might be excellent citizens, said he, "if the laws had not made a crime of that which ought not to be so."

Less than a century ago, in England and America, a capable smuggler was a follower of a beneficent calling, a hero, just as a *contrabandista* is in Spain to-day. You may have read of Loti's Ramuntcho and his loving Basque mother who escorts him to the threshold as he starts, one dark night, on his first smuggling trip over the Pyrenees. She leans her head on his neck, and recites the *Pater Noster* for him while he goes into the rain, into the chaos of the mountains, toward the obscure frontier, risking the bullets of Spain's carbineers, clandestinely to bring across bundles of silk and velvet. It was the same on Long Island when ten per cent. was first laid on imports. People felt indignant at this new "taxation without representation." Honest men so largely resorted to smuggling that it became almost legitimatized.

The body of the quoted song lives on, but how petty and shrunken is its soul! In times of war, in blockades and sieges, there may still be something big and appealing about smuggling, something to palliate and excuse it. You may be saving the lives of brave people who are holding out for a splendid idea! But in times of peace and prosperity it has come under control of the well-to-do, and has sunk to miserable levels. Instead of a crude means of equity and justice, smuggling now is another method of shifting burdens from the rich.

Courage is no longer a factor. No honor in the roguery now, no gallantry! From ranking with buccaneers and bandits, when his wild, free life had romance in it, and "natural economy," and he shared his plunder with the poor, the professional has become a wharf rat slinking under slimy piers in the night to take contraband from the hand of some ship's steward stretched through a porthole; or else he is a peddler-like person stealing across a border with opium in his satchel; or else he is one of a band of go-betweens who make a business of corrupting inspectors by giving them half of the money saved by fraud. The present American practice is based on no idea that is not selfish, greedy, unpatriotic. That must have been plain in the Senate discussion of the new tariff bill, and in the recovery of about $3,000,000 from the Sugar Trust for underweighing. But if not, it is plain in the artifices and subterfuges of individual evasion at the gate of entry.

Of these I got Customs detectives, examiners, and appraisers, and also importers to tell me. They were quite frank. And out of their "declarations" it would be a pretty puzzle for you to find some act or person to which or to whom might be attached

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Photograph by Brown Brothers.

WILLIAM LOEB, JR., COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

a respectful sentiment. One hears no anecdote, nor is there described any transaction, that is not utterly sordid.

No honor, no gallantry, no chivalry, no sense of patriotism is disclosed.

An importer sought to show me that this sentence would be an overstatement. "I can cite you a case of gallantry," he said. His meaning for the word was not mine; but, taking his own, consider his citation:

"One evening a group of travelers got acquainted at the Windsor Hotel in Montreal—all bound south by the earliest morning train. In the group was a candid young American widow, whom a prosperous-looking member of the party immediately fancied. They companied each other in the Pullman, and she inadvertently told him: 'I'm burning up with nervousness and the furs under my shirtwaist. Would you suspect?' 'Don't worry,' said he. But at the border he whispered to an inspector that the lady had furs aboard. She was searched—and undone."

The importer proceeded:

"The prosperous-looking informer was dropped from our party as unfit to associate with. 'Merely an act of patriotism,' he apologized, carelessly. The day of the candid widow's arrival in New York she received three diamonds in antique settings. They were much more valuable than her furs, and with them came a note. 'I betrayed your confidence to divert suspicions from

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PILES OF FIRST-CLASS BAGGAGE ON THE DECK OF A LINER.

myself,' it read. 'Please accept herewith my poor reparation—and may I call?'"

That, you are to assume, is as inspiring an example of gallantry or chivalry as modern smuggling affords.

Whether or not with men there exists some consciousness that smuggling "once stood as a political protest," with women it is not at all a political protest. It's a game. Morals enter into it about as much as into bridge. Getting Things Through is just a variety of bargain hunting, not in the least the same—seemingly—as abstracting so much cash from the till of the post-office.

One might say that, if women are serene and joyous smugglers, some extenuation may be found in this—that Mr. Dingley, in drawing up his tariff bill, bore severely on things which are women's things. One fair principle to be carried out in any scheme of revenue should be to tax nuisances and luxuries. Mr. Dingley evidently regarded women's decorations as both. At all events hats, silks, feathers, cosmetics, beads, galloons, laces, embroideries, spangles, sealskins, fans and such, were subjected to a tax higher in the average by eight points than the average for all other goods whatsoever. They had to yield the expense of the establishment of the Navy ($12,500,000) the Judiciary ($972,000), *and* the total expense ($5,500,000) of collecting all customs duties along every coast and border line. Under the Aldrich tariff no reductions were made on goods for women, with the exception of hooks and eyes, and sewing machines. On the rest rates were increased; besides, their chocolates were taken from the free list.

Last year a Chicago clergyman warned his daughters that if they did not promise to shun smuggling and do the straight thing by the laws of the country, they could not go abroad with him. They promised—in the evasive way of women—by pleasantly asking: "Why should we smuggle when you're so well able to pay the per cent.?"

Well, on that word he took them. In Paris they presented to the father a most comfortable quilted lounging jacket. A little heavy, but all right for winter evenings, when frost is on the panes and the fire is paling out. On such an evening was it, after they got home, that he complained: "This jacket, which seemed so soft and warm and puffy in Paris, now feels miserably thin. The lining has shifted, I'm sure."

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"It has," they cried in glee, and then brought forth a lot of wondrous lace, spread it out, and exclaimed, as though he ought to think it a fine jest: "Here's what padded it! Surely," they deprecatingly added, "a little smuggling like that couldn't have embarrassed the Government much"—ignoring the circumstance that some 300,000 women have been doing similar things every year.

It was hard to discern a woman's political protest in the matter of the Dulles "dog collar." As finally unraveled, the story was:

Mrs. Dulles, of Philadelphia, sought to bring in a "dog collar" (a wide collar of gems, usually pearls, for a lady's neck) as "wearing apparel, value unknown." While she was still in the inspection inclosure, before she had shown any purpose to elude payment, the examiner inquired if the "wearing apparel" was not in fact a "dog collar."

She acknowledged immediately that it was. So the lower court and also the superior court held that "attempt" to elude was not proven, since the collar had not left the custody and purview of the Treasury Department, and that it was rightly the property of the said Dulles—if she paid the duty charges. Mrs. Dulles decided not to pay them, and the collar went back to Paris.

There was something especially obnoxious in the use made of Nellie Grant Sartoris, granddaughter of General U. S. Grant. Her aunt and she returned by way of Paris from a long visit at Calcutta and Simla. They made the usual declaration before the Customs officers at New York, and there was nothing to pay. Two weeks after they reached San Francisco three trunks bearing their names, newly painted, arrived at New York from abroad. On being disclaimed by them, this baggage was seized and found filled with $40,000 worth of Irish laces. Commercial smugglers had thought to get these through by pretending the trunks were Mrs. Sartoris's. The incident reinforced the determination of Collector Loeb to uncover those guilty of such practices.

An inspector named Burke was dismissed because some of his labels were found affixed to trunks not examined. Smarting under his discharge, Burke became a secret agent for himself and gave time to finding out how the fraud had been worked. He haunted the piers, and discovered that an inspector, Lorne Walker, sponged labels from baggage

ALL TO BE INSPECTED BY CUSTOMS OFFICERS.

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passed and glued them to baggage unexamined. Walker was arrested, and presently, on information Burke gave the collector, he and Mrs. Elizabeth Kilgannon, known to patrons as "Mme. Loran, Milliner," her husband, W. H. Kilgannon, and George M. White (White and Kilgannon being a firm which specialized in importing silks), were indicted for "conspiracy to smuggle" by this method, in company with "other persons unknown."

In course of search for "others unknown," there appeared at the collector's office a succession of lawyers, acting for clients they would not name, who offered to pay $260,000 in lieu of penalties, if the Government would compromise or otherwise drop the cases against unmentioned smugglers and yield back the confiscated goods. In previous collectorships such settlements had been possible. Ex-Collector Fowler had explained that "it has been found next to impossible to obtain a verdict against a woman when the Customs Department is the complainant." Loeb responded that the matter was now in the control of the prosecuting officers. With them it would rest.

If the trial of White and the Kilgannons did nothing toward "making smuggling odious," it certainly drove fear into the hearts of commercial smugglers. Knowing that the evidence was against them, the indicted three pleaded "guilty."

On behalf of Mrs. Kilgannon, counsel said that his experience in Customs cases "had shown him that ninety-five per cent. of women did not regard smuggling as a crime."

"It is time," decided the judge, "that women came to an understanding of the fact that revenue laws make smuggling a crime, and that smuggling is indirect larceny." Whereupon he fined this woman $5000. Her husband he sentenced to Blackwell's Island prison for one year. Then White stood up for sentence. The United States District Attorney opposed clemency toward him, saying:

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BOOKS USED FOR SMUGGLING THROUGH THE MAILS.

"He is an out-and-out, self-confessed crook; he is the meanest kind of a crook. He is so mean that he did not even keep faith with his co-conspirators. White went to the Kilgannons and told them that he needed $900 to 'fix up' the entry of some five trunks full of smuggled goods. He told them that he wanted the money for Lorne Walker, once a Customs inspector, who has already pleaded guilty. But what does he do? He keeps half of the $900 for himself. That's the sort of a crook he is."

"I can't have respect for you," came in measured tones from the Judge to White. "You led these people into this." Mrs. White arose and stood crying and trembling. The Judge went on: "Two years in the Federal Prison at Atlanta." Mrs. White shrieked: "No, Judge! Oh, God, no!" Rushing out

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MISS ANNA HELD DECLARING HER JEWELS.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

THE INSPECTOR'S TASK IS NOT AN EASY ONE. EVASION OF THE CUSTOMS IS NEARLY AS NEAT A GAME AS SWEARING OFF TAXES, OR CLAIMING A RESIDENCE WHICH IS NOT ONE'S OWN.

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into the hall to see her husband as he was being led away from her for two years, she fell on the marble floor, utterly limp.

This was the first smuggling trial for many years in which any woman had been made to feel that smuggling is a blighting crime and can lead to prison stripes.

Presently, for the first time in the whole history of the Custom House, a wealthy traveler was indicted as an amateur smuggler—Mrs. Mathilda Chesebrough of Boston. The practice had been to "compromise" these actions or accept what the courts awarded as the proper amount of payment. Mrs. Chesebrough, it was charged, had in her baggage a trunk with a false bottom, which hid about $3,000 worth of furs. Papers were found which showed that a pearl necklace had been purchased in Nice for $18,000. This necklace, it was said by Mrs. Chesebrough, had gone by way of Canada, there to be kept in the hope that the new tariff schedule would reduce the duty on pearl necklaces to ten per cent. She was convicted, but on a count which carried a fine instead of a prison sentence.

Other seizures and arrests followed thick and fast. Fully a dozen minor Customs employees confessed to connivance; and one honest agent who uncovered fraud and collusion received $100,000 from the United States. In one month the dues collected from incoming travelers jumped $100,000 above the average.

Vincenzo Guariello and wife, from Naples, came ashore with a mattress stuffed with silk, coral sewed between linen, corsets, and draperies under a trunk's false bottom. Del Villar, a Mexican, got through with a diamond bracelet and a diamond and ruby necklace, but was mysteriously betrayed to the Secret Service—possibly by his wife, whom he had left in Mexico on coming here with another woman. Inspectors visited him, posing as dealers. Keeping up negotiations until they had in their hands both the necklace and the bracelet, the inspectors held them in the name of the law. Del Villar skipped out of the country.

Pursers and baggage masters of various ships were arrested for having dutiable parcels of gowns in their charge undeclared. A second officer was found guilty of smuggling jewels under a false French consulate seal. It

Photograph by Brown Bros.

AT THE APPRAISER'S STORES, WHERE CONFISCATED GOODS ARE TAKEN. IF DUTY IS NOT PAID THESE GOODS ARE SOLD AT AUCTION.

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developed that baggage was being smuggled ashore at night from American liners by an improvised trolley; that men's shirts sent by an Italian liner to be *laundered in Italy* returned laundered all right, but with delicate laces inserted between the layers of the starched bosoms. The chief of the band which carried on this particular traffic was a woman who dwelt in excellent state on the West Side.

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UNDER THE NEW RÉGIME FEW ESCAPE THE NECESSITY OF PAYING DUTY.

Myriad and medley are the curiosities of professional secret importations which have been revealed: tobacco ropes on sailing craft; demijohns with oil inside, but brandy in compartments just surrounding it; jewels, liquors, teas, and laces stuffed in copies of Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works. Pearls in bicycle tires. Diamonds in pieces of soap, in the sawdust stuffing of a child's doll, between a lady's toes; and many times, when suspicion has been strong, Customs officers have, as employers do at the Kimberley mines, detained persons in hospitals till it has been proven that they have not swallowed gems.

Special information from spies abroad last year caused the bestowal of particular attention upon an incoming Austrian. He would have rubies. A dozen red stones hidden in his cravat gave the inspectors visions of high "moiety." On test it was found that they were not real rubies. Sadly the inspectors let him go. Excited news came by cable. Searching him once more at his hotel, signs were seen that he had lately worn a porous plaster. An intricate pattern of pink dents indicated where things with sharp corners recently had been snugly concealed between the plaster and the smuggler.

Some circus people arrived with reptiles. In the manifest no reptiles were listed. While Customs men were aboard, a constrictor got loose. They called the captain. Why hadn't he made an entry of live stock? He called his cargo clerk, who pointed to an entry which, he maintained, covered the importation of snakes. It read: "Ship's stores, for consumption in port!" The verdict at the Law Division was "illegally entered." Usually, when circus people try to smuggle in trained animals they have them entered as "tools of trade." Jewelers have pretended to be breeders of fancy fowls, and declared the fowls as "tools of trade," but when the crops of their fancy fowls were made to yield up their contents, they were full of diamonds instead of corn!

Huge profits are made out of the ignorance of inspectors regarding paintings. Bogus Corots, for instance, were sent over by a dealer just to have them passed and assessed as genuine. Customs went merely by the signature "Corot"—which helped the dealer far beyond the duty levied. Reversing the process—give a good work an unknown signature—and the dealer would still win. A painting is consigned to an American dealer. It is by an artist who commands great price. Over the real signature is placed an indistinguishable label with another and less valuable name. Over that is placed one of no consequence whatever. Comes a mysterious letter to New York Customs—"Rub off the signature on these and you will find the painter's name." The top signature is rubbed off; the can-

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vases are entered at the ruling rate for the name disclosed. Underneath that, and not discovered at all, is the name that gives the picture a value a hundred fold higher.

Mails, too, have to be closely watched. The New York Post Office yearly collects about $250,000 in duty assessed. Books conceal much contraband. One postal examiner, from experience, determined that he would specialize on two titles: Every "Book of Common Prayer" and every "Imitation of Christ" he scrupulously turned the leaves of. Edward VI. always stood for him as the patron of glove smugglers and Thomas à Kempis became to him the patron of lace smugglers.

"But nowadays," an inspector declared, "we who serve at the port of New York don't see the great smuggling. That goes on along the Canadian border. Think of that long, long line from the St. Croix River to the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and no patrol—three thousand miles and Customs stations a day's journey apart. Canada's border indeed is the last remaining smugglers' paradise. Customs agents could not hope to cover it. Only seven per cent. of all duties are collected there.

"A man may be out shooting prairie chickens, yet have in his game-bag several pounds of opium which he can leave on the American side of the line at an inn where he stops for a drink. Many inns straddle the line. If an inspector appears, he has simply to hand the contraband to a confederate over the threshold of the next room, and instantly it is not contraband, for the holder of it is in Canada. Owing to that facility, the Customs Service is urging an understanding with Canada that the line, for Customs purposes, shall be fifty feet wide.

"One day a *jongleur*, leading a supposed trained bear, with cinnamon fur, came over. The bear would not dance. Stubborn beast!—had to be continually beaten. Yet it showed no temper, no resentment; not a spark. And it panted painfully from the August heat.

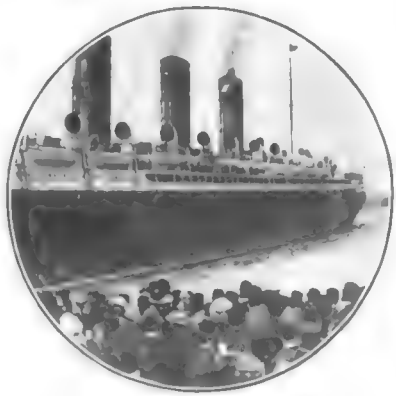
"I was then about to take my vacation and I stopped at Malone to go into the North Woods, camping. As we were strapping up our dunnage, I saw a *jongleur* leading a little brown ass—a child's donkey! The bearskin that had lately covered it had been shipped to New York. It is now there, the winter feature of a club hearth in the Forties!

"Have you perhaps heard of the woman who went back and forth between Buffalo and Montreal so frequently that she was thought to be subject to some mania for motion? She was a motherly sort—always carried, in fact, an infant. A model babe! Never hungry, never felt pains, never cried. Its invariable stillness and quiet induced suspicion. Examination revealed that it was made of tin, and filled with—whisky! Quiet, indeed, yet full of spirit.

"Then there was the man fishing in the St. Lawrence one summer's day, who broke two lines on some unknown obstacle off Prescott, Ontario. Diving down, he discovered his hooks fast to a barnacle on a slim lead tube. That tube had been conveying contraband liquors under the river from a Canadian distillery to the American side during eighteen months."

The eminent psychologist, Hugo Münsterberg, lately denied to me that he ever attributed smuggling to "the inability of Americans to personify the Government." The Treasury Department and Collector Loeb have demonstrated that their police—the spies, appraisers, inspectors—and the courts and the jails, serve as well in smuggling as in other crimes to "personify the Government" to the vaguest understanding.

From all the incidents, one gathers, the primary fact, the indisputable thing about smuggling in its modern manifestations is that it is not alone a poor-souled ducking of civic responsibility but a niggardly stratagem of avarice, in which appear the ugly elements of lying, cheating, stealing, treachery. And the wages of these all together is now penal servitude.



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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

THE MOTHER OF THE CLOWN

By MARTYN JOHNSON

SHE was a tired-looking little woman with tragic black eyes, and she sat on a box near the band stand. With her thin, drawn face and her shabby suit she looked curiously incongruous with the throng, which, pleasure-bent, swarmed about, laughing and chatting and eating the eternal circus peanuts.

In the dead white of the arc lights, amid the pungent animal odor of the sawdust ring, she made a silent, pathetic figure, sitting alone and watching with anxious eyes the great crimson curtain across the entrance to the dressing-rooms.

I wondered, at first, about her being there alone; then, noticing her more critically, I wondered at her being there at all. The circus was scarcely the recreation she would seek. About the face, with its lines of repression, there was a subtle refinement—perhaps nothing more than the ineffable tenderness of a woman's love, fulfilled through long days of servitude. She was plainly dressed, with a pathetic attempt at finery in a great, loppy bunch of feathers on the shapeless little black turban. About her neck was a bit of fur which she stroked as she watched for a movement of the curtain.

Presently a hand plucked up a corner of it and a clown, stepping out, came directly toward the box. He was painted a horrible chalk-white, with an inhuman blankness of expression except for the leering mouth, drawn with the caricature of a grin. Now a smile struggled through the paint with a ghastly effect.

Instinctively I leaned forward to listen, while apparently intent on the inpouring throng. The weary repose of the woman's face was gone; she was eagerly leaning forward to greet him.

"You was late, Jimmy, wasn't you? You shouldn't have waited for me. I was afraid you wouldn't get time to come out before it begun."

So she was the mother of the clown! How did she feel looking into that face with its grotesque leer—comical enough, perhaps, as the face of the clown, but distressing as that of a son?

"I was late, but I hustled. I ain't got but a minute now, for the line's forming and I got to get back. You keep close watch for Rosie; she's toward the end in a white trap with white ponies. She'll wave to you—I told her where you'd be. Gee, ma, she's a peach; see if you don't think so—she ain't like the rest of them here. There—I must go."

A sharp whistle sounded from behind the curtain, and the band blared into a march; the curtains swept aside and out streamed the grotesque medley of the circus parade.

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Elephants lumbered ponderously by, their trunks swinging and their beady eyes agleam; drowsy camels with gay trappings stalked along; huge, barred cages rolled by with hollow joltings; dingy chariots with flamboyant streamers rattled past; faded women in tawdry satin, their faces gaudy with paint, leered and showed their gleaming teeth as they turned toward the sea of faces. On and on came the line of cheap splendor until the three rings were filled.

Near the end trotted a tandem of six milk-white ponies drawing a white phaeton in which sat a tiny silver-clad figure scarce larger than that of a child. The face was exquisitely modeled, fresh and unhaggard, even in the garish light. As she passed, she looked shyly up and waved her rose-twined whip in greeting to the woman, who answered with a smile.

I caught the upward glance. The eyes were wistful and timid. What was such a child doing here in this life of sawdust and circus paint?

The box next the woman was vacant, so, with the frank presumption of a newspaper man, I rose and entered it. Taking out my pad, I pretended to jot down some notes, knowing that a man writing always arouses a curiosity which may easily lead to talk.

The procession had passed, and the animals were doing their tricks in the several rings. Around the outer course the clowns went about their stale nonsense. Among them was the woman's son. He wore, with something of the real spirit of comedy, a dress suit, and he was calling forth shouts of laughter from the opposite tiers of benches as he mimicked the ring master. I looked toward the woman and found her eyes upon me, as I had hoped.

"That man is doing some clever things," I said, nodding toward him.

"That's my boy," she answered simply, quick to respond to praise. Her voice was a strange mixture of pride and reluctance.

"Yes?"

"Yes, but Jimmy ain't a clown, regularly. This is only his first season."

"Well, he has talent," I volunteered.

"He always was a cut-up around the house; we was always laughing when he was there. He'd take folks off just like he's doing now, and we'd nearly die laughing."

"You said he isn't a clown by profession?"

"No, he ain't. He'll quit after this season—he has promised me that. You see, last fall, the works where he was, closed down because of the panic, and he couldn't get another place anywhere. He has always wanted to join a circus, and so he thought he'd try; and sure enough he got a job. This is the first time they have been here to the city since he joined, and he's staying at home with me now. I ain't seen him before to-night."

"Well, he is doing good work. I am here for one of the papers, and I'll speak of him in my story."

"That's awfully kind of you; I'll tell Jimmy."

She settled back in her chair as if weary of the clatter and brilliance of the ring. Her eyes followed the antics of her boy, but she could not keep silent long on that topic, and presently, when our eyes met, she said:

"Jimmy's so good-hearted. Almost the first thing he done after getting his job was to get me this fur piece." She fondled it tenderly. "I have a cold on my chest every year in March, and Jimmy said he wasn't going to stand it this spring." She laughed softly, and the sharp weariness of the face relaxed.

"I saw that pretty young woman in the pony cart wave to you—is she a friend?"

"Oh, no; that is, she's a young woman Jimmy's met here in the circus. I don't know her yet, though they're engaged." She was silent, and there were lonely shadows in the depths of her eyes as they traveled toward the fantastic figure of the clown.

"Jimmy's going to bring her around and introduce her. She's real pretty, though," she added inconsequently.

I understood the effort to praise, the striving to be fair, in spite of that instinctive jealousy which motherhood must ever bear the other woman.

"She's one of the trapeze actors—she dances up there. Her folks was circus people, and she grew up in it, but Jimmy says she ain't like the others. She don't like the show business either, and she wants him to get out of it."

The rings had shifted their performers, and now Jimmy had a short recess. With a nod toward his mother he ran to the entrance and presently came out with the young woman.

"Ma, here's Rosie."

I looked discreetly away, but the girl's laugh rang in my ears—it was sweet in that sordid place. Presently I felt a touch on my shoulder.

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"Jimmy," the clown's mother was saying, "this gentleman is from one of the papers and he is going to put your name in."

"You are doing some unusually good work," I said. "It's a fine stunt you have."

"I'm glad it gets you."

I had a miserable sensation of repulsion, talking to the painted mask through which struggled the expression of a human being.

"I wish you'd watch Miss Blair; she has a turn that beats them all. It helps to be mentioned, you know. Now we've got to skip," he said to his mother. "Rosie comes on in five minutes."

"Miss Blair is certainly different from the others," I said lightly to my neighbor.

"Yes," she replied. "Yes, Jimmy's real fond of her. She's real sweet."

She was smoothing the shiny fur with her knotty fingers, looking blankly at the sawdust ring. The faint color that had sprung to her face with the excitement of meeting Rosie was gone, leaving it fragile in its pallor.

She was silent for some time. I watched her out of the corner of my eye with a feeling of compassion that choked me. It was the world-old, beautiful, absorbing passion of mother for son, now brought to its most tragic sacrifice.

"I suppose they'll be real happy, he's so awfully good. He watches her all the time."

"There she comes!" I cried, hoping to tide her over the struggle.

The little figure, with its filmy skirts and wreath of rosebuds, looking more like a fairy in a children's play than a circus performer, was picking its way toward the center ring. As she passed, she nodded shyly to us.

"Jimmy says she most flies."

At the center of the ring she paused, and waited while the men tested the ropes, then, clinging to the lines, she was slowly hauled aloft to a light framework near the top of the tent. I caught the white of Jimmy's upturned face as he watched her.

Of a sudden the lights went low, and a limelight flashed her into an exquisite, glistening figure, bowing and flinging reckless kisses to the shadowed sea beneath. Then from above her a trap opened, and a dozen white doves fluttered out, calling forth a cry of delight from the crowd.

The music swung into a waltz, and she flew around in a circle, apparently without support for arms or feet. Round and round she skimmed, with daring pirouettes and flings of her light feet. Above her, gleaming white streamers trailed out on some unfelt breeze, and slowly she wound them into a dazzling Maypole. Just as she completed it a shower of pink flowers fell upon her, and the audience cried out in delighted surprise.

"Ain't it pretty! But I should think she'd be afraid," breathed the woman beside me.

"I never saw such pretty daring," I replied. "Just look at that!"

She suddenly seemed to sway and then, with a sharp cry—dropped. I had seen the trick too often to be frightened. For a moment she clung to the ribbons, then—I could not believe my eyes—she dropped.

There was a terrible cry from somewhere below in the dim arena.

I still sat tense, holding to the rail, when the lights flared on. I saw the mother's white face staring with sick terror. Men were running past. Mechanically I clambered over the rail into the ring.

"MA, HERE'S ROSIE."

"Wait here," I cried to her.

But she was beside me—I heard her sobbing breath as I ran.

"Stand back!" ordered one of the circus hands. "Back to your seats!"

"What is it? Where is Jimmy? Let me in—she is my daughter." At the sound of the voice men stood aside, shrinking from sight of her face.

"It's him," whispered one of the men; "he caught her."

In the sawdust lay the limp form of the clown. At his side lay Rosie, slowly opening

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her eyes, still black with the horror of fright. As the woman knelt, something seemed to be graven in the ashen sharpness of her face. She lifted her son's lolling head and laid it in her lap. The eyes opened, and he gasped, then a smile flashed up at her.

"It got my wind," he murmured and sank back.

AT SUNRISE

By HENRY E. MITCHELL

WITHIN the shell-scarred walls of an ancient Chinese temple an American soldier was on trial for his life. Around the huge stone sarcophagus of some ancient Chinese Mandarin, pressed into service as a rude court-martial table, a group of officers was gathered. In the dim light of the great room the rows of world-old, monstrous idols seemed to gaze upon these creatures of a later civilization with grotesque malice and contempt.

A ray of sunshine darted through an embrasure in the wall, trembled over the little group of officers, and rested upon the prisoner, Harris, crouched in his crumpled khaki uniform between his guards. Fear was written in his shifty eyes, in his slinking posture, and in the lines of his drawn and haggard face.

"Damn them," he muttered, and wet his trembling lips. That was all; the fierce despair that might have led another man at least to battle like a cornered rat, lacked even so much force in Harris. "Damn them," he muttered again, and peered at the open door of the temple and then at his guards, standing there with loaded Krags.

But no human legs could outstrip the bullet of a Krag. Harris sank back limply, his shifty eyes roving from face to face. His counsel was speaking now, and the prisoner leaned forward, moving his lips as if to speak also. But his tongue seemed suddenly thick and useless; only a rumble came from his throat, and he gave over the effort.

So far they had been trying him for looting only and had not touched upon the other charge—of cowardice. Soon he must hear the witnesses tell of that deeper shame; of the time when he lay hidden in a ditch, while the bugles sounded the charge, and his comrades rushed on to a gallant victory.

One of the guard touched him, and he stood up to be arraigned for this second crime, the most heinous in the soldier's calendar. There was no question of a defense, and his counsel answered "Guilty." Then followed a few words from the judge-advocate, an order from the guard, and Harris was led into the brilliant sunshine, stumbling and falling on his way to the guardhouse. A steel-lined door opened, clanged shut again, there was the rasp of a key, and the prisoner plunged headlong on his cot in mortal, abject fear.

Late that afternoon the American troops were drawn up for dress parade. In the front was the dearly-won City Wall, scarred by the shells of the Allied Forces. Every window, every doorway, and even the roofs of the near-by houses were crowded with the motley-garbed citizens of Peking. The sinking sun touched the gilded roofs and pinnacles of the massive temples, and was reflected in the shimmering silks and satins of the gorgeous Mandarins. There was a deep stillness over the throng, as this conquered people gazed spellbound upon their conquerors—upon the men who but yesterday had been storming China's boasted wall, and to-day, their shattered ranks closed up, were drilling as calmly as though secure at home.

There was a deeper stillness as the adjutant drew some orders from his pocket, and one was conscious of the city's voice—the tinkle of a hidden temple's bell, the grind of carts over the ill-paved streets, the shrill cries of their drivers, and, in the distance, the troubled muttering of some heathen gong. The crisp, incisive voice of the adjutant cut the intense silence, as he began to read:

"HEADQUARTERS, 1ST ARMY CORPS,
"PEKING, CHINA, Aug. 22, 1900.

"General Orders
"No. 20.

"Private Robert Harris, Troop 'G,' —th U. S.

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Cavalry, having been found guilty of 'looting' and of cowardice in the face of the enemy, and the court-martial having sentenced him to be shot to death, the sentence is confirmed and will be duly executed. Private Harris will be shot at six o'clock A.M., to-morrow, the 23d instant, in the presence of the Allied Forces. The Commanding Officer —th U. S. Cavalry, will detail an officer in charge of the firing squad.

"By order of General Chaffee.

"R. C. Edwards,
"Major —th Cavalry,
"Adjutant-General."

There was a crash in the ranks of the guard. Private Harris had fainted.

On the parade ground the band broke into a lively tune, the troops marched briskly past the reviewing officers, and were dismissed. Lieutenant Norton, on his way to his tent, was stopped by a hurrying orderly.

"The Colonel's compliments, sir, and he would like to see the Lieutenant at once."

As Norton entered, Colonel Philips looked up from the mass of papers on his desk. "Mr. Norton, I have detailed you in charge of the firing squad for Harris. Do you know the orders?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. I wanted a quiet, steady man for this duty, and so chose you. You were noticed by General Chaffee in our charge yesterday. I hope your work will continue as well as it has begun. Good night, Mr. Norton."

"Thank you, sir. Good night, sir."

Norton had barely settled himself in his tent when another orderly appeared with a note from the officer of the day:

MY DEAR NORTON:
The prisoner Harris has been begging to see you to-night. If possible, will you come to the guard-house at once? BROWN.

FEAR WAS WRITTEN IN HIS SHIFTY EYES AND IN HIS SLINKING POSTURE.

As Norton entered the prisoner's cell, the man rose to meet him, with shaking hand outstretched. The guard's lantern lighted Harris's face distinctly, and Norton fell back against the cell wall with a low moan.

"My God, you!" he cried. "I thought you were dead."

"I soon will be unless you hurry," was the sullen answer.

"Hurry? What do you mean?"

"You must see General Chaffee at once. Get him to grant me a reprieve. In a few days pressure can be brought upon the President to save me. But now—now there is not—Lord! not a second to lose."

"I am afraid it's too late, Bob; but God knows I'll do my best. Wait for me here."

Unconscious of the grim irony in his last words, Norton rushed from the guardhouse straight to General Chaffee's tent. An hour later he left it, and a moment later was again standing before Colonel Philips.

The colonel glanced up impatiently. "Well, Mr. Norton, what is it?"

"Sir, I can't take that detail. I wish to ask to be relieved."

Colonel Philips's eyes narrowed suddenly. "You mean," he said slowly, "that you want to throw the burden on some one else?"

Norton's eyes fell before the contempt in his colonel's. "I can't take it, sir," he repeated, nervously wetting his lips.

"Why not?" Colonel Philips rose and faced him sternly. "Mr. Norton, your father is one of my dearest friends—" He broke off and harshly cleared his throat. "I hope you have a good reason, sir."

Norton wet his lips again. "The prisoner—this fellow, Harris—he is my brother Robert."

"Your what?" cried Colonel Philips. "I thought your brother was dead."

"So did I, sir. He sent for me to-night in the guard-house. And I went at once to General Chaffee to plead for his life."

"Useless, of course," muttered the Colonel.

"The general was most kind and sympathetic, but could do nothing. This looting must be stopped—and then—Robert's cowardice—that he could not possibly pardon

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nor condone. So I have come to you, sir, for one great favor. I can't give the order that would make me my brother's murderer."

Colonel Philips sank back into his chair, his voice broken and shaky as he spoke. "My poor boy! Of course you shall be excused. Come to me at five o'clock to-morrow morning, and I will give you some duty that will keep you away from camp all day."

"One more favor, sir. May I spend to-night with my brother? I wish to be near him—to talk to him—to keep his mind from dwelling on his shameful death."

"Certainly, Mr. Norton. I wish I could do more for you."

"You have done a great deal for me. Good night, sir."

As Norton again entered the cell, the prisoner sprang up, eager-eyed, only to fall back muttering miserably, "You have failed."

Throughout that long night the brothers were together, talking in low and earnest tones. Gradually the sullen, terror-haunted face of the prisoner changed, till, when Norton left him, he was calm and even firm.

In the shadowy light of the false dawn, Norton stood outside the guardhouse for a moment motionless. One might well have taken him for the condemned man—so piteous and haggard was his face, so drooping and listless was his carriage. Drawing his hand sharply across his eyes, he started from his reverie and hurried to report to Colonel Philips.

Promptly at five-thirty the guard threw open the door of Harris's cell. They were amazed at the change in the man before them. The shrinking, terror-stricken creature of yesterday had vanished. In his stead was a man, erect, smiling, and quite ready to accompany them to where the Allied Forces waited.

Brightly the sun shone on their ranks, drawn up in a hollow square outside the historic Chinese city. On the western side were the American forces; on the south the German and English, while on the north stood, shoulder to shoulder, the soldiers of Russia and Japan, whom Fate was so soon to hurl at each other's throats. Massed behind the troops, crowding doors, windows, roofs, were ranks of Chinese spectators, their garish silks and satins making a gorgeous background for the somber troops, and lending a light, almost holiday aspect to the tragic scene.

The eastern side of the square was open, and down the long lane came the little guard of Americans. In their center was Harris, marching with quick, brisk step, his head thrown back, a confident smile upon his lips. Halfway down the square they halted; the guard fell back; the firing squad marched out, and Harris was left facing the golden sunrise, the coffin and open grave before him, but with the smile still on his lips. Silence for a moment—deep, painful silence—and then a calm, emotionless voice broke the intense stillness.

"Ready—aim—fire!"

As one gun the twelve Krags spoke, and, still smiling, Robert Norton fell.

Late that night Colonel Philips sat alone in his tent awaiting Norton's return. Finally the flap was raised, and Norton stood silently before him. The older man answered at once the mute appeal in his subordinate's eyes.

"He died painlessly, Norton. His death was instantaneous. And he met it as bravely as man ever did——"

Norton dropped into a chair, his face in his hands, and Colonel Philips stopped. But in a moment the younger man raised his haggard face.

"No, no—not that," he said brokenly. "I lied to him."

Colonel Philips stared. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

"I told him he was to be spared for the sake of father's long service and splendid record," the lieutenant answered wretchedly. "I told him that the sentence would be apparently carried out, but in reality he would be saved—would be given a light sentence and then discharged. I realized only that he was my brother, and wanted to spare him the dread and horror of anticipation. Colonel, I never even told him good-by."

The colonel still stared, bewildered, incredulous. "But the hollow square—the coffin—the firing squad," he gasped. "Surely he must have realized."

"He thought he had only to sham death," Norton answered. "God forgive me, I told him the rifles were to be loaded with blanks."

There was a quick step, the tent fly dropped, and Colonel Philips was alone in the darkening tent. Outside, the night was filled with the shifting, mysterious noises of the old city and the great, sleeping camp. But Colonel Philips saw nothing, heard nothing. He sat stunned.

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STRAIGHT TALK

RADICAL CHANGES NEEDED

I have carefully read over the article on Fraternal Insurance which appears in the June number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. I am glad that a publication of the standing of EVERYBODY'S has taken up this important subject with a view of enlightening members of Fraternal Associations, to the end that they may realize what is in store for their families and dependents, if radical changes are not made in the present system of conducting the fraternal business. Every man who knows anything about the scientific principles underlying life insurance business knows that a majority of the Fraternal Associations now operating in the United States cannot, at their present rates of assessment, meet their obligations.

FRANK BLAKE,
Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the State of Missouri.
Jefferson, Mo.

APPEALING TO THE RIGHT PEOPLE

As an official, until its break-up in 1898, of that National Convention of Mutual Benefit Associations mentioned in the article on Fraternal Insurance, and as one who for the past twelve years has borne a small part in the attempt to bring the officers of the fraternal bodies to a realizing sense of their responsibilities, I have read with keen interest the contribution of Messrs. Dickson and Mantz in the June issue.

There is no question of Mr. Mantz's right, by training and experience, to speak with authority on the topic he has chosen, and I am only sorry (and surprised) it did not occur sooner to myself that the way to bring about reform in fraternal conditions is to make one's appeal directly to the people most concerned—the rank and file of the fraternal membership—instead of addressing the officers who, while they may be restrained by fear of losing their jobs, as intimated by Mr. Mantz, are much more fettered, in my opinion, by the inertia of the uninformed membership of the orders.

Personally, as against state-imposed rates, I am an advocate of compulsory valuation at intervals, and the laying of a balance sheet before the members, which (under the theory of representative government) would place the responsibility of introducing reform squarely where it belongs. There is no question that the average fraternal member is as one sitting in darkness. What I recommend is that the law should undertake rather to enlighten than to coerce him.

WILLIAM F. BARNARD,
Fellow of the American Institute of Actuaries.
Syracuse, N. Y.

STRONG AND LOGICAL ARGUMENT

I have just read the article "Will Your Widow Get Her Money?" in your June issue. It is the strongest and most logical argument I have ever read on the subject, and I only wish that I could place it in the hands of every member of my society. I will call attention to it in our next *Journal*, and urge our members to read it.

Thanking you in behalf of every holder of a benefit certificate in a Fraternal Insurance society in America, I beg to remain,

DENNIS E. KELLEY,
Supreme President of the Catholic Knights and Ladies of America.
Memphis, Tenn.

RECOGNIZING THE FACTS

I have read your article in the June EVERYBODY'S on the "Fraternals," and want to thank you for going to the root of a big subject in such a thorough and convincing manner.

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I have been a fraternalist for many years; have been "through the chairs" in two of the orders to which I belong; know the good the orders are doing every day, and the lift and help many a brother has received. The Royal Arcanum, when it found its rates inadequate, courageously applied the remedy. It took its own twenty-eight years' experience (in 1905) and readjusted its rates, *not* by mortality tables generally considered authoritative, but by its own experience, as you know. It lost about 50,000 of its 309,000 members as a result. At present it has an emergency fund of about six millions, which is being added to monthly; it is having a healthy growth, promptly paying all death losses. It has paid about 136 millions to beneficiaries, and is stronger to-day than ever in its thirty-three years' history.

ALFRED T. MARKS,
P. R. National Council, No. 527, Royal Arcanum.
Washington, D. C.

THE CASE FOR THE FRATERNALS

The eagle and not the ostrich is the emblematical bird of the Fraternal Beneficiary Societies.

There are three classes of life insurance, viz.: the Old-Line Companies, the Business or Assessment Companies, and the Fraternal Beneficiary Societies. The article referred to is misleading in grouping the Assessment Companies with the Fraternal Beneficiary Societies. They are as distinct from each other as the Fraternals and Old-Liners. The Fraternals are on the lodge plan, the Assessment Associations are not. A large majority of the 3,000 "fraternal" failures which are cited are not fraternal failures, but properly belong to the long list of Assessment companies that the Old-Liners have been publishing for years as "fraternal failures."

The Fraternals should not be loaded with these failures any more than with eight hundred failures of the Old-Line Legal Reserve Companies which have been chartered in the United States in the past seventy years, and which make up the most notable list of failures of any kind of corporations ever chartered in this country.

It is true that Fraternal Insurance in the beginning was crude and unscientific, but wonderful improvement along safe and scientific lines during the past ten or fifteen years has placed the Fraternal system as a whole upon as sound and safe a basis as Old-Line life insurance itself. Many societies have adopted the National Fraternal Congress Table of Mortality, which is now the standard table for Fraternal Insurance in twelve states of the Union and is likely to become the standard table throughout the country. This table is as correct from an actuarial standpoint as the American Experience Table employed by the leading Old-Line companies of this country.

The outstanding insurance of the Fraternals is referred to as a vast liability, but it is no more a liability than the outstanding insurance of the Old-Liners, which the latest reports show to be more than three times their total assets. The Old-Liners charge a fixed premium and cannot collect more in case of necessity. The Fraternals collect what is considered to be a requisite amount from month to month, and under the insurance law can collect any number of assessments sufficient to pay all claims.

Since 1849 there have been eighty-nine legal reserve failures among the Old-Liners, and they had on hand at time of failure aggregate assets of $101,026,933. This money was paid by policy-holders in excess of the cost of insurance and expenses, under the belief that those funds were an absolute guarantee against failure. And yet the companies failed. Any man of average intelligence can see at a glance that the *legal reserve is not a guarantee against failure*, for each dollar of the reserve is credited to the man who paid it in, and *cannot* be used for payment of claims.

The Fraternals differ from the Old-Liners in two essential features, viz.: they do not accumulate a useless legal reserve, and there is a tremendous saving in expenses of management. For example, the New York Commissioner's report shows that thirty-eight Old-Liners paid to policy-holders in 1908, for deaths, endowments, and dividends, $314,386,376. Their aggregate expenses were $119,655,360, or more than one-third amount paid to policy-holders.

In 1908, 172 Fraternals paid $74,267,195 for death claims, while the total cost for expenses was $12,180,054, or less than one-sixth the amount paid to beneficiaries. The Fraternals, therefore, saved in 1908 approximately $15,000,000 in expenses and $60,000,000 that would have been required for useless legal reserves under the old-line system. The excessive cost of old-line insurance can be accounted for by comparing the expenses of management with those of the Fraternals for the year 1908:

"BIG THREE" OLD-LINERS

	Policies	Amt. of Ins.	Man. Ex.
New York Life.....	978,209	$1,993,559,601	$ 7,514,974
Mutual	639,746	1,438,399,803	5,331,711
Equitable.....	508,296	1,326,478,540	7,514,974
Total.....	2,126,251	$4,758,437,944	$20,361,659

Average cost of management each policy-holder, $9.57.

"BIG THREE" FRATERNALS

	Members	Amt. of Ins.	Man. Ex.
Modern Woodmen .	900,299	$1,545,313,000	$ 769,225
Woodmen of the World	439,285	602,349,500	231,347
Knights of Maccabees of the World	272,017	339,728,244	238,138
Total.....	1,671,601	$2,487,390,744	$1,238,710

Average cost of management each member, 74 cents.

One of the stock arguments which the Old-Liners use against the Fraternals is that the Fraternals promise to pay something for nothing; that they are unsafe because they do not accumulate vast legal reserves. *But experience of forty-*

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one years has proved that Fraternal Insurance without a legal reserve has been far more successful than Old-Line Insurance with a legal reserve, and that millons of dollars have been saved thereby.

The legal reserve funds of the Old-Liners, as required by law, are a heavy drain upon the policy-holders. These funds are created by charges in excess of payments for deaths, endowments, and other claims and expenses. That there is a large overcharge every year is easily seen by referring to the annual reports of any of the companies. For instance, the report of the New York Life Insurance Company, for 1908, shows that the premium income alone was over seventy-eight million dollars ($78,458,925), while the total amount paid to policy-holders was forty-nine million dollars ($49,000,000), leaving a net gain from premiums alone of $29,000,000. The total income in 1908 was $102,239,238, and total disbursements (all claims and expenses) were $59,929,510, leaving an immense net balance in the hands of the New York Life, for one year, 1908, of over forty-two million dollars ($42,309,728).

Under the fraternal system a large part of this vast sum of money would have remained in the pockets of policy-holders. Under the old-line system it is $42,000,000 overcharge added to the millions previously accumulated in that way, making on January 1, 1909, the enormous sum of over *five hundred million dollars* ($557,286,671) *that has been overpaid by policy-holders* since the New York Life began business in 1843.

Under the fraternal system in forty-one years over one billion dollars ($1,287,130,340) have been paid to widows and orphans of deceased members, at a total cost for expenses not exceeding $200,000,000. The saving in expense alone over the old-line system has been more than $900,000,000, while the saving in reserve funds as required by the companies has been at least $1,000,000,000. Thus, in forty-one years the fraternal societies have *saved the enormous sum of more than* $1,900,000,000 *that would have been required under the old-line system.*

WALTER ALLEN RICE.

Buffalo, N. Y.

GREAT SERVICE TO THE PEOPLE

I read with interest and profit the article in the last issue of your paper, "Will Your Widow Get Her Money?" We believe the article most timely, and that, if given unbiased consideration by the fraternal orders, it cannot but result in good to the system. It will not, of course, please the officers of an order that is deceiving its members as to the nature and kind of protection that the order is furnishing; but if it will educate the members to a correct understanding of the nature of that protection, it will be a blessing to their widows and orphans.

The Masonic Mutual Life Association of the District of Columbia is the oldest fraternal society in the United States, having been organized in 1866. In 1902, after actuarial investigation, we became convinced that the old plan was sooner or later doomed to failure, and an amendment was granted to the charter by Congress, requiring it to maintain the legal reserve of four per cent. on all policies thereafter issued.

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY,
Secretary of the Masonic Mutual Life Association of the District of Columbia.
Washington, D. C.

IMPROVEMENT FROM WITHIN THE ORDER

I read your article in the June number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE about Fraternal Insurance with a great deal of interest.

In the main I think it is right, but there is one inaccuracy which I wish to correct. The Modern Woodmen had their last Head Camp in 1908 and will hold the next one in 1911—they only hold a Head Camp once in three years. You failed to mention that the Woodmen at the Peoria Head Camp arranged for an emergency fund as the solution to the question which you raise of inadequacy of rates. This emergency fund is invested and has grown in two years to more than four million dollars. It is added to every month. Each monthly assessment brings in about a million dollars, and about six hundred thousand is paid for death claims in the same time, leaving a balance of about four hundred thousand dollars each month.

HENRY K. BARBE,
Principal of Fayetteville Academy.
Fayetteville, W. Va.

"CLEAR, SANE, AND CORRECT"

I have read with much pleasure the article on Fraternal Insurance in the June number of EVERYBODY'S. It is a clear, sane, and correct statement of the present fraternal situation. Millions of dependents who are relying upon this form of protection will, during the coming years, suffer on account of its instability. Some few orders are doing business on an adequate basis and can carry out the promises made to their members, but by far the greater number of these members are being misled by the statements of their officers, and their minds are prejudiced against any accurate statement of conditions.

This article should receive the widest possible circulation, and it will, I believe, prove a potent factor in bringing about the necessary changes and readjustments.

JOHN A. HARTIGAN,
Commissioner of Insurance of the State of Minnesota.
St. Paul, Minn.

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A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

THERE was once a King, so an old legend has it, who, at the middle of the bridge that spanned the river-boundary of his realms, set up a great gate and stationed officers of his guard with orders to stop all travelers who attempted to enter the kingdom and question them as to their destination. And those who told the truth were to be sent upon their way; and those who lied were to be hanged to the timbers of the gate. And one day there came a horseman who, when the King's officers asked him where he was going, answered that he was going to be hanged to the timbers of the King's gate. And the officers were in a quandary. For if they hanged him, he would have spoken truth and should have been allowed to go; and if they let him go, he would be a liar and should have been hanged. And they laid the matter before the King. And at first the King frowned and was angry. And then he shrugged his shoulders and laughed. And he said: "Let the varlet go. For if I hang him, as he deserves, I will have made him out a teller of the truth and myself an unjust judge; while if I free him, I will make him out a liar and myself a shower of mercy." And they let him go.

Now, since we had our last monthly confab, a book has appeared that seems to have placed the English reading public in much the same predicament as these perplexed officers of the guard. The book is called "'George Meek, Bath Chair-man,' by Himself. With an Introduction by H. G. Wells" (E. P. Dutton), and purports to be the unadorned, unsensational, and unedited autobiography of a social derelict; a man unfitted for manual labor and untrained to any other, who, after drifting from pillar to post of casual employment and disguised charity, has for eighteen years clung precariously to the skirts of life by pushing a Bath chair for hire at an English watering place. And the quandary in which the reading public finds itself is this: that if the book is what it claims to be, they do not want to read it; while if it is a hoax perpetrated by Mr. Wells's, they would not miss it for anything. Yet if they assume it to be a hoax and read it, they are inevitably persuaded of its genuineness; while if they assume it to be genuine and leave it alone, their knowledge of Mr. Wells's cleverness at hoaxing convinces them that they have been taken in.

I suppose that, having pointed out the parallelism between these bits of ancient legend and contemporary history, a fine sense of dramatic climax would require me to play the part of the clever king and cut the knot of the entanglement. But I have neither qualification nor desire for the rôle. Mr. Wells says in his introduction that "Meek is at once a very typical and a very extraordinary man; he stands for an immense class in the modern community, and

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he is extraordinary in being able to reveal almost everything he stands for. The reader of books who is also a lover of life will know what I mean." Mr. Wells has himself supplied the King's answer. If you are a reader of books and also a lover of life, "George Meek, Bath Chair-man" will interest you whether it be real or realism. If you are not both of these things together, it will bore you past bearing.

I have always had a lively if somewhat shamefaced sympathy with Doctor Samuel Johnson's inability, after touching a hitching post on one side of the street, to be quite comfortable until he had restored the eternal balance of the universe by touching a hitching post on the other. I therefore purposely jump from commending "George Meek, Bath Chair-man" to such readers of books as are also lovers of life, to commending Basil King's "The Wild Olive" (Harper)—a sort of Bertha-Clay-up-to-date romance—to such readers of books as are not (or for the moment are not) lovers of life in Mr. Wells's sense. For the truth is that this being or not being a "lover of life" in Mr. Wells's sense means being or not being in some groping fashion imbued with the only fundamentally dynamic faith of our day, the belief that beauty and truth are conjecturally of one essence, and that we can only glimpse the one by seeking the other. And this defines the line of cleavage between the active and the passive tenses of æsthetic responsiveness in the modern world; between the intellectual hitching posts that stretch out on the one hand to the attitude of the inspired dreamer, and on the other to the attitude of the bred-in-the-bone philistine.

Of these two attitudes—or of a typical form of their spontaneous manifestations—Mr. Wells's introduction to "George Meek, Bath Chair-man" and the public's reception of "The Wild Olive" are handy examples. Mr. Wells, who, as he says of himself, is perhaps exaggeratedly curious about life, undoubtedly overestimates the beauty of what, taken at its face value, is a plain statement of approximate truth. The public, on the other hand, being exaggeratedly anxious to be confirmed in its unanalytical idea of what life ought to be, overestimates the truth of an entertaining yarn that, taken at anything except its face value, is what Mr. Wells would call a sentimental falsehood. Here, in other words, we have the inspired dreamer and the bred-in-the-bone philistine each enthusiastically mistaking his own defects for his qualities. But since it is the privilege of the normal human (meaning me, dear reader, and you in so far as you resemble me) to be both dreamer and philistine by turn, we may be allowed to zigzag from one side of the street to the other, touching opposite hitching posts with antiphonal enjoyment, provided only that we remember which side of the street we are on at any given moment.

Once in a while, however, it is a bit puzzling to keep one's bearings. For example, when a young, brilliant, arrogant, and erratic intellect (like that of "Marian Cox") takes the bit in its teeth and runs amuck (as in "The Crowds and the Veiled Woman"), dashing its delivery wagon of symbolic fiction violently against all the hitching posts in sight. Little boys who steal a ride on the tailboard of such a vehicle are apt to get pretty badly shaken up; and no two eyewitnesses are likely to form the same impression of the episode. All that I can do, after standing on the sidewalk and watching the runaway go by, is to tell you frankly what I thought I saw.

"The Crowds and the Veiled Woman" (Funk & Wagnalls) is an attempt "to tell the story of the brain rather than that of the heart of humanity" in that great modern game of cross-purposes, the game of sex played with ideals instead of with instincts for counters; and it is told, not after the dissecting methods of the analytical novelist, but after the spectacular synthetic method of the symbolist. There are but three characters in the book: the morbidly introspective, consciously blasé representative of both ancient lineage and modern intellect, "Monsieur"; the young Arab, Gaspard, whom Monsieur has educated and trained to be the great modern artist; and the Veiled Woman, the impossible feminine ideal of both, whom the intellectual lover fails to understand when he finds her, and whom the artist, once he has understood her, wishes to destroy. Unhappily (for there is some brilliant philosophizing and no little originality of conception in the book) the author has swallowed the unabridged dictionary, and all the big words have stuck in her vocabulary; so that some passages have all the elements of greatness except simplicity, and others, more numerous, all the earmarks of banality except simpleness. When Monsieur meets the Veiled Woman, he writes Gaspard that "a wild, frenetic eagerness seized me to make her aware of her circumambience," and I make no doubt that some critics will suffer a like seizure. Personally, I incline to the belief that semi-circumambience, or even less, comes nearer to the measure of a sober judgment.

But we are being impolite to two gentlemen, both strangers and both from over seas, who all this time have been waiting to make our acquaintance: Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, of

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England, and Mr. Ian Hay, of the Scotch Highlands. We trust, since they are each endowed with a sense of humor and are both interested in the idiosyncrasies of their fellow-men, that they will make allowances for our preoccupation. Mr. Hutchinson, who is something of a wit, something of a wag, and a somewhat cynical applauder of the present century's endeavors to reconstruct human nature, is the author of a novel called "Once Aboard the Lugger" (Mitchell Kennerley). This title, Mr. Hutchinson hastens to explain, is derived from the dashing sentiment "Once aboard the lugger and the girl is mine" and might, he maintains, be accepted as the generic title of all novels, serious as well as sentimental, and modern as well as classic. His own "history of George and his Mary" is at once serious in its mockery of seriousness and touched with genuine sentiment in its sympathy with the emotions of youth; is modern in its ironic criticism of modernity, and affects a certain classicism in its literary manner. Altogether, it is refreshing and, unless one balks at the effective affectations of its style, makes an excellent sherbet in the fictional *table d'hôte*.

Mr. Hay's "The Right Stuff" (Houghton, Mifflin) demands no such epicureanism for its appreciation. It is a variation—a canny Scottish variation—upon that most insidiously disarming of the seven original plot-ideas from which all fictional forms are said to be derived —the Ugly Duckling *motif*. It is Scottish because the hero is a long, angular, physically disjointed and mentally compact body from beyond Tweed. It is canny because its author, being a Scotsman writing for an English audience, has executed a flank movement and cleverly entrenched himself in a strategic position in the enemy's rear. Do you remember, when the Civil War play was abroad in the land a few years ago, with what foxy unanimity the playwrights gave the posts of honor to Southern heroes and recruited their villains from the North? Mr. Hay has been even more subtle in his tactics. He did not want a villain as a foil for his hero, but a nice, likable, ordinary Englishman. So he boldly casts himself for the rôle; assumes the character of a member of Parliament, writes the book in the first person, hires the Ugly Duckling as his private secretary, and thus achieves the double liberty of poking fun at Scotch foibles without offense and of emphasizing Scotch acumen without partisanship.

American admirers of the work of Mr. John Galsworthy (may the tribe increase) should be interested in the volume recently published (Scribner) under the title of "A Motley." But they should either inform themselves (hence this paragraph) of the angle of incidence of the author's artistic intention before opening the book, or should measure that angle for themselves before judging its contents by their own preconceptions. A friend told me only the other day that he had seen the volume praised as "a collection of short stories" and had started to read it in that state of mind unto which it had pleased the praiser to call him. He read the first paper (a delightful "Portrait" of the all but vanished type of gentleman that reigned for a time unrecognized in the place of the "gentleman of the old school") and, finding no "story interest" in the picture, turned to the second paper. This had less. So he tossed the book aside. But some sense of artistic beauty in the work remained to pique his curiosity and, returning to the book with an openly inquiring mind, he found the key to its appreciation. The volume is not a collection of minor fiction, nor yet of fragmentary jottings of realistic observation. It contains a collection of papers, written at various times during the past decade; notes of vision and records of impressions, complete in themselves and not primarily addressed to others; yet bearing the same revealing relation to the work of a writer of novels and plays that the pencil sketches and oil studies of a painter of pictures bear to his. They reveal, that is to say, with a certain informality of envisagement and an unfettered spontaneity of technique, the artist's attitude toward the world about him, and the self-communings of his inspiration.

OTHER BOOKS

"Maroon Tales" (Forbes), by Will J. Cuppy. Eight short stories of undergraduate life at the University of Chicago, compounded in about equal parts of the special pleading of local color and of the general appeal of fictional interest.

"Just Horses" (Kennerley). Another volume of short stories by Sewell Ford, whose "Horses Nine" was popular a few years ago. The foundation of these tales is a half-laughingly exaggerated appreciation of "horse-sense" worked up into situations alternately pathetic and humorous.

"Letters to My Son" (Houghton, Mifflin). A series of tenderly open-hearted letters addressed by a young wife to her unborn son and written by an Englishwoman whose name is not disclosed. It is preëminently a woman's book, yet carries a psychologic message across the gulf of sex.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A GUEST landing at the yacht club float with his host, both of them wearing oilskins and sou'-westers to protect them from the drenching rain, inquired:

"And who are those gentlemen seated on the veranda, looking so spick and span in their white duck yachting caps and trousers, and keeping the waiters running all the time?"

"They're the rocking-chair members. They never go outside, and they're waterproof inside."

A family moved from the city to a suburban locality and were told that they should get a watchdog to guard the premises at night. So they bought the largest dog that was for sale in the kennels of a neighboring dog fancier, who was a German. Shortly afterward the house was entered by burglars, who made a good haul, while the big dog slept. The man went to the dog fancier and told him about it.

"Vell, vat you need now," said the dog merchant, "is a leedle dog to vake up the big dog."

The preacher's evening discourse was dry and long, and the congregation gradually melted away. The sexton tiptoed up to the pulpit and slipped a note under one corner of the Bible. It read:

"When you are through, will you please turn off the lights, lock the door, and put the key under the mat?"

A group of hoboes waiting for their coffee to boil in a tomato can were telling of their hard-luck experiences.

"I've had worse luck than anybody," said one of them challengingly, after listening to the others' tales of woe. "Onct I had to sleep from Wilkesbarre to Perth Amboy on top of a flat car loaded with hard coal.

"And what do you think?" he went on. "Every car on the next train that pulled in from the same direction was loaded with *soft* coal!"

A man descended from an excursion train and was wearily making his way to the street-car, followed by his wife and fourteen children, when a policeman touched him on the shoulder and said:

"Come along wid me."

"What for?"

"Blamed if I know; but when ye're locked up I'll go back and find out why that crowd was following ye."

It is taking some time for the flood of stories anent the discovery of the North Pole to sweep past. Along comes this belated one from old Kentucky:

The owner of a plantation said to a favorite darky:

"Mose, they've discovered the North Pole."

"'Deed!" exclaimed the old negro. "Where at?"

The conductor of a Western freight train saw a tramp stealing a ride on one of the forward cars. He told a brakeman in the caboose to go up and put the man off at the next stop. When the brakeman approached the tramp, the latter waved a big revolver and told him to keep away.

"Did you get rid of him?" the conductor asked the brakeman, when the train was under motion again.

"I hadn't the heart," was the reply. "He turned out to be an old school friend of mine."

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"I'll take care of him," said the conductor, as he started over the tops of the cars.

After the train had made another stop and gone on, the brakeman came into the caboose and said to the conductor:

"Well, is he off?"

"No; he turned out to be an old school friend of mine, too."

The automobile being out of order, the head of the family took the children out in the old family carriage behind a nag that was in need of exercise. When the horse began to snort and cavort, the younger boy said:

"Pop, you'd better shut off the current and fix him. He's missing fire."

The bigness of Texas is evident from a cursory examination of the map. But its effect upon the people of that state is not generally known. It is about six hundred miles from Brownsville, at the bottom of the map, to Dallas, which is several hundreds of miles from the top of the map. Hence the following conversation in Brownsville recently between two of the old-time residents:

"Where you been lately, Bob? I ain't seen much of you."

"Been on a trip north."

"Where'd you go?"

"Went to Dallas."

"Have a good time?"

"Naw; I never did like them damn Yankees, anyway."

Pietro had drifted down to Florida and was working with a gang at railroad construction. He had been told to beware of rattlesnakes, but assured that they would always give the warning rattle before striking.

One hot day he was eating his noon luncheon on a pine log when he saw a big rattler coiled a few feet in front of him. He eyed the serpent and began to lift his legs over the log. He had barely got them out of the way when the snake's fangs hit the bark beneath him.

"Son of a guna!" yelled Pietro. "Why you no ringa da bell?"

A story that has done service in political campaigns to illustrate supposed dilemmas of the opposition will likely be revived in the approaching political "heated term."

Away back, when herds of buffalo grazed along the foothills of the Western mountains, two hardy prospectors fell in with a bull bison that seemed to have been separated from his kind and run amuck. One of the prospectors took to the branches of a tree and the other dived into a cave. The buffalo bellowed at the entrance to the cavern and then turned toward the tree. Out came the man from the cave, and the buffalo took after him again. The man made another dive for the hole. After this had been repeated several times, the man in the tree called to his comrade, who was trembling at the mouth of the cavern:

"Stay in the cave, you idiot!"

"You don't know nothing about this hole," bawled the other. "There's a bear in it!"

There were introductions all around. The big man stared in a puzzled way at the club guest. "You look like a man I've seen somewhere, Mr. Blinker," he said. "Your face seems familiar. I fancy you have a double. And a funny thing about it is that I remember I formed a strong prejudice against the man who looks like you — although, I'm quite sure, we never met."

The little guest softly laughed. "I'm the man," he answered, "and I know why you formed the prejudice. I passed the contribution plate for two years in the church you attended."

A water consumer in Los Angeles, California, whose supply had been turned off because he wouldn't pay, wrote to the department as follows:

"In the matter of shutting off the water on unpaid bills, your company is fast becoming a regular crystallized Russian bureaucracy, running in a groove and deaf to the appeals of reform. There is no use of your trying to impugn the verity of this indictment by shaking your official heads in the teeth of your own deeds.

"If you will persist in this kind of thing, a widespread conflagration of the populace will be so imminent that it will require only a spark to let loose the dogs of war in our midst. Will you persist in hurling the corner stone of our personal liberty to your wolfish hounds of collectors, thirsting for its blood? If you persist, the first thing you know you will have the chariot of a justly indignant revolution rolling along in our midst and gnashing its teeth as it rolls.

"If your rascally collectors are permitted to continue coming to our doors with unblushing footsteps, with cloaks of hypocritical compunction in their mouths, and compel payment from your patrons, this policy will result in cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden egg, until you have pumped it dry—and then farewell, a long farewell, to our vaunted prosperity."

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

A NEW term is coming into vogue, with which it is well for us to familiarize ourselves, as it promises to be used very often in the newspapers and magazines for some time to come. What is meant by popular government? The word popular implies that people approve. As applied to government, it means a system of government which permits the widest possible coöperation of the people in government. It is contrasted with delegated government, the government provided by our Constitution, the government of the fathers; under which the people delegate their powers to representatives who act for them, investigate for them, vote for them.

But popular government proposes to upset the old theories and traditions. Popular government proposes to permit the people themselves to initiate legislation. To permit them also to call back any legislative measures for which there has grown up any considerable disapproval, and vote on them again; and, further, to permit the people to recall any legislator, before his term is completed, who has for any reason failed to satisfy them.

We asked you in these pages last month to take a short step in the direction of popular government by heckling the candidate for Congress from your district, to the end that you might discover whether or not he really represents you, before you send him to Congress. This heckling is really in the direction of perfecting delegated government; but if it does not—or something else does not—improve delegated government, the next step certainly will be a more radical one.

Mr. Howe's article leading up to the questions which we believe pertinent and proper for you to ask, and which appeared last month, was discussed for one whole hot afternoon, and heatedly, by Mr. Wilder and the writer at the former's country place. After the writer's return to the office, Mr. Wilder addressed the following letter to Editor Cosgrave. He doesn't say why he wrote the letter, except—"I would just like to say to you in a few words this." But his letter so interestingly argues the cause of delegated government, and takes such a hopeful view of "where we are at," and is so interesting as coming from a man usually as radical as the combined radicalism of Editor Cosgrave and the writer together, that we cannot forbear to pass it on to you. Incidentally, those of you who favor the delegated system of government need not worry about popular government's coming immediately. It is a serious job to alter the Constitution of the United States. Meantime, any experiments the states may make in popular government will serve for a guidepost toward or away from popular government in the nation.

July 19th, 1910.

MY DEAR COSGRAVE:

On the Howe article I presume Ridgway explained what I said to him. I would just like to say to you in a few words this: The theory of our government has always been *delegated* power—that is, for the community to select a man they could trust, send him to the legislature or to Congress, and leave to him the settlement of all public questions

To-day, under the influence of magazine agitation, newspaper agitation, and the inevitable demagogue, we are departing from the idea of delegated government and drifting to the idea of popular government. That means that if this nation proceeds further in the direction in which it is now drifting, a man will not be elected to Con-

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gress because he is intelligent and honest, but because he sides in with the masses; and, if an intelligent and honest man is by accident elected to Congress, he will not be allowed to exercise that intelligence, but must follow the biddings of the mass, who, on the question at issue, may be densely ignorant.

A happy illustration came up while Ridgway was here. He was upholding the side of popular government and I the side of delegated government, and I recalled to his mind his pointing out to me at Garondah some very fine shade pine trees standing out on his lawn—some half dozen of them, with magnificent branches sticking out of the trunk all the way up from the ground to the top. He remarked to me: "Some day these trees will be fine for timber"; to which I answered: "Erman, those trees are not worth fifteen cents for timber and never will be, because to be worth anything for timber they would have to be grown so close together they would have no branches; every branch means a knot in the trunk of that tree, and the timber which comes out of the trunk is, of course, therefore, useless." I reminded him of this incident, and I said to him:

"According to your theory, if Gifford Pinchot were sent to Congress he would not be allowed to exercise his wonderful knowledge and intelligence on the subject of reforestration. If a bill for reforestration should come up in Congress and, because of his intelligence, he should vote to plant 1,600 pine trees to the acre that forty years from now would be only 200 to the acre, in order that good timber might grow, you, Ridgway, with your understanding of what constituted timber growth, would say that Mr. Pinchot was a fake, a rogue, and a liar, had sold himself to the pine-growing industries, and was in league with the timber trust—and, under the magnificent system of referendum and recall, Mr. Pinchot would lose his job."

WHEN PUBLIC OPINION GOES WRONG

Of course in that particular case it would be easy for Mr. Pinchot to demonstrate that Mr. Ridgway did not know what he was talking about, and he would get approval of his course against Ridgway. But if the subject were more complicated—if, for instance, I went to Congress and the subject of a Parcels Post came up, and I exercised the very best business judgment God Almighty gave me, if I made the most complete study of the question, and if, as a result, I decided against a Parcels Post, you, a man of intelligence, an editor of a magazine, having little business knowledge of the subject, would knock me. Those who did not know me would claim I had sold myself to the express companies, and I would be recalled, and some demagogue who would vote for what the masses wanted would be sent to Congress in my place, with the ultimate result that the people would get what comes to fools. Had Hughes run for governor in the heat of the two-cent passenger-rate discussion, if he had been asked whether he would veto a two-cent fare bill and he had refused to answer because of ignorance of the question—what would have happened to him in the election? If, at the time he vetoed that bill, there had been any possibility of securing his recall, what would have happened to him? And with a weaker or more ambitious man what would be the result of knowing that by vetoing the bill he was likely to be recalled? The answers to these questions might well have meant the loss to us of the most valuable public servant that has sat in the Albany chair in fifty years. These are only illustrations in a most limited way of the thought I have in mind. The present drift is all toward a complete upset of our theory of government.

ARE WE FOOLS?

The theory has not been wrong. We, as a people, have not given sufficient attention to the development of the theory. A business proposition may be most perfect, but unless proper attention is given to its development it will be a failure. The man who, because he has neglected the correct theory of business, gives up that theory and starts on a wrong one will never reach success.

It seems a pity to depart from a theory just at the time when it gives promise of successful operation. We see to-day in the greatest political power Theodore Roosevelt, whom we follow because we believe him to be intelligent and honest; we see New York state renovated by Hughes; we see Folk in Missouri; we see Denver purified; we see everywhere the rogues driven back and honesty and intelligence getting their due; we see Cannon being thrown out of his job; Aldrich resigning from the Senate; Hale knocked out. We see the great public aroused as never before to an intelligent discussion of political questions and to the seeking for honest, intelligent men to whom to delegate their power; and just at the very moment when everything is coming our way, we change our theory.

Are we fools? Are we giving the subject all the consideration it is entitled to? And is the course we are taking being determined by thinkers, by men of brains? Or are we being led by demagogues, by seekers for political preference, and by men who, sincere in heart and seeing the wrongs many suffer, are seeking a quick way to reach good without realizing the evils that will follow? Personally, I say let's plug along the old lines for a while yet. They promise too much just now for us to abandon them; and this new way means, to my mind, only the domination of the ignorant mass, its defeat by cunning intelligence, and the ultimate adjustment of affairs after socialism by a beneficent despot. My only prayer is: may one of my descendants have the job.

Very truly yours,

G. W. WILDER.

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